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AN ANSWER TO THE PANAMA CANAL CRITICS

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NOTE.—*The following article was prepared by Mr. Taft prior to his inauguration as President of the United States on March fourth.*—EDITOR.

THE Panama Canal continues to furnish copy for the newspapers and the magazines of the country. It is being constructed by the United States Government for the benefit of world commerce, and every citizen of the United States, and indeed any citizen of the world, properly feels himself authorized to criticize the work as it is being done and to express his opinion as to the type of canal that is selected. In such an enormous work as the construction of the canal is likely to be, it would seem wise to have fixed definitely, at the beginning, the type and plan to be followed.

When De Lesseps, having completed in triumph the Suez Canal, came to Panama, he began the construction of what his board of management and he intended to be a sea-level canal. Between that time and 1902, when the canal was offered for sale to the United States for $40,000,000, several boards were appointed for the purpose of recommending the best course to be taken in the construction of the canal. Two of these boards were French, and all of them recommended the lock type of canal, with a dam at Bohio. We all remember that the Nicaragua route had a great many adherents in and out of Congress, and that for a time it seemed likely that that route would be selected. The natural conditions made it necessary that the canal across Nicaragua should be of a lock type. When the change of plan from Nicaragua to Panama was made, it is quite evident, from the discussion, from the law, and from direct

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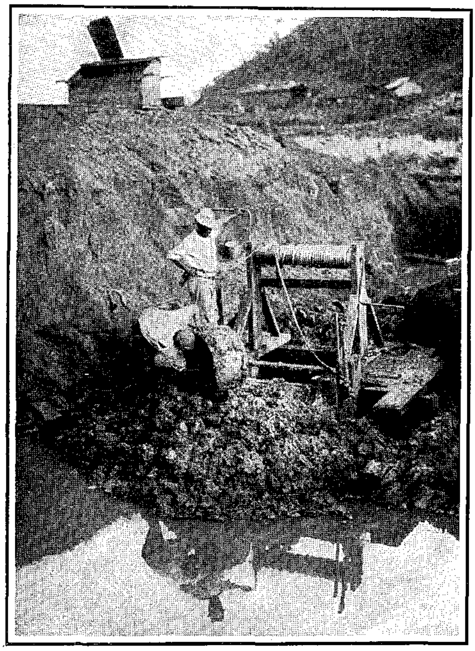

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SINKING A TEST-PIT IN THE CORE OF THE MIRAFLORES DAM

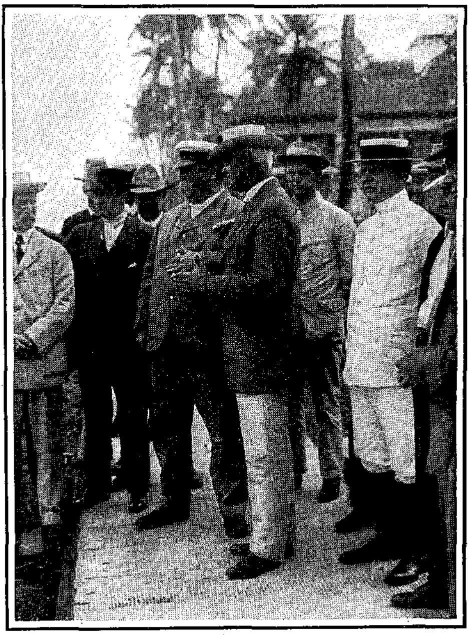
evidence, that it was expected that the canal to be built would be of the lock type and would not be on the sea level.

How the Lock Type Came to Be Chosen

One of the most careful of the French boards that recommended the lock type pointed out that a lock canal was necessary because the floods of the Chagres River would be uncontrollable in case of a sea-level canal, and made such a canal impossible. In 1906 thirteen engineers were invited to consider the question of the proper type of the canal. Of these, eight were Americans and five foreigners. A majority, consisting of the five foreigners and three Americans, decided in favor of a canal that should be 150 feet across the bottom for more than nineteen miles, and 200 feet across the bottom for a little more than twenty miles. Five American engineers — including Mr. Alfred Noble, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Company, constructor of the "Soo" canal and locks, and dean of American engineers; Mr. Frederic P. Stearns, the chief engineer of the Metropolitan Water Board Company of Boston; and Mr. Randolph, the constructor of the Chicago Drainage Canal — recommended the construction of a lock canal, the main feature of which was to be a lake with the level of the water at eighty-five feet above the sea. These reports were considered by the Isthmian Canal Commission, itself composed of engineers and men familiar with works of construction, and that commission, by a vote of five to one, recommended to the War Department and to the President the adoption of the minority report. This action of the commission was concurred in by Mr. John F. Stevens, then chief engineer of the commission in charge of the work at the Isthmus. The Secretary of War and the President also approved the report of the minority of the consulting board and decided in favor of a lock canal.

The question was submitted by President Roosevelt to Congress. It was unnecessary to do this, because, under the Spooner Act, the President had authority to build the canal and so had authority to determine what the type should be. The fact is that in reading the Spooner Act of 1902, directing the construction of the canal, it is impossible to escape the construction that Congress at that time contemplated, not a sea-level, but a lock canal. However, the question was again fairly submitted to Congress, upon all the reports made and all the evidence.

After the reports had been made, the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals conducted an examination of all the engineers and others with knowledge, in order to arrive at a conclusion in respect to the question thus submitted to Congress. The Senate Committee by a majority reported in favor of a sea-level canal, but when the matter was considered in open Senate,



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MR. TAFT AND COLONEL GOETHALS DISCUSSING A $10,000,000 BREAKWATER AT COLON

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THE UPPER VIEW SHOWS A STREET IN THE WHITE MARRIED QUARTER, THE LOWER A STREET IN THE COLORED CAMP, AT CRISTOBAL

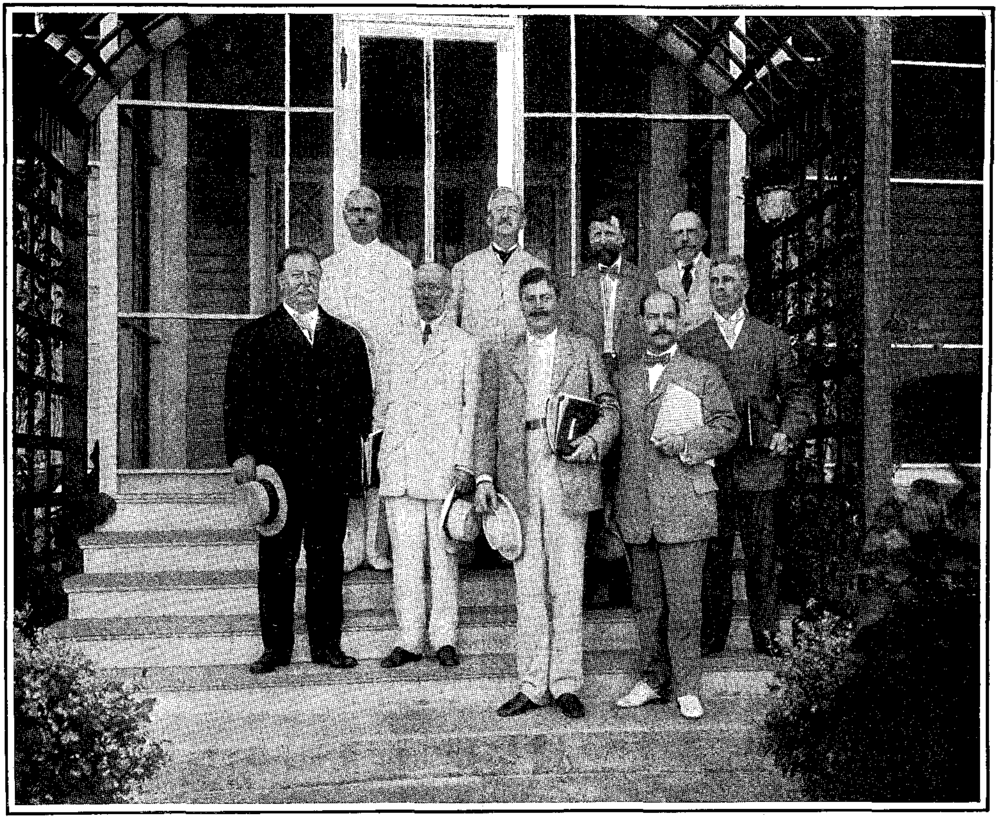
where it was very fully discussed, the Senate accepted the minority report of that Committee and decided in favor of the lock canal. In the House of Representatives the resolution in favor of the lock canal was carried by a very decided majority. And so the law of Congress to-day fixes the type of the canal as a lock canal, at a level of eighty-five feet. Meantime, the organization of the instrumentalities for construction on the Isthmus has gone on with great rapidity and effectiveness, until the excavation has reached the very large amount of three millions of cubic yards of material a month. More than half of this has been made by steam shovels in the dry, while the rest has been made by steam dredges. The steam dredges have been working in the softer material in the harbors and channels near the ocean on each side of the Isthmus.

The Newspaper War on the Canal

All the plans and all the work have been done with a view to the construction of the lock canal. It is true that a large part of the work, until recently, would have had to be done for a sea-level canal, except for the expensive change or relocation of the Panama Railroad, and the excavations for the locks and for the spillway of the great Gatun Dam, which is the key of the lock type. I presume it would be difficult to say how many millions of dollars have now been spent that would be thrown away, were the canal to be changed from a lock to a sea-level type, but certainly fifteen million dollars is not an overestimate of the amount.

With the plan settled and the organization becoming more and more perfect, and the work of excavation going on at an unexpected rate of progress, suddenly those responsible for the work are confronted with a newspaper war upon the type of the canal, and a discussion in the Senate of the United States, seriously suggesting a change from the lock type solemnly adopted by law two years ago, to a sea-level canal. What has given rise to this renewed discussion of the type of the canal and this assumption that the question of the type is still really open for consideration and settlement? Three circumstances, and only three, that I can trace.

The first is that a newspaper correspondent on the Isthmus, while detained by a washout on the railroad in one of the heavy rains that are frequent on the Isthmus, heard that the rock and earth which is now being deposited in great quantities



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JUDGE TAFT, COLONEL GOETHALS, AND THE BOARD OF ENGINEERS SENT BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS

GOETHALS SCHUYLER RANDOLPH FREEMAN
TAFT STEARNS HAZEN ALLEN DAVIS

to form the Gatun Dam, had, under the effect of the flood, sunk out of sight into a subterranean lake, and cabled to the United States that the whole structure of the Gatun Dam had given way.

The second circumstance was that the estimates of the engineers in the actual construction of the work and the expenditure of the money from time to time showed quite clearly that the cost of the construction of the lock type of canal would be at least twice that which had been estimated as its cost by the minority of the board of consulting engineers.

The third circumstance was that under the present efficient organization, with the use of steam shovels and dredges, the amount of excavation has considerably exceeded that which had been anticipated.

In this wise, the argument in favor of a change from the lock canal to the sea-level canal apparently is given great additional force because it is said that by the sinking and giving way of the Gatun Dam, the indispensable feature of the lock type, it has been demonstrated that the lock type is unsafe, dangerous, and impossible.

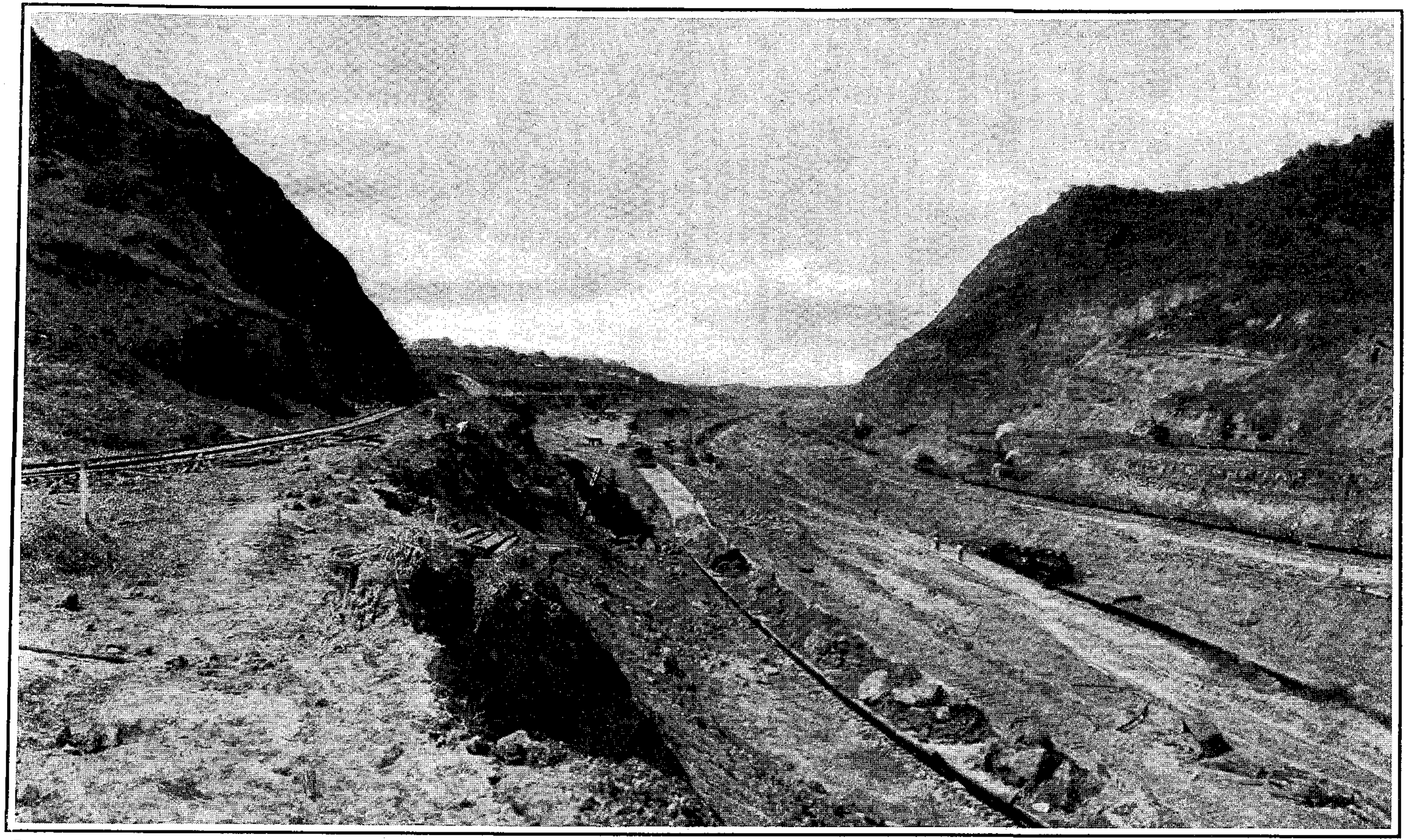
Second, it is said that the argument which has been made in favor of the lock type of canal on the ground of economy is shown to be unfounded because the real cost of the lock type of canal is demonstrated by actual construction to be equal to, or in excess of, the estimated cost of the sea-level canal.

Third, it is said that the argument that the sea-level canal would be a great many years in process of construction, which was vigorously advanced, is now shown to be erroneous by the great increase in the daily, monthly, and yearly excavation as compared with the total amount of excavation needed in the sea-level type.

I propose in a general way to examine these three reasons to see how much real weight they have.

The Reported Sinking of the Gatun Dam

First, as to the sinking of the Gatun Dam. The report of the newspaper correspondent, like so many other statements made with respect to



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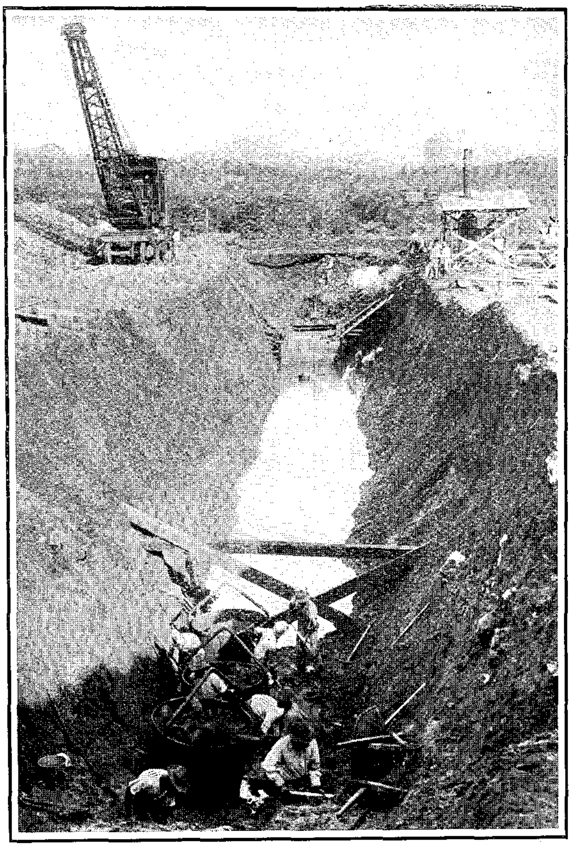
THE FAMOUS CUCURACHA SLIDE

PRACTICALLY ALL THE SLOPE ON THE RIGHT, ABOVE THE UPPER TRACKS AND FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS BACK, IS IN MOTION



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EXCAVATING FOR THE CORE OF THE MIRAFLORES DAM

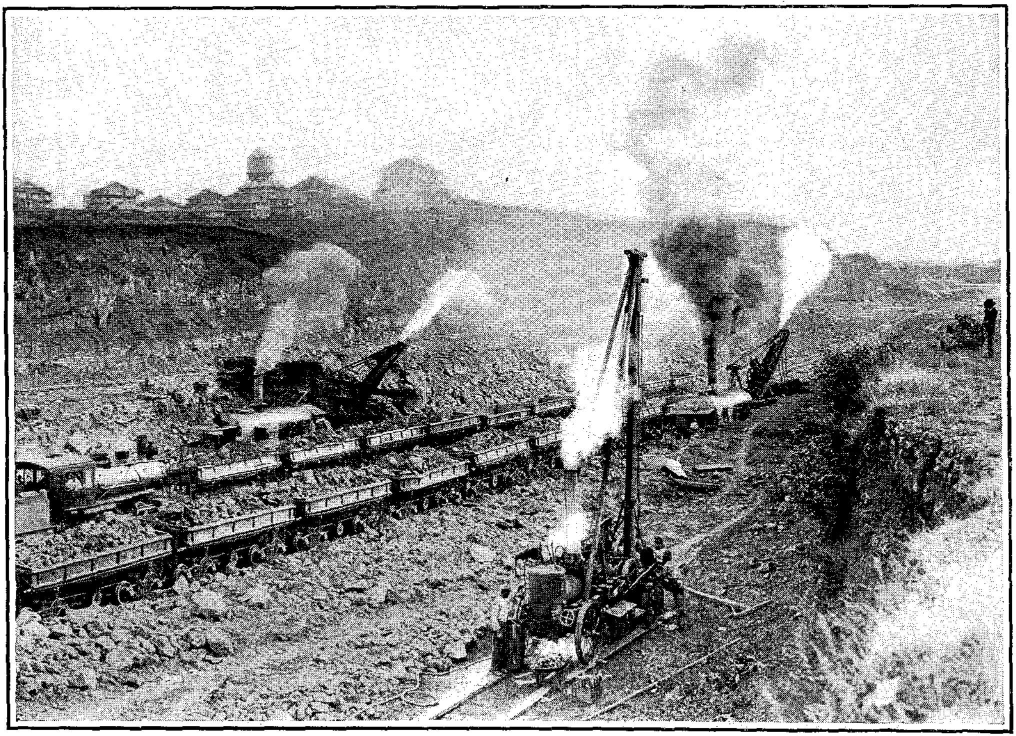
a matter two thousand miles away, under the influence of a desire to be sensational and startling, was founded purely on imagination. The only foundation for the statement was that in a comparatively small stretch on the site of the dam, perhaps two hundred feet across, some rough material had been piled up on the upward side of the dam, and there had been excavated immediately back of this pile or dump a lot of material from an old French diversion channel; that the water accumulated above this dump in the very heavy rains; that the water behind the dump and the material there had been taken out; and that there was a slide down into the cavity that had been made just back of the dump. The slide could not have been more than one hundred feet. The whole mass was not more than two hundred feet across, and on a personal examination, for I was there, it was evidently nothing more than an ordinary slide, such as frequently occurs in the construction of railroad banks and other fills when they are not properly balanced, and are without the proper slope. The material on the inside of the dam, that which is to be impermeable and puddled, has not yet been deposited at all. This was a mere deposit on the edge of the bottom of the dam upstream. The dam at that point, when constructed, would be nearly half a mile wide. The insignificance of the circumstance when one takes into consideration the whole size of the dam, and the relation of this particular material to the entire dam, is apparent. It appears that there is clay in the material taken out of the excavation at Culebra which is slippery and upon which other material will slide if the pressure is unequal and the usual precautions against sliding are not taken. But this has always been known, and is true of most clays. It is not a danger that cannot be provided against, and, indeed, the shape and form and exact method of building the dam are for the very purpose of producing the stability needed, and of avoiding any danger of a slide due to a lack of proper balance and weight in the material put into the dam.

President Roosevelt Orders an Investigation

President Roosevelt, in view of the widespread report as to the failure of the dam, concluded to send a competent board of engineers to find out whether anything had occurred on the

Isthmus that should lead to a change from that type of canal which had the Gatun Dam as its chief feature. The board was made up of Mr. Stearns of Boston, and Mr. Randolph, the chief engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal, both of whom had been on the original minority board; Mr. Freeman, who had visited the canal two years before with a view to ascertaining whether there was a proper foundation for the locks at the Gatun Dam; and four other engineers, who had not given their opinion before as to the proper type of canal. These were the chief engineer of the Reclamation Service, Mr. Davis, who has had wide experience in the construction of dams and locks; Mr. Schuyler, one of the two or three great engineers of the West Coast, who has written a text-book on the subject of earthen dams and their proper construction; Mr. Hazen, perhaps the greatest authority on filtration in the country; and Captain Allen, a hydraulic engineer of high standing in Chicago. Their report was unanimous. They decided that the dam as projected was heavier and more expensive than it need be. They reduced the cost and the amount of material in it. They reported that the lock type of canal was entirely feasible, and safe as projected; and they pointed out and emphasized the difficulties of the proposed sea-level canal.

The report of this board has been attacked on the ground that it was a packed jury, and that two of its members had already expressed their opinion in recommending the lock type of canal as part of the minority board. This is utterly unjust. It is quite true that the two gentlemen named had expressed their opinion in favor of a lock type of canal and had recommended the plan that was adopted, but it is also true that five of the board had not so committed themselves, and there was not the slightest reason why, if they differed from the other two, they should not express their opinion. Two of the old board were taken for the reason that they were as competent engineers as the country afforded and knew well the grounds on which the lock type had been originally adopted. It is entirely proper, when it is claimed that a judgment should be set aside on the ground of newly discovered evidence, that at least part of the same court should sit to hear what that new evidence is and pass upon its weight with reference to the previous judgment. The truth is that the judgment of this new board of engineers ought to remove all doubt as to the safety of the Gatun Dam from the minds of the interested public. But engineers are like members of other professions, and I presume we may expect from time to time, as the construction of



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VIEW OF THE LOCK EXCAVATION AT THE GATUN DAM the canal goes on, further attacks upon the feasibility, safety, and usefulness of the type adopted after so much care.

The Gatun Dam Pronounced as Safe as the Hills

Not only has this board determined on the entire safety and practicability of the Gatun Dam, but the army engineers, Colonel Goethals and his assistants, who are in charge of the actual work, are perfectly certain that the Gatun Dam can be and will be made as safe as the adjoining hills in resisting the pressure of the water of the lake against it and in maintaining it there for purposes of navigation. These army engineers are not responsible for the type of the canal. They did not take hold of the work until after the type had been settled by act of Congress, and they had no preconceived notions in respect to the matter when they took charge and assumed that intimate relation to the whole project which makes their judgment of great value.

Mr. Frederic P. Stearns is one of the greatest authorities in the world on the construction of dams. He has built a dam at the Wachusetts Reservoir of the Metropolitan Board of Public Works in Massachusetts, upon foundations much less favorable for stability than those of the Gatun Dam, and the water is now standing at 65 feet in the reservoir. The dam has been tested, and his judgment has the benefit, therefore, of actual test and verification.

The judgment of the engineers in 1906 as to the sufficiency of the foundation upon which to construct the Gatun Dam was based on borings made with wash drills into the material underneath the proposed dam site, and material was washed from depths varying from 20 to 250 feet below the surface. The wash of the water affected the material to such an extent as to give a wrong impression regarding some of it. The borings seemed to show that at considerable depth, that is, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet down, there was loose sand and gravel such as to permit the free flow of an underground stream. Since these borings were taken, pits have been sunk that make possible the removal of the material in place so that it can be seen just exactly what the foundation consists of, and it turns out that instead of there being loose sand and gravel at the bottom, there appears to be a conglomerate of sand, clay, and gravel so united as to require a pick to separate it, and entirely impervious to water. In other words, a full examination of the foundations of the Gatun Dam strengthens greatly the opinion of those who held that there was a foundation of a blanket 200 feet in depth entirely impervious to water, below the surface, and substantially incompressible.

A most interesting exhibit can be seen at the headquarters of the commission at Culebra, of the various layers of material which form the foundations under the Gatun Dam, and when they are examined, the truth of the assertion that this makes an excellent foundation can be readily understood.

Why the Cost was Underestimated

The second circumstance is with reference to the cost of the work. The estimate of the cost of the canal, exclusive of the interest during construction, sanitation, and expense of Zone government, and the $50,000,000 paid Panama and the French company, was $139,705,200. The present estimate of the cost of the canal as now projected, exclusive of the same items, is $297,766,000, or a grand total of $375,000,000. The increase arises, first, from the fact that the yardage or excavation to be made was fifty per cent. underestimated. This was due, first, to insufficient surveys, and second to changes of plan. These changes of plan involved a widening of the canal, for a distance of four thousand feet, from 500 feet to 1000 feet in width, just below the Gatun locks on the north side, in order to furnish a wider and more commodious place for vessels anchoring before entering the locks. The canal has also been widened for five miles from 200 feet to 300 feet across the bottom; this in the Culebra cut. Again, the material supposed to be easy of dredging turns out to be in many places more of rock than was supposed, and the average cost of excavation has been increased generally about twenty per cent. In addition to that, the locks as originally projected were 900 feet usable length and 95 feet in width. They have been increased now, in response to a request from our Navy Department, from 900 feet to 1000 feet usable length and from 95 feet to 110 feet in width. This greatly increases the amount of concrete, greatly widens the gates, and greatly increases the whole cost of the locks at both ends of the canal. Then, too, it was thought wise not to follow the minority report which contemplated dams immediately on the shore of the Pacific at La Boca, in Sosa Hill, but to move them back to Miraflores and San Pedro Miguel, some four miles or more from the shore. This was chiefly done for military reasons, in order to take the lock construction out of sight of an enemy approaching the canal on the Bay of Panama.

All these changes were substantial increases in the amount of work to be done, which, taken with the increased unit price, explains the discrepancy between the estimate and the actual expenditure. Much money was expended in the construction and repair of buildings in which the employees of the canal lived. Much money, not included in the estimate, was expended for the purpose of making their lives more enjoyable while on the Isthmus. The wages per day are higher than those which were estimated. Colonel Goethals has submitted a detailed statement showing exactly where the difference is between the original estimate and the actual cost. This has been examined by the present board of engineers, who report that in their judgment the estimate presented by Colonel Goethals is an outside figure, and that the cost will probably be less for the present type of canal than $297,000,000, as estimated.

The advocates of the sea-level canal point to the fact that the estimate by the Consulting Board in 1906 of the cost of the sea-level canal was $247,000,000, plus cost of sanitation, government, and the $50,000,000 paid Panama and the French company, or fifty millions less than the admitted cost of the lock type. They assume, therefore, that the difference in cost originally advanced as an argument against a sea-level canal has now been refuted. The defect of this argument is that the same circumstances that have increased the cost of the lock type of canal would increase the actual cost of a sea-level canal. Much of the work that has been done — indeed, a very large part of it — is work that would have had to be done for a sea-level canal, and we are furnished now by Colonel Goethals with an estimate of what the sea-level canal would cost, in the light of the actual cost of the work and unit prices on the Isthmus. This would be $477,601,000 without cost of sanitation or government and exclusive of the original $50,000,000 payment. When the loss of interest and loss of revenue by delay is taken into consideration, the cost is easily increased $200,000,000 beyond the cost of the lock type of canal, so that the difference between the cost of the lock type and the sea-level canal is shown by actual construction on the Isthmus to be greater than was estimated when the lock type of canal was selected as the proper one.

The Question of Time

Third, the date of completion for the lock type of canal has been fixed as the 1st of January, 1915. I hope that it may be considerably before that. At the rate of excavation now going on in the Culebra cut, it could probably be completed in less than three years, but the difficulty is that as the cut grows deeper, the number of shovels that can be worked must necessarily be decreased. Therefore, the excavation per day, per month, and per year must grow less. Hence it is not safe to base the estimate of time on a division of the total amount to be excavated by the yearly excavation at present. Then, too, the Gatun Dam and locks and the manufacture and adjustment of the gates may take a longer time than the excavation itself, so that it is wiser to count on the date set. The enthusiastic supporters of the sea-level canal, basing their calculation on the amount of material now being excavated, and upon the total amount to be excavated for a sea-level canal, reach the conclusion that the sea-level canal could be constructed in a comparatively short time as compared with the estimate of twelve or fifteen years made at the time of the decision in favor of the lock type. They have fallen into the error, already pointed out, of assuming that the present rate of excavation could continue as the work of building the sea-level canal went on, which in the case of the sea-level canal is even more erroneous and misleading than in the case of the lock canal, for the reason that the construction, below the forty-foot level above the sea down to the level of forty feet below the sea, is work of the most difficult character, more than half of it always under water, and necessitating either pumping or dredging in rock and working in a narrow space, which greatly reduces the possible rate of excavation.

It is said that new methods of removing rock under water are available so as greatly to reduce the price and the time. I shall take up this statement a little later, but it is sufficient now to say that these methods are in use on the Isthmus, and that the actual employment of them in the character of material that exists on the line of the canal completely refutes the claim that they can accomplish anything more than, or as much as, the excavation in the dry.

Then, too, in this calculation of time, a third great error of the sea-level enthusiasts is the failure to take into consideration the time actually needed to construct the Gamboa Dam to retain the waters of the Chagres River and the other dams and the great diversion channels that would absolutely have to be built before the sea-level excavation could be carried on. The Gamboa Dam as projected is a masonry dam, 180 feet above sea level, with a level of the water 170 feet against the dam and above the bed rock of the stream, and of a length 4500 feet along the top. It would be the highest dam known in the world and its construction would have to be of the most careful character, and would take an indeterminate time. It has never been definitely settled that there is at the only available site a foundation suitable for such a dam.

The Practical Drawbacks of the Sea-Level Type

I have thus examined the circumstances relied upon by the present advocates of the sea-level canal to show that the known conditions are different to-day from those that influenced the selection of the lock type. I have not gone into the matter in detail, but the records will bear out my general statements and show that not in the slightest respect has the argument been changed by newly discovered facts in favor of the sea-level canal.

The memory of the reading public, however, is not very long, and relying on this fact the opponents of the lock canal do not hesitate to bring out again, as if newly discovered, the same old arguments that failed to convince when the issue was fresh and the supposedly final decision was given. We are again met with the statements of gentlemen who claim to be and really are familiar with the steamship business, that mariners would prefer a sea-level canal and would use a lock canal with reluctance. With a great show of enthusiasm and a chain of reasoning as if newly thought out, the ease with which vessels can be navigated on the level is held up in contrast with the difficulties involved in lifting them eighty-five feet at one side of the Isthmus and lowering them the same distance on the other. Such an argument always proceeds on the hidden premise that the question whether we should have a lock or a sea-level canal is a mere matter of preference freely open to our choice, and wholly without regard to the real difficulties involved in the construction of a sea-level canal such as the discussions of the present day seem to assume a sea-level canal will be.

We hear much of the "Straits of Panama" described as a broad passage of from 400 to 600 feet in width across the bottom, 40 to 45 feet in depth, and piercing the Isthmus with a volume of water sufficient to do away with all difficulty from rapid currents produced by the water of swollen tropical streams, or cross currents resulting from the discharge of such streams into the canal from heights ranging all the way from ten feet to fifty feet above the level of the water. Such a comparison is utterly misleading. The only sea-level canal that has been projected with respect to which estimates of any substantial and reliable kind have been made is a canal, one half the length of which is 150 feet across the bottom and the other half of which is 200 feet across the bottom. It is a canal that for twenty miles, from the point where the Chagres River and the canal converge, to Gatun, has four times the curvature of the Suez Canal, and in which at flood stages, under any plan that has been devised for preventing the destruction of the canal by the flood waters of the Chagres River and the other streams emptying into that river, there will be a current of nearly three miles an hour. Such a current in the Suez Canal, with one fourth of the curvatures, makes the steering of large vessels dangerous, and in this canal, with its great curvature, would make the passage of large vessels impossible.

The lock canal as projected has a width at the bottom of 300 feet for about twenty-five per cent. of its length, of from 500 to 800 feet for fifty per cent., and of 1000 feet, or the entire lake width, for the remainder. With such widths the curvature, of course, is immaterial.

In the projected sea-level canal, it would be impossible for vessels safely to pass one another at any speed at all. Therefore one vessel would have to tie up while the other went by. This fact would greatly reduce the speed with which a vessel could pass through the sea-level canal, and the greater the business, the slower would be the passage. As the tonnage increased, therefore, the lock canal of the projected type, in spite of the time taken going through the locks to the 85-foot level and descending from that level, in case of large steamers, would furnish a quicker passage. As business increased, the time taken in going through the sea-level canal and the danger to the vessel would be very considerably greater than in the lock canal. The danger of accidents and of the destruction of the locks, if certain machinery is used and certain precautions are taken in the warping of the vessels into and out of the locks, will be practically nothing. We are able to gage this by the infrequency of dangerous accidents at the "Soo" locks, in which the business is enormous and the size of the locks through which the vessels go is but a small percentage less than that of the locks projected at Panama. The devices for preventing the outflow of the water in case of a destruction of the upper gates are complete, and in the opinion of many engineers unnecessarily elaborate.

The Critics of the Lock Canal

Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Granger and Mr. Lindon Bates have all lent the weight of their voices in denunciation of the present lock type of the canal. In denouncing the type that is under construction, they always compare it with a sea-level canal of a width from 300 to 600 feet; when the actual canal projected for the sea level is only 150 feet across the bottom in one half the length, and 200 feet the other half. They always point with severest criticism to the in-stability and experimental character of the Gatun Dam, but never refer to the Gamboa Dam, which is an essential part of the sea-level plan, and which in its measurements and in the height of the water behind it exceeds the proportions of any dam in the world. In addition to this, the sea-level canal involves the construction of three or four other dams in order to turn back the water of streams entering the Chagres Valley over the height of land into other valleys away from the canal. One of these dams is 75 feet high by 4000 feet in length; another 2800 feet long; another 1200 feet; and another 800 feet. No one knows what the character of the foundation is for these dams thus projected in the sea-level plan. No one is able to estimate the cost involved in their construction, because they are now far away from the railroad and considerable expense would be involved in delivering material for their construction. None of these difficulties connected with the making of the sea-level canal are ever mentioned in the discussion of the comparative merits of the present lock type canal and the sea-level canal as projected. We can only approximately arrive at the cost of a sea-level canal such as that suggested in the articles of Mr. Granger and Mr. Bunau-Varilla in this wise: Colonel Goethals' estimate of the cost of the sea-level canal exactly as projected is $500,000,000; that is, $477,000,000, with the addition of interest and other items that might bring it up to $500,000,000. This does not include the cost of sanitation, of the Zone government, or the $50,000,000 originally paid.

A Sea-Level Canal No Economy

An estimate was made of the additional cost by the Board of Consulting Engineers of widening the sea-level canal 100 feet. That would make a canal, half of it 250 feet wide, and half of it 300 feet wide. It was said it would cost from $86,000,000 to $100,000,000. Considering now the discrepancy between the estimate and the actual cost of the sea-level canal, that is, between $247,000,000 and $477,000,000, it is certainly not exaggerating to say that the cost of a sea-level canal 300 feet wide from end to end would involve an expenditure of not less than $650,000,000 and probably $700,000,000, and this without including the cost of sanitation, of government, or the $50,000,000 originally paid. As already said, an outside estimate for the present cost of the lock type of canal is $297,000,000, exclusive of the cost of sanitation and of government and of the $50,000,000 originally paid, or $375,000,000 including everything, as against $750,000,000 for such a canal as that advocated by Mr. Bunau-Varilla or Mr. Granger.

I have already commented on the utter impossibility of calculating the time that it would take to construct the sea-level canal. No estimate has been made of the time it would take to construct the Gamboa Dam or other dams and the great diversion channels needed to keep the Chagres River out of a sea-level canal, and no estimate has been made as to the additional time that would be required for the excavations below the sea level and the pumping needed to keep the canal prism in a condition for such excavation. Another difficulty about the sea-level canal, but one rarely referred to, is the obstacle to its construction in the Black Swamp between Gatun and Bohio. This would probably necessitate retaining walls or the draining of the swamp with such an extended area as to make the task a huge one.

Of the critics of the present type of the canal, Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Lindon Bates were advisers of the consulting board of thirteen engineers appointed to recommend types of a canal. That board divided as between the 85-foot canal, which was adopted, and the sea-level canal 150 feet wide for half of the distance and 200 feet wide for the other half; but they all, whether sea-level or lock type advocates, united in rejecting the plans of Mr. Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Bates. Those gentlemen are now engaged in criticizing the Gatun Dam and the locks that form part of the approved and adopted type; but if their plans as they recommend them are examined, it will be found that they contemplated dams and locks more in number, with a great deal more uncertainty as to the foundation, than the Gatun Dam and the dams at Miraflores and at Pedro Miguel in the present lock type. It will be found that in the original plan of Mr. Bunau-Varilla he projected a canal that should have a high level of at least 130 feet to be reached by a series of locks, and that Mr. Bates had a series of lakes to be reached by locks quite like that of the Gatun Dam, although the lakes were not so extended and the locks not so high. Under these circumstances, the criticism of these gentlemen in asserting great danger from earthquakes and other causes to the Gatun Dam and the locks of the adopted type may be received with a measure of caution.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla's chief argument in reference to the speed and ease and economy with which his type of canal could be constructed, ultimately resulting in a sea-level canal, is based on the facility with which a certain Lobnitz process and machine for dredging rock under water can be successfully carried on. This is also one of the bases for the proposition of Mr. Granger that a sea-level canal can be easily constructed.

In addition to that, Mr. Granger has invented a machine for the elevation of material in water, to be carried by gravity through a flume a long distance. It has never been tested on any great work of construction, and rests wholly on theory.

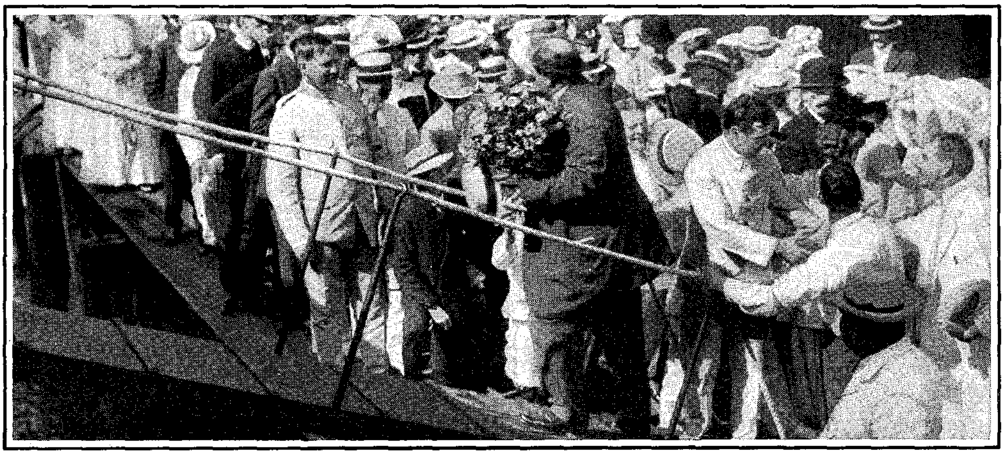
The Lobnitz method of excavating rock under water is on trial to-day on the Pacific side of the Isthmus at Panama, and the result of the work there confirms the judgment of practical engineers elsewhere that the machine will work in comparatively soft rock with thin laminations, but that it will not work in hard rock or in rock in which the strata are widely separated, of which there is much to be excavated in constructing the Panama Canal. In other words, the arguments of both these gentlemen advocating the Straits of Panama are either based on theory without practical test of the usefulness of the processes they recommend, or, when practical test has been given, the process has failed to come up to what is claimed for it by these advocates.

What the Administration is Going to Do

Mr. Bunau-Varilla early proclaimed that the heavy machinery of the Americans in the steam shovels at the Isthmus was not accomplishing nearly as much as the lighter machinery of the French. Now we have gone far beyond any record of the French in the excavation in the dry per day, per month, and per year. The lack of soundness in Mr. Bunau-Varilla's conclusions is thus made apparent.

The facts to-day are the same as they were when the lock type was adopted, namely, that it would take at least $200,000,000 more of money and at least five years more of time to construct the sea-level type of canal 150 to 200 feet in width; that the canal when constructed would be dangerous for the passage of the larger vessels; and that the lock type of canal constructed at $200,000,000 less in cost and five years less in time will be a better canal, a safer canal, and one in which the time of passage for large vessels will be even less than in the sea-level type.

For these reasons the administration is proceeding to construct the canal on the type authorized and directed by Congress, and the criticisms of gentlemen who predicate all their arguments on theory and not upon practical tests, who institute comparisons between the present type of canal and the sea-level type of 300 to 600 feet in width that never has been or "will be on sea or land," cannot disturb the even tenor of those charged with the responsibility of constructing the canal, and will only continue to afford to persons who do not understand the situation and are not familiar with the history of the canal and of the various plans proposed for the canal, an unfounded sensation of regret and alarm that the Government is pursuing a foolish and senseless course. Meantime the canal will be built and completed on or before the 1st of January, 1915, and those who are now its severest critics will be glad to have their authorship of recent articles forgotten.



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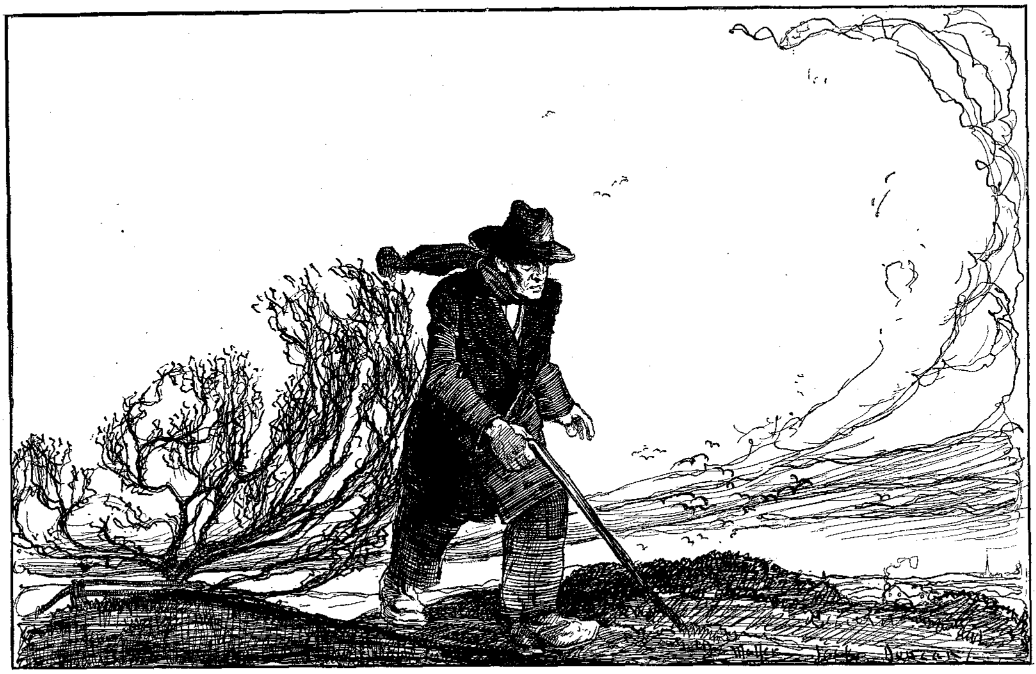
JUDGE TAFT BOARDING THE TUG AT COLON, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PANAMA



"I'LL DO IT IF YOU WILL"

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

"YOU can tell the story when I be dead." So old Thomas Ram used to say to me; and now he is dead, and his partner likewise, so nought's gained by hiding up a queer yarn. To Brown Berry the Rams lived—the little old tenement farm that thrusts out on the highway above West Dart, like a grey snail waiting to cross the road and feared to start. A thatched roof and terrible old granite walls the place hath; and round about lie a good few newtakes, mostly under grass. But beside the road in summer you'll find a patch of 'taters about as big as a pocket-handkerchief; and Tom was very proud of his cleverness in bringing 'taters out of Dartmoor; and he taught the chap that followed him to do the like.

You might have fancied, wi' no trouble of childer and no calls upon 'em, and little to think upon but their own content and comfort, that Ram and his wife would have lived so happy as birds in a nest. But, somehow, 'twasn't so, and, instead of growing better and better friends as they growed older, they quarrelled worse and worse, till many a neighbour feared mischief might be done by one or t'other, and more than one peace-loving hind gave Thomas warning, simply because he couldn't bide the cruel snapping and snarling day and night.

They was funny people. They never showed their teeth to none but each other, and a quieter-spoken, kinder man than Thomas didn't live in the tenements, and a better, patienter woman than Thomasin never comed out of Cornwall. For she was a Fowey woman; and some thought 'twas just along of that that the pair couldn't hit it off. But of course you can't set no account on such a fancy, because Cornwall and Devon mix very suent in marriage—and why for not?

None could see for the life of 'em why they wanted to quarrel, and the puzzle was to know what they fell out upon. We couldn't guess till William Merripit went to Mr. Ram; and after six weeks there, William, a very watchful and sharp-eyed sort of man, reckoned he'd put his finger on the mischief.

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They was jealous of each other's activity, and each was always rubbing into the other that time didn't stand still. A childish thing, but quarrels be mostly childish looked at from outside. 'Tis the child in man makes history.

"You ban't so young as you was, and I wish you wouldn't face the weather this morning," says Thomasin.

"Drat the weather," answers Thomas. "When did I go down-daunted avore a pinch of snow? 'Tis for you to bide indoors, else you'll get a tissick in your breathing parts and have to take to bed."

"Bed!" she cries back. "What be talking about, you silly old man? Who ever catched me in my bed after six o'clock these thirty years? 'Tis for you, that can't carry your weight of days so easy as me, to be careful."

"Oh, dallybuttons!" he shouts back at her. "If you don't tempt me to cuss when you tell such foolishness! Look in your glass, woman, and see how time be pressing upon you, and don't blame a loving husband for wanting to keep you beside him so long as ever he can do it."

Then she'd pretty well dance, and ax him how he could anger Providence with such silly talk, and run over his weak spots, as only a woman who's knowed a man for pretty nearly fifty years can run over 'em.

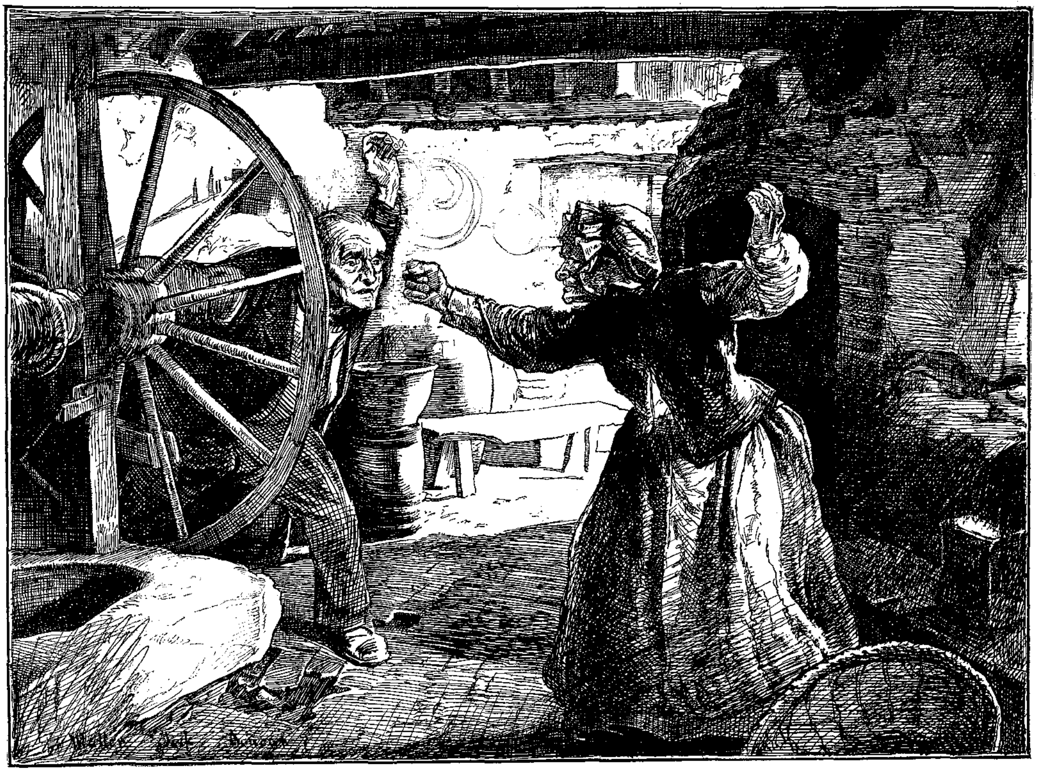
"There's your teeth," she'd say—"all gone but four, and them in ruins; and there's your left eye always in a fog; and you know 'tis only soft meat you can let down at all now, and . . ."

And a good bit more as I needn't tell about; but the chapter of troubles always served to get Mr. Ram's monkey up properly; and after she'd called home his ailments, forgetting nothing, he generally began to use coarse language and tell her she was no wife to say such things.

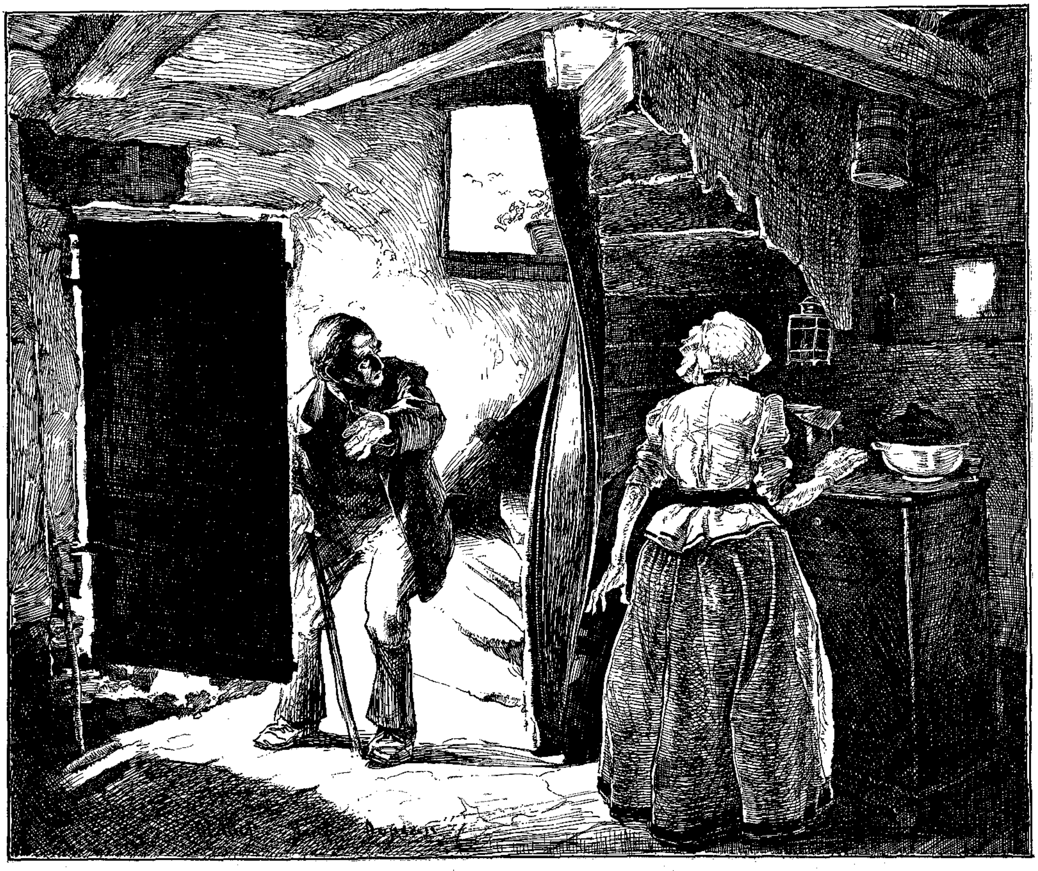
Then she'd spit back and swear that such a wife as her never lived afore or might be expected to again.

"You old hatch-mouthed fool," she'd say, terrible scornful, "why, if 'twasn't for me and the tireless way as I look after your blemished carcass, right well you know you'd have been in your grave twenty year ago. And then, in your silly, blind imperance, you say I'm the weak member and pretend 'tis you be the oak to my ivy. I've no patience with such vanity, and I'll not stand it neither, and God he knows which of us will be flourishing years and years after t'other's took."

"'Tis like the cross-grained cat-a-mountain of a woman that you are to think such a thing. And you pray for me to drop in secret, no doubt. But you'll live to know you're mighty mistaken,



"ALL ABOUT WHICH HAD GOT THE MOST LIFE IN UN!"



"'YOU'VE DONE IT NOW,' HE TELLS HER. 'I BE GOING OUT OF THIS DOOR NEVER TO COME IN AGAIN AS A LIVING MAN'"

Thomasin Ram. You go gaily on, as if you was twenty-seven instead of seventy-two, and you shut your eyes to the knife that's sharpening against your end. But I see it, and I know right well 'twill fall too quick for your comfort by many a year."

And so they'd go on, like two babbies fighting for a lollipop, and all about which had got the most life in un!

To the sensible outsider they was a very well preserved pair of old people without a pin to choose between them. Tom was seventy-three and his wife a year younger. They could both travel pretty well, and they'd saved a bit and had a comfortable home. Mr. Ram lent a hand on his farm still, and always enjoyed hay-making and digging over his little potato-patch; while his wife was clever as need be in the dairy, and 'twas well known that any maiden as had learned her business at Brown Berry would be first-rate with cows and butter-making.

God-fearing, too, they were till near the climax of their trouble. Never a Sunday, wet or fine, but they went to Huccaby Chapel of a morning, and said their prayers there. Yet 'twas this same habit, by all accounts, made 'em come to their last terrible quarrels. Then the devil found his way even into those ancient hearts, and showed, if such a thing wanted showing, that it's never too late for human nature to go wrong. A bit of passion may wreck the work of three-score years and ten; and, in fact, the true Christian man knows right well he's never safe from temptation till he's in his grave and the earth flung home on top of him.

'Pon a Sunday of wicked weather in February, Gaffer Ram forbade his wife to go to worship.

Says she, "I'll bide home if you will."

But he meant to go without her, and when she heard that, she defied him and said as nought would keep her. Then he ordered her to bide home on pain of his wrath, and she said his wrath was no more to her than the wind in the hedge. And from bad to worse they went, till Tom stamps and wrings his hands and hammers the table, and Thomasin shrieks and chatters at him, like an angry thrush perched over a cat in nesting-time.

"You'll drive me out of my life, you miserable creature," he says. "I can't stand much more. I'd sooner do away with myself."

"So 'tis with me," she said. "Do 'e think life's a treat with me now you've gone out of your mind?"

"Then I'll kill myself," replied Thomas. "I'll make away with myself, and glad to go, for hell fire would be pastime after you."

"God's my judge but I'll do it if you will!" she answered back. "Don't you think that I want to live any more, because I don't. No doubt I might be good for another ten year with a decent husband, or in the widowed state; but life's one long sting now, and I'm just so ready to get out of it as ever you be. And I'm a bit more like to go, for that matter, because I've got a darned sight more pluck in my little finger than ever you had in your whole frame."

"Don't you tempt me," he said, "or you'll be sorry for it."

"I'll do it if you will," she replied again. And for the time being the matter dropped, and neither went to church.

They was at it hammer and tongs again next day, and from that hour they quarrelled oftener and made it up seldomer than afore.

Then comed the first right-down proper hurricane between them, and after they'd both shouted themselves hoarse, up gets Tom and reaches down his hat and makes for the door.

"You've done it now," he tells her. "'Tis all over. I be going out of this door never to come in again as a living man. You shan't set eyes on me no more alive—I swear that much—and maybe not dead neither; for how or where I shall do it, I don't yet know."

"That's all right, then," she answered. "And I'll be on the same errand in five minutes. 'Tis a blessed thought to know I'll be along with the angels and out of your reach afore another nightfall. Just you wait till I get my bonnet, and us'll go up 'long 'pon top of the Moor together, and there take leave."

The old fools stood at their front gate and looked at each other. Then he said, as he turned and locked the farmhouse door, "Who be going to take the key?"

She scorned him and told him that neither wouldn't have no more use for that.

"Where us be going, the doors'll be open—whichever door it is," she said. "Stuff the key under the thatch, where 'tis I always leave it, and then come on and set about your business. You've sworn, and you can't go back on it now."

He obeyed her, and together they went up to Laughter Tor and looked down around at the world spread about 'em.

"Now I be going this way," said the missis, pointing over to Brimpson, where stood a plantation of trees, "and I'll thank you to go t'other road; and if I catch you poking and prying after me, I won't do it at all, so I warn you of that!"

"You needn't trouble yourself," he told her. "I ban't at all feared that you'll take your life. 'Tis just a bit of your hookem-snivey dealings to get me to go; and then, when you know right well I've kept my word, you'll break yours, and nip home-along, light the fire, and eat your meat, and sleep none the colder because I'm cold."

"You judge others by yourself," she said; "'tis only a cowardly creature like you would think of such a thing as that. But I know you well enough: you'd like to sneak along till you see your old wife throw herself in the water; and then back you'd go, as gay as a butterfly, and cook your own supper, and have an extra pint with it, no doubt, on the strength of your luck."

"I'll hear no more," he said, "and I'll wish you good-bye!"

Off he stumped to Bellaford Tor; and when he'd gone two hundred yard he looked back to see her still sitting where he'd left her. Presently, when he thought to be out of sight, he crept behind a stone and peeped over; but her eyes was better than his, and she'd seed him hide, and sat on a bit longer. Then at last Thomasin got up and went down slowly toward Brimpson woods.

Lord knows what happened to 'em through that day. Thomas, when he told me the story, couldn't remember how he killed his time; but 'twas the only thing he did kill; and a bit after sundown, being terrible leery* and footsore as a lost dog, he trapesed home and waited behind the dry-built wall beyond Dunnabridge Pound, to see if aught was stirring to Brown Berry Farm. He hadn't been there above a minute when he seed smoke rising up out of the chimley, and he knowed his wife was back! So in he goes and finds her sure enough. She was getting a pot of tea and cooking six or seven rashers of bacon.

She turned round as he comed in the kitchen as if she'd expected him and he was punctual.

"Your meat will be ready in a minute," she said. "You'd best to take off they mucky boots."

"You ban't dead, then?" he asked, with a crooked laugh.

"No, apparently not," she answered. "I've told you that I'll do it if you will, but I knowed mighty well, by the sly look of your back when you went off this marnin, that you'd no more mind to taking your life than to take any other man's; so I comed home and went about my business. I'm honest if you ban't."

"When did you come home, then?" he asked her.

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* Hungry.

"So soon as ever you was out of sight," she answered quietly. "Get on with your food. If you've been caddling about all day, like an idle frog, you'm hungry, no doubt."

He didn't answer a word, but began to eat; and no more was said on the subject, for just then their man, William Merripit, and their girl, Sophy French, came in to supper, and of course they wasn't going to argue about such a matter afore them.

But Thomasin Ram didn't let it bide there, and when her husband went to bed she set about him again in earnest.

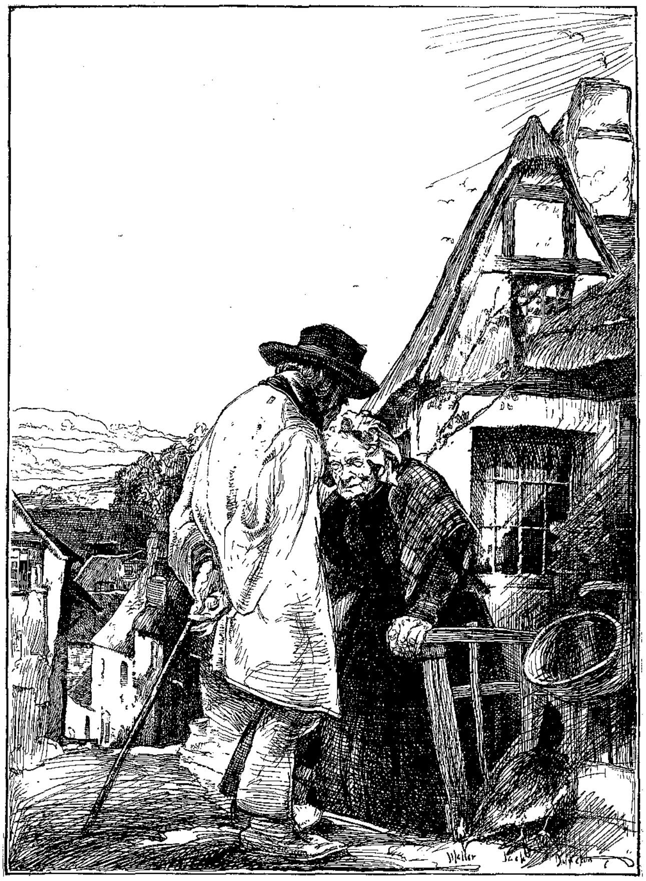
"I knowed you'd come back with some paltry excuse," she said; "but I haven't yet heard what 'twas."

"And you won't hear, neither," he fires back, for he was braced up a bit with eating and drinking. "I ban't going to give you my reasons for what I do or what I don't do. But I very well knowed your little game. 'She'll skip home so soon as ever I be out of sight,' I said to myself; 'and the first thing she'll do, she'll get my keys and ope the desk and count the money, and ferret out the will.' That's what I knew would fall cut, and I've no doubt as you did it."

She denied having done any such thing, and they was soon hard at it; but after all they didn't fight so long as usual that night, because the old man was dog-tired, and he fell asleep under fire, long afore she'd said half or a quarter of the things she'd got to say.

By all accounts the adventure calmed 'em down for very near three months; then a great flare-up took place, and Tom swore again that he'd no more of it and that his thread should be cut afore the new moon. And she agreed that he couldn't do better, and promised, by all the solemn things she knowed, that if he did it, so would she.

So be blessed if ten minutes later they wasn't off again! Tom didn't remember much about that time. The weather was got so plaguey cold that he guessed if he bided messing about in the Moor he'd catch his death in



"THE OLD FOOLS STOOD AT THEIR FRONT GATE AND LOOKED AT EACH OTHER" earnest, and so it chanced he was home even afore she was. He comed back just before it beginned to snow, and when she returned an hour later, he'd got the kettle on and a drop of hot spirits and water waiting for her.

"I didn't do it because I knowed cruel well you wasn't going to, and wasn't thinking of no such thing," he said to her. "You'd best drink that there beverage, for you'll be finger-cold, no doubt."

"You don't suppose I've been out 'pon the Moor, do 'e?" she asked. "Us ban't all born fools. I've been along with Mrs. Mudge to Dunnabridge—talking about the ways of men."

She drank her liquor, and the subject dropped. Then she gived him chapter and verse about all the fellows that had took their own lives in the four quarters of Dartymoor Forest since the time of Adam. She appeared to know a bit about every one of 'em — from poor Sam Hext; who hanged himself in a new horse-halter after Widecombe Fair, to that rash and wilful blade Nicholas Ash, as made a hole in Dart because the water bailiff's flaxen-haired darter couldn't do with him.

"And whatever their faults, they was all men of courage," summed up Mrs. Ram. "And 'tis only that sort ever be known to work proper murder upon themselves. Them as talk a lot about it never do it, as be very well proved in all history. So I hope you'll take that lesson to heart, and not make a zany of yourself again."

He argued on it, and they was at it in the old way. Then she found herself worn out, and bade him hold his tongue, and let her get a little blessed escape from his corncrake voice if only in sleep; and he said that he merely axed her to wait till next time, and that next time he offered to put himself away, the deed would be done, and not all the law and the prophets would hold him off doing it.

"I hope to the Lord you mean what you say," she answered back. "I'm ready, and have been any time this twelvemonth. I'll do it if you will. My word on that subject be given, and no man or woman has ever catched me in a lie yet."

Tom told me that after they had got to this point, it looked to be so much a real serious bit of business that he steadied down for a good while, and didn't say nothing on the subject, even when they fell out. But at last comed such a furious and heart-shaking sort of a tantara between 'em, and he was so mad and desperate and exhausted after it, that he properly hungered to be at rest once for all. 'Tis like the toothache, that makes even a mouse of a man brave enough to go to the tooth-drawer while the agony is at him. So he slapped on his hat, and took his stick and swore by the Book as the limit was reached. And she said 'twas good news if true.

They didn't even travel to the top of the hill together that time, but went different ways from the door. She walked off towards Dartmeet so brisk as a young woman, and he went down in the valley to Swincombe Firs. Their man — the only servant they'd got just then — was gone away for a week to his home, but they never thought 'pon that, and such was the rage and wrath of Thomas that he even forgot the key in the door. And he would have left the door wide open, as he told me; but she had a spark of sense still about her, so she put home the latch and locked up afore she went off.

He had one slap at her as she got going.

"When you want me, you can drag Swincombe Meet," he said. "I shall be to the bottom of it, while you'm sitting drinking sloe gin down the hill with Mrs. Caunter, afore you set off home."

But she answered never a word. Her face was hard and stern, and she went swiftly on her way.

Somehow, from the first, as Tom told me, he felt that 'twas going to be the real thing and no mistake this time. He looked at his life, and seed what it had been and what it was, and he believed that, without any more fooling about, the business had better come to an end. He'd got up well over threescore and ten, and though his days weren't by no manner of means a weariness of the flesh, and, so far as that went, he felt sorry for hisself to go, yet, in the home, 'twas different. Besides, he did most honestly believe that Thomasin meant doing it this time also, and he couldn't help knowing 'twould be an unsportsmanlike thing to let her go on her long journey alone.

"Though, for that matter," said Thomas, "I couldn't help reckoning, even at that terrible solemn moment, that if she done the deed, and woke up in the next world, and found as I'd come too, it might have spoiled all for her!"

However, he was now seriously minded to do the trick, and chance what fell out after. A religious man, too, in his way; but, somehow, he'd never given that side a thought. Yet now he was to stand on the brink; and then light suddenly got throwed upon the next world — and a very painful light without a doubt.

Thomas stopped on his way to the river presently, and turned in his tracks and went in the house again, and took down his old gun off the mantel-shelf and loaded it; for he'd changed his mind about Swincombe Meet. Then he tied a piece of string to the trigger, and then he cocked the weapon and put the string round his foot and the end of the barrel in his mouth. And then he changed his mind again. He pictured his thinking parts all scattered abroad, and the thought so troubled him that he couldn't go no further that way.

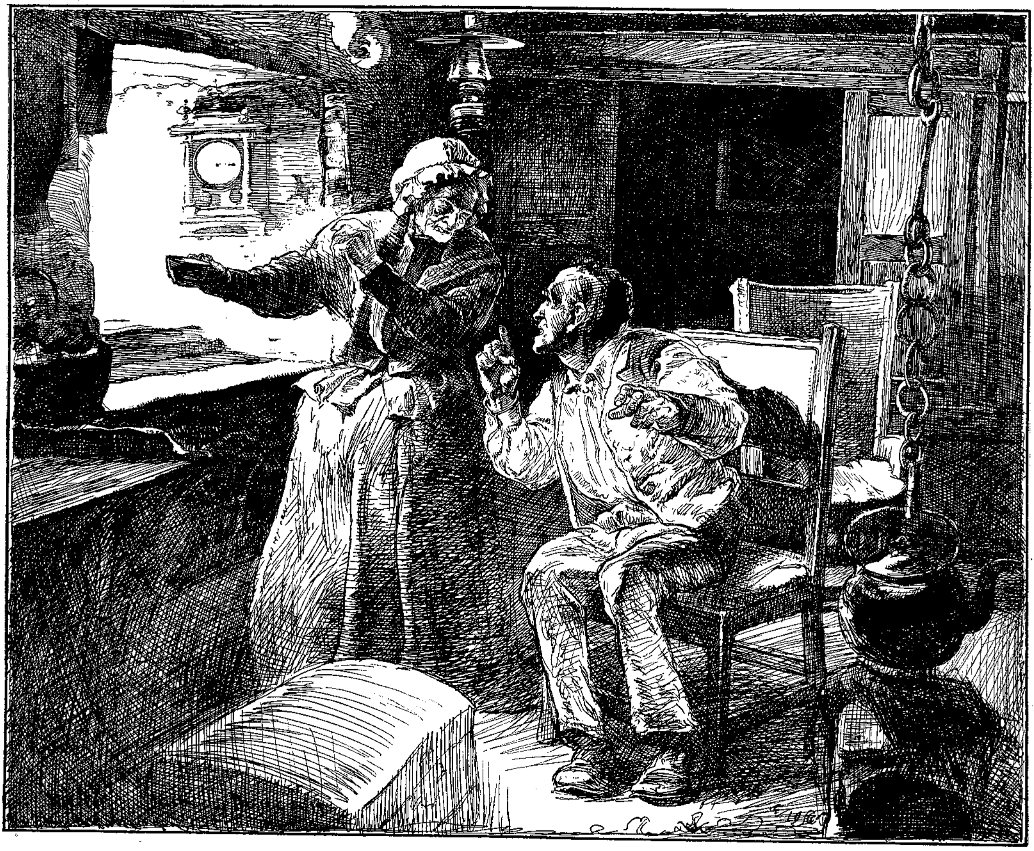
"It lay 'twixt hanging and drowning then," he said to me; "and I felt for my part that 'twas no gert odds which I done, so I chucked a farthing — heads for a rope, tails for the water, and the coin fell heads."

A quick and a merciful way out, if all goes right — so Mr. Ram had heard. He went into the big Brown Berry barn and dragged a wheelbarrow under one of they heavy beams that holds up the roof. Then he made fast a rope to the beam and put t'other end round his neck wi' a running noose. Then he tightened up, and got ready to kick the wheelbarrow from under him. He assured me that he was within a second of eternity; when suddenly his gorge rose to think he might hang there for a week and not a soul to fetch him down.

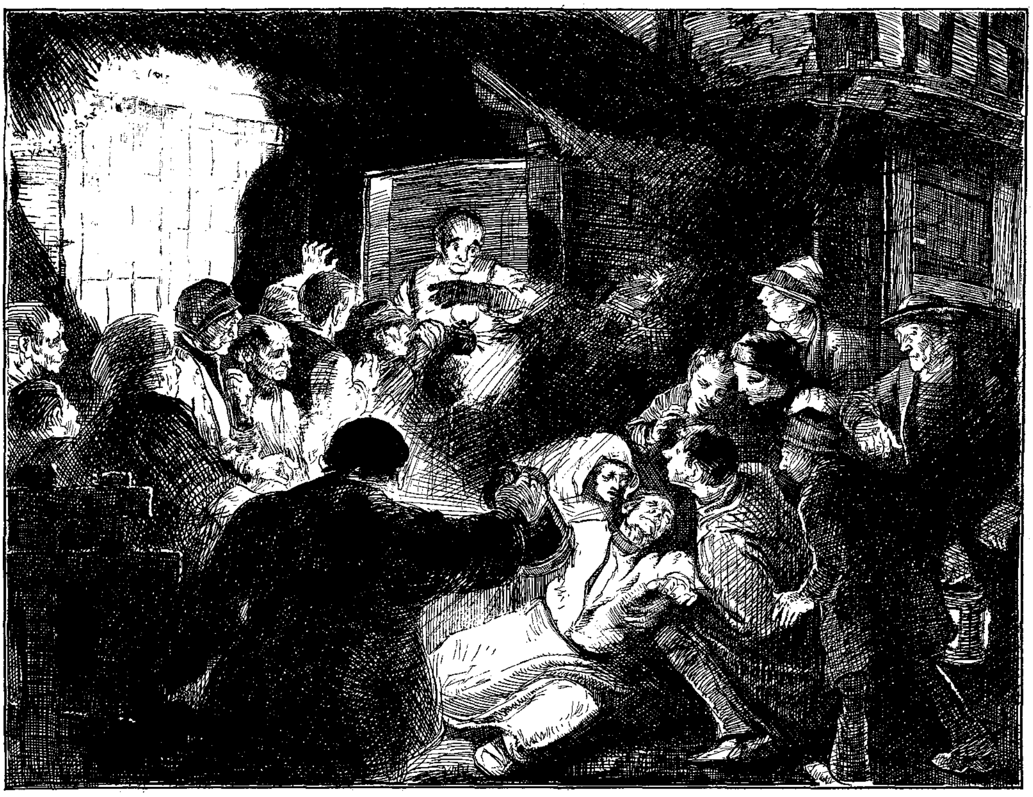
"We'm made in the Lord's image," said Tom to me, "and I felt at that moment that 'twas bad enough to go at all, but worse than ever to die as you might say a malefactor's death, and hang to rot for a month of Sundays into the bargain. Then I pictured the rats climbing along the roof-beams and coming down the rope on my head; and so, what with one thing and another, I felt as I couldn't do it that way. So I went back to the first plan and decided to die by drowning in Swincombe Meet, where I should be found by water bailiff Gregory under the open sky."

'Twas a nobler and also an easier death, he reckoned; for he'd heard tell that, after the first pinch, drowning be no worse than going to sleep. He'd also been assured that you see the whole of your past life from the cradle onwards, afore you go; and as Thomas Ram felt that 'twould be a very interesting thing so to do, he decided on the river, and got down out of the wheelbarrow and put away the rope. Then he went off to Swincombe Meet, where that river runs into Dart; and he found a mighty deep pool and sat down 'pon a stone overhanging it, and lighted his pipe.

"'Twas strange to feel I was smoking my last



" 'I DIDN'T DO IT BECAUSE I KNOWED CRUEL WELL YOU WASN'T GOING TO' "



"THERE WAS A WHOLE RALLY OF FOLK, AND THEY CARRIED SUMMAT AMONG 'EM"

bit of tobacco on earth," he told me. "And somehow I fell to wondering if there'd be pipes allowed in heaven; and then, thinking upon heaven, like a thunder-clap came the doubt as to whether what I meant to do mightn't stand between me and the good place! My pipe went out on the instant, and a terrible rally of strange thoughts trickled through my noddle. The one thing I was certain about was that parson wouldn't read the sarvice over me. It shook me a bit, but so hungry was my heart for death that even that didn't turn me off it."

But Tom didn't take a header into the depth of the pool; he reckoned that 'twould be a properer way to wade calmly and firmly out, and give himself up to Dart in a gentlemanly manner. And, after he'd lit his pipe again and finished it, he chose a shelving place at the tail of Swincombe Meet under the fir trees, and waded in, brave as a badger, right up to his knees.

He wasn't one for cold water, however, and never liked it. In fact, he hadn't felt the touch of it since he was a boy; so it made him jump a bit, and he fancied 'twas just as if a pair of ice-cold, greedy hands had gripped hold of his legs and was pulling him down under. It made him gasp, and his heart nearly jumped out of the top of his head, and he catched hold of a sallow branch on the bank and beginned to think yet again, before 'twas too late to get ashore.

Then, like the trump of doom, it comed over him what a mighty fool he was gwaine to make of hisself, and maybe lose ten year of precious life as a peaceful widow-man. He pictured Brown Berry without Thomasin. He seed himself rising and going to bed so lonely as the sun. He thought of a lot of other pleasant things also; and finally he climbed ashore and set off home so hard as he could travel. He met Mr. Coaker of Great Sherberton along by the bridge, and told him as he'd had a misfortune and falled in the water; and Coaker was very sorry to hear it, and told the old man to get home-along to his wife and gulp down some hot drink for fear he'd catched his death.

So Thomas bustled home, and he was all in a twitter when he got in the door, and half expected to see his wife looking out of kitchen window; but the key was in the thatch and she hadn't come.

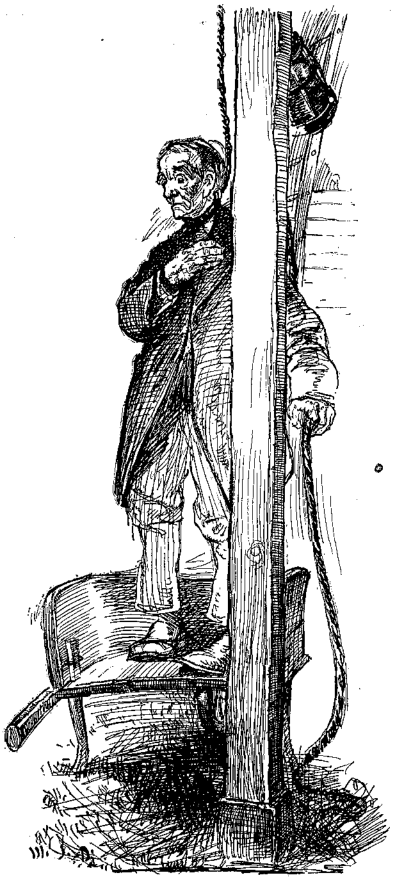
"She's done it! She's done it!" he said to hisself. And then he gets out the liquor and takes four fingers, and changes his wet clothes.

After that he had a feed and a sleep; and when he woke up he felt cruel bad about the breathing parts, and the fire was 'most out, and 'twas dimpsy light, wi' the reds in the sky and a bit of frost creeping over the earth, though well on into March.

'Twas funny that from force of habit he lifted up his voice to swear at his wife for letting the fire go so low; then he remembered she'd gone; and he mended the fire hisself, and went in the larder and fetched some milk to hot up for his breathing tubes.

Night fell presently, and Mrs. Ram didn't come. Then, with the darkness, Thomas fell to wondering what way she'd chosen to get out of it; and 'twas such a gloomy subject that, what with his cold, and not knowing how to get his own supper, and so on, he found himself very low in spirits afore eight o'clock struck. And afore nine, he was envying the woman.

With time the old chap went from bad to worse, till the silence and the cold and his own troubles turned him frantic. First he felt he'd made a great mistake; and then he roamed through the house, and once even catched hisself calling for Thomasin. Then he got the horrors, and thought he seed the spectrum of Mrs. Ram creeping about in the corners of the room wi' her throat cut. He went off to bed long afore ten o'clock and put out the lights; but the bed without her was worse than the board. 'Twas like being in a family vault alone — so the old man swore — and afore he'd lay there an hour, he felt that he should go out of his mind if he bided there. He'd reached a pitch now when he'd have gived up half his savings for the sound of her voice. So he went down house once more and lighted the lamp and kicked up the fire and called in a sheep-dog for company. Then — just about midnight, 'twas — he heard a sound of wheels and of humans; and then the solemn tramp of men walking in step comed up the farmyard.



"SUDDENLY HIS GORGE ROSE TO THINK HE MIGHT HANG THERE FOR A WEEK"

He fled out to the door and held the light for 'em; but his soul sinked in his socks, for there was a whole rally of folk, and they carried summat among 'em. He had doubted not she was a carpse somewhere, and thought she was hidden long ways off on Dartymoor; but he never reckoned that anybody would find her so quick and fetch her bones home like this here, almost afore she was cold. And then, when they told him that his wife had been picked up on the road to Ashburton unconscious, with a broken leg, he cried like a child and thanked God again and again.

It puzzled the people a bit to hear him so terrible joyful about it; but of course they didn't know what was going on in Tom's mind. He felt like a man as had lost his purse and found it once more; and when the doctor told him that his wife wouldn't die of it; when Thomasin herself explained how she was going to Ashburton to see Lawyer Wonnacott, and had falled half-way up Dartmeet Hill, and crawled off the way and fainted behind the Coffin Stone; then Tom gave all the glory to his Maker and said 'twas a long lane that had no turning.

They were both cruel ill till a month after spring broke on Dartmoor. In fact, Thomasin went lame for life, and Tom took a running cold that kept step and step with him to his grave, you might say. But they never quarrelled no more, speaking generally; and William Merripit often assured me that 'twas always pretty fair give and take between 'em after that, and no cross words — more than happens as a matter of course when the aged get pain biting at their joints, and oft come from a sleepless bed to breakfast.

They lived to a ripe old age, even for Dartymoor, and died within four days of each other. A very convenient thing when it happens so, because there's no messing about with the gravestone and tormenting the grass on the mound when the half that's left goes down to join t'other half.

CLEVELAND'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

BY

GEORGE F. PARKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

JAMES G. BLAINE

Mr. Cleveland never spoke much about Mr. Blaine or the personalities incident to the Presidential campaign of 1884. The two men were so widely different in their outlook upon politics as well as upon the world, that anything like congeniality, or even understanding between them, would have been impossible. The treatment accorded to the successful candidate by the friends of the defeated one, to say nothing of the execrable taste shown by Mr. Blaine himself, tended, within a little while, to breed in Mr. Cleveland that almost absolute indifference to disagreeable things, or at least that forgetfulness of them, which he deemed it his duty to cultivate.*

Perhaps the history of the country does not reveal another public man who so took to heart his defeat for the Presidency, or so resented the success of his opponent, as did James G. Blaine. The vile calumnies of the heated campaign were succeeded by attacks, both persistent and insidious, upon the new President. It was only natural that the latter should reach the conclusion that, since he could not expect support in carrying on the affairs of the country, or decent treatment personally, the only thing for him to do was to wear out these attacks by devotion to the public interests.

True to his nature and to that spirit of fairness which was one of his strongest characteristics, Mr. Cleveland, during the campaign of 1884, took the most determined stand against retaliation by attacks upon the private life of his opponent. At one time, one of the leading managers of the National Democratic campaign informed Cleveland that, on the following morning, a very scandalous exposure of Mr. Blaine would be published, and that this was to go out with official sanction from the committee. When Mr. Cleveland told me the story, many years later, it was with strong indignation. He said that he told his informant that if any such publication were made, with *official* approval or even with connivance, he would at once resign from the ticket. He told him that he took this position, first, because such a charge was unmanly and unnatural; second, because it was wholly untrue; and third, putting it on the very lowest plane, because it was dangerous and so bound to react.

Mr. Cleveland never concealed that, eliminating all personal ambitions and considerations, and even partizan politics, his own election in 1884 seemed to him to have been almost vital to the maintenance intact of our institutions. It not only broke the spell created by the almost indefinite continuance of one party in power, but it was the signal for disrupting corrupt combinations which would have scrupled at nothing. This he thought, in the light of his later experience, especially true so far as the then existing territories, with their wide areas and undeveloped resources, were concerned. While he never even so much as intimated that Mr. Blaine would willingly have been a party to the demoralization and plundering that would have resulted in case of a Republican victory, he did feel that successful resistance on Mr. Blaine's part would have been next to impossible.

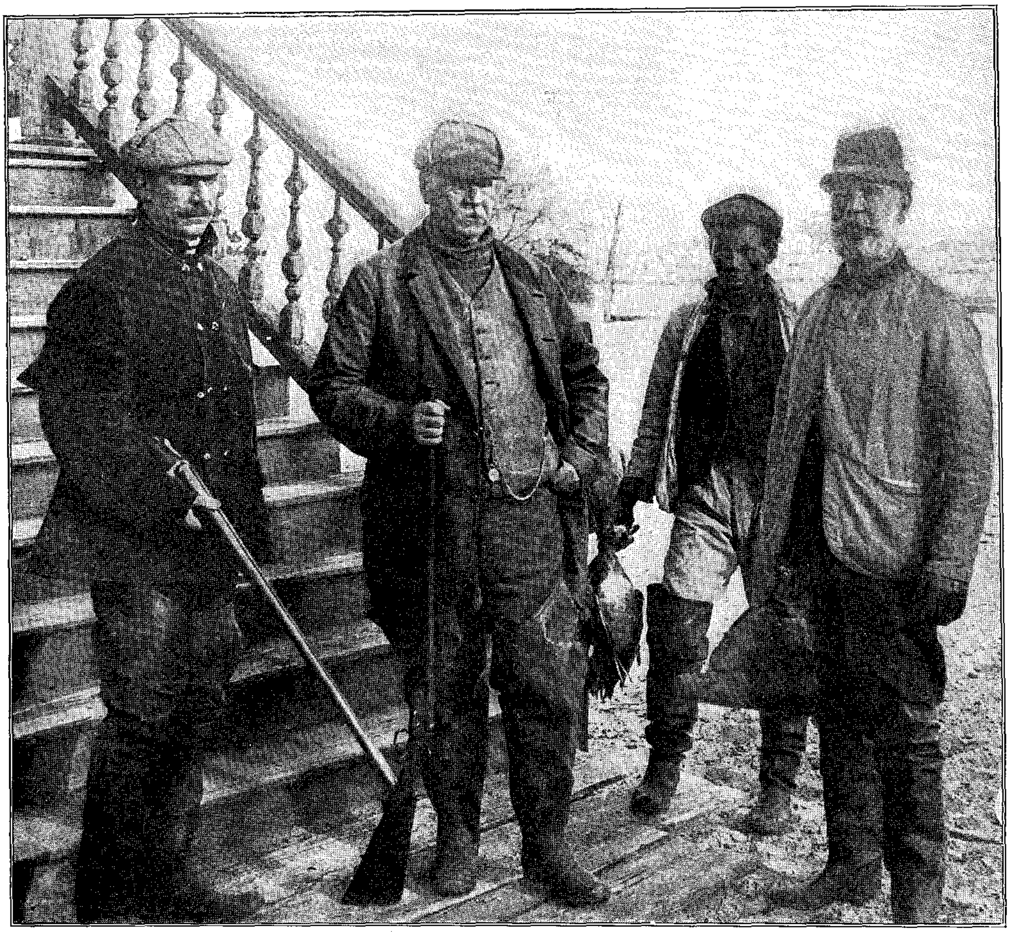
CHESTER A. ARTHUR

So far as President Arthur was concerned, Mr. Cleveland entertained the very highest respect for his ability and honesty, and for what he called the almost marvelous success of his administration. He could never speak with too great enthusiasm about his settledness of purpose, the depth of his patriotism, and the courage with which he had resisted the financial and demagogic heresies of his time. From the point of view of party management he, professed that he could not understand the fatuity that had denied him the Republican nomination in 1884. He attributed his own success, in a large degree, to what he deemed Republican short-sightedness.

No men, so placed, could have had more agreeable relations than the two who, on March 4th, 1885, rode from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, and returned after having exchanged places. It is a pleasure, after all these years, thus to record the good opinion that two men who had passed through so many strange political vicissitudes held regarding each other.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Of Benjamin Harrison, both a successor and predecessor, Mr. Cleveland had mixed opinions, and yet all of them were either favorable or apologetic. He criticized the attitude of his administration on the silver question, and yet, knowing the difficulties and the forces to be dealt with, he realized how strong had been the conflict between public duty and personal opinion on the one hand, and greed and partizan demands on the other. He never entirely



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GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS FRIENDS AFTER A DAY OF DUCK-SHOOTING

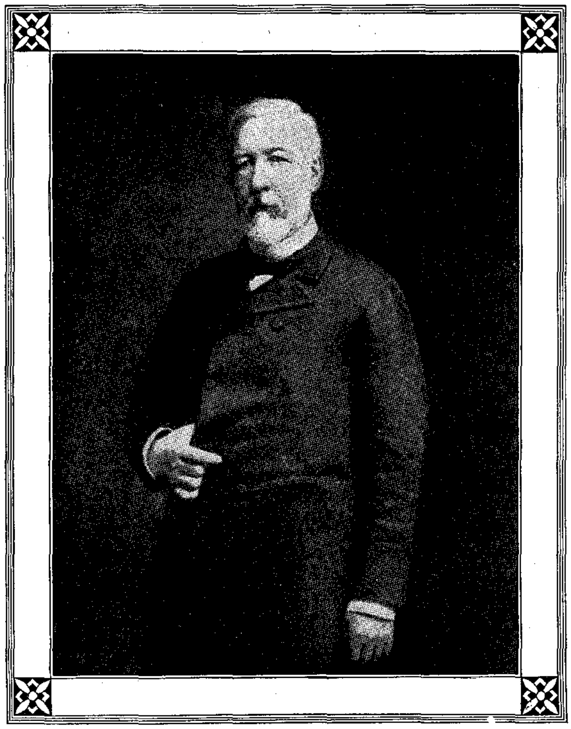
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE HOME OF GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER IN SOUTH CAROLINA forgave President Harrison for permitting the surplus, carefully built up by himself and bequeathed as a public legacy, to be dissipated by idle and unjust pension laws and by extravagant appropriations — the demand for which he himself had so successfully resisted.

But it was when commenting upon the judicial appointments of his successor that he broke into real enthusiasm. He used to say that no president in the country's history had exceeded Benjamin Harrison in the care and absolute determination he showed in getting the best men available for filling vacancies or new positions on the bench of the Federal Courts. He was especially earnest in his approval of the breadth of view displayed in the first appointments to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and he followed with interest each successful assertion of their authority by the new judges. He often said, in respect to Harrison's whole judicial policy:

"I cannot see how he does it. I thought I realized the importance of the Federal Courts, resisting mere party pressure and giving to my appointments the most jealous care; but I must confess Harrison has beaten me."

General Harrison had the reputation of being a cold man when, in fact, he was only shy. Of high ability, certainly the greatest lawyer his State has thus far produced, he came slowly and painfully into his own. He perhaps did more hard and unrequited work for his party and his country in his early career than any man known to our history. If a difficult speaking canvass was to be made, or a hopeless candidacy was to be accepted, Harrison was sure to be called upon. This, together with his own tastes and his retiring nature, cut him off from the society of all except a few close friends.

While he had the highest consideration for others, he had given little attention to the mere amenities of life. When the time for the inauguration of 1889 came around, President Cleveland, who was a stickler for official etiquette, and so never overlooked anything that ought to be done, gave special attention to the comfort of his successor and his family. Soon after the two men returned from the Capitol, Harrison, seldom demonstrative or enthusiastic, seeing about him such careful preparations and so many evidences of thoughtfulness, said to a friend: "Well, whatever else may happen, I shall at least know how to go out of office when my time comes." Four years later to a day, the White House was swept, garnished, amply furnished with eatables and drinkables, and Harrison showed how well he had learned the lesson.



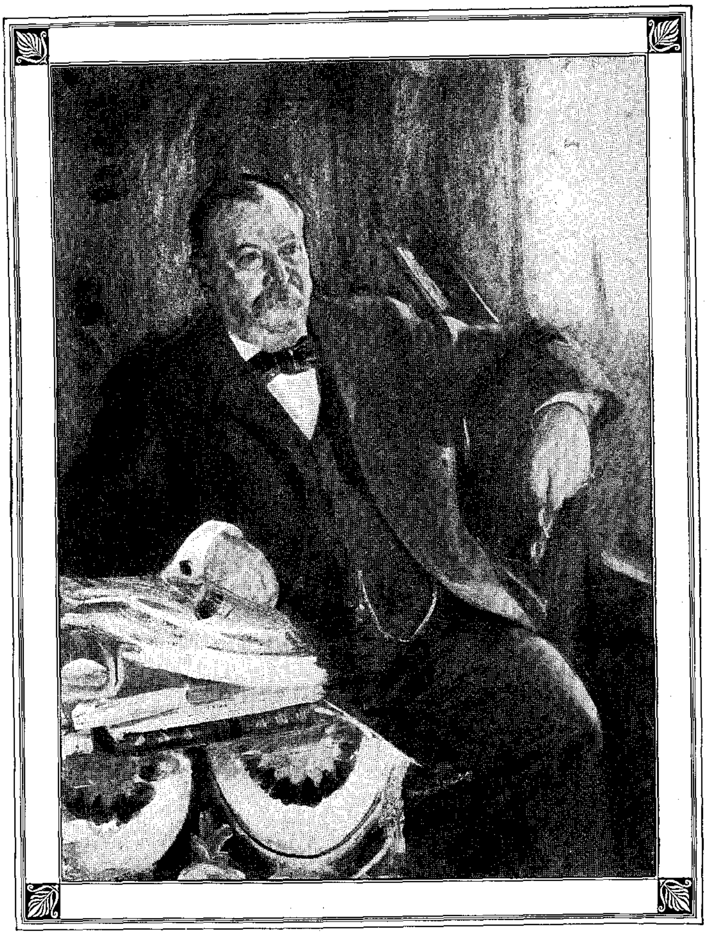
From the collection of F. H. Meserve

JAMES G. BLAINE

"PERHAPS THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY DOES NOT REVEAL ANOTHER PUBLIC MAN WHO SO TOOK TO HEART HIS DEFEAT FOR THE PRESIDENCY, OR SO RESENTED THE SUCCESS OF HIS OPPONENT"

Upon my first visit to Mr. Cleveland in Princeton after the close of the Spanish War, he spoke a good deal of President McKinley. He had never come much into contact with him in a personal way during his first administration, and in his second McKinley was Governor of Ohio. Naturally, the two men were far apart on the tariff—the question that so much engaged the attention of both; but this issue had been entirely thrust aside by the campaign of 1896, in which both had done what they could to preserve the public credit and thus maintain the national honor. Mr. Cleveland several times recounted to me the particulars of his last interview with Mr. McKinley. It was just before March 4, 1897,

WILLIAM McKINLEY



Photographed by Mr. Frank S. Hastings

GROVER CLEVELAND

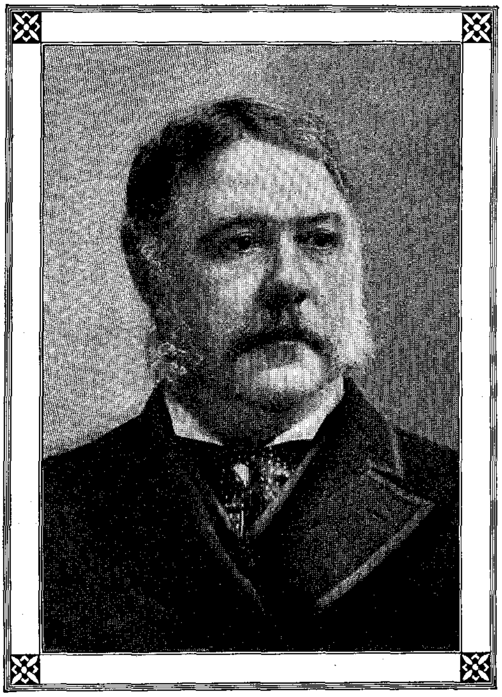
FROM THE PAINTING BY ZORN, IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. DANIEL S. LAMONT

when one man was about to lay down the responsibilities which the other was to take up. McKinley spent an evening with Mr. Cleveland at the White House, and of their conversation Mr. Cleveland afterward said:

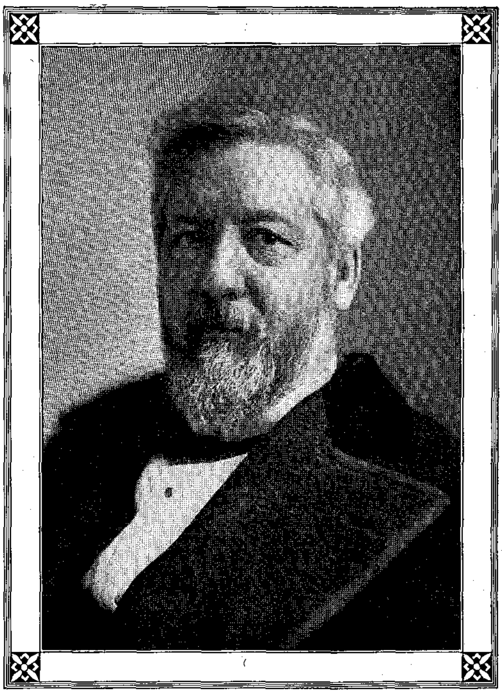
"I was struck by the feeling of sadness which characterized this interview on both sides. The one question in Mr. McKinley's mind was the threatened war with Spain. He went over with me, carefully, the steps that I had taken to avert this catastrophe, emphasized his agreement with my policy, and expressed his determination to carry it out so far as lay in his power. He spoke of the horrors of war, and was intensely saddened by the terrible responsibility thrust upon him. When we parted he said: 'Mr. President, if I can only go out of office, at the end of my term, as successful in averting this terrible calamity as you have been, I shall be the happiest man in the world.' I never saw him again after the inauguration, but of all the interviews in my career, no other was so full of settled sadness, and no man ever gave me a stronger impression of his sincerity and his determination to do his duty."

JOHN E. RUSSELL

John E. Russell of Massachusetts was a business man who had achieved a moderate but satisfying success comparatively early in life. As a result he had retired from the activities of business and become a farmer,— not a mere experimenter,— a real farmer, intensely interested, not only in agriculture itself, but in the people who pursued it. Mr. Russell entered Congress about the time that Mr. Cleveland came into public life, and at once took a position of importance. He was especially attracted by the tariff message of 1887, and when the Mills Bill — which was framed in response to that popular appeal — came up for discussion, he took a prominent part in it, and



CHESTER A. ARTHUR



JAMES G. BLAINE

was at once brought into close relations with Mr. Cleveland. From that time few men in public life so interested Cleveland as did Mr. Russell. When it came to the formation of the second Cabinet in 1893, Russell was the President's first choice as Secretary of the Navy. He was also tendered, and declined, the head of the Department of Agriculture and the mission to Italy. He did finally consent to accept an unpaid place on the United States Deep Waterways Commission.

Mr. Cleveland used to say:

"I am confident that John E. Russell could have achieved immediate success in any branch of the Government. He had made himself so familiar with public questions that practically nothing was foreign to him. He was a remarkable example of the man who does not enter politics until late in life, after devoting himself to the study of important questions.

"From the beginning of his public life, he spoke from such a full mind on the important problems that came before him that he soon made himself one of the most effective debaters in Congress. His late entrance into public life, united with the graciousness of his character, made him a remarkable survival amid our changed conditions, and he always reminded me of some of the figures in our earlier history.

"He fitted admirably into the conditions which surrounded him in Massachusetts. He was a balance-wheel to the distinguished group of young men who, from 1888 to 1896, made Massachusetts politics the most interesting of the last generation. It would be idle for anybody to tell me that our politics have degenerated beyond redemption so long as I can conjure up before me the figure of John E. Russell."

DAVID B. HILL AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1888

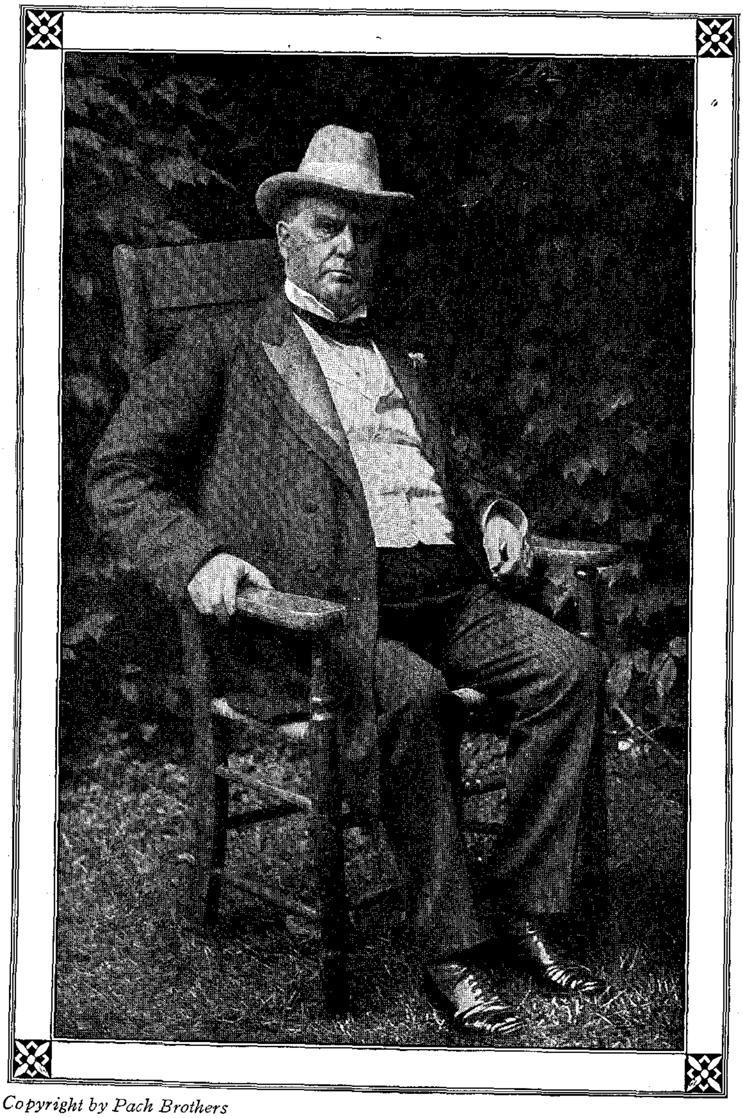
There was a vague impression in the public mind, during many years, that some kind of natural and insuperable antagonism had arisen between Mr. Cleveland and David B. Hill, as the result of the success of the State ticket in 1888 and the defeat of the Presidential electors. It was a matter seldom mentioned or discussed by Mr. Cleveland in the interval between his two terms in the Presidency. He never seriously regretted his own defeat, save that he occasionally referred to what he might have done in matters of Federal taxation and expenditure if he could have had another four years in which to develop his policies. In 1906, however, the subject came up as a topic of conversation, and, for the first time in my presence, he spoke of it with great freedom.

"I want sometime," he said, "to correct the false impression abroad that I ever had any feeling that the Presidential ticket was the victim of treachery in New York in the election of 1888. Nobody could understand better than I how that seemingly contradictory result was reached. My campaign for reëlection was made upon a single national issue, so forced to the front that, as I had foreseen, there was no such a thing as evading it, even if I or my party had so desired.

"On the other hand, the State campaign had local issues with their own supporters; men for whom the tariff had only the remotest interest. The brewers had their own organizations for the purpose of protecting the property under their management and jurisdiction. They had the right, and it was even their duty to use their power for their own protection. If they could attract votes from a weak and unpopular Republican candidate — supposed to be inimical to them — to his opponent who would be fair because he was strong, they had a perfect right to do so. I had had sufficient experience in State politics to understand the whole situation, and never permitted myself to reproach Governor Hill or his friends.

"I have never ceased to admire and praise David B. Hill for his clean, high-minded administration of the affairs of the State of New York. It kept down taxation, and was efficient in carrying out the traditional ideas of his party and of our institutions."

Toward the middle of the second administration it was necessary to procure a stenographer and assistant secretary for the Executive Man-



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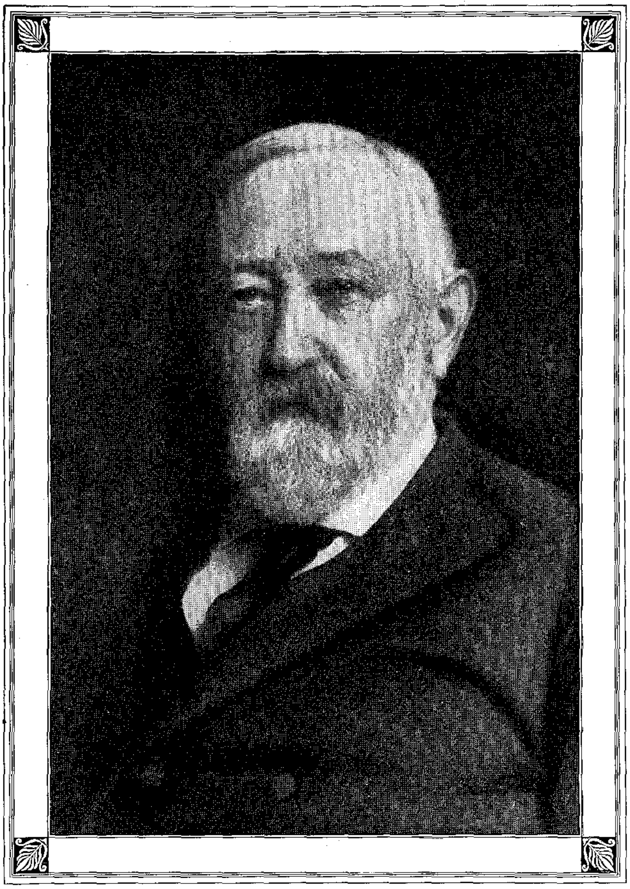
WILLIAM McKINLEY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PALM BEACH



BENJAMIN HARRISON

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

sion, to take the place of Robert Lincoln O'Brien, who had resigned. He was to be attached to the President, both as stenographer and a sort of social secretary — one of the most confidential of positions. A close friend of the President, Robert A. Maxwell of New York, who was the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, reported that he had in his office a young man of unusual qualities and fitness. He said that he would part with his subordinate with great regret, but would let him go if it seemed necessary.

The name of the young man in question was George Bruce Cortelyou. During the campaign before the Minneapolis Convention of 1892 Mr. Cortelyou had made his first appearance in national politics as stenographer and secretary to L. T. Michener, then Attorney-General of Indiana and the official manager of the interests of President Harrison. The discovery was soon made that the young man, although new to politics, was watchful in the matters confided to him, intelligent in dealing with the missions upon which he was sent, and, most vital of all, that he was discreet and close-mouthed.

When Cortelyou's name was brought up on this occasion, it was General Michener who told him that he would probably be called upon in a few days to decide whether or not he would accept a transfer to the Executive Mansion as confidential stenographer to the President.

"You know, General," he said, "that I have always been a strong Republican, and as the President is a Democrat, I naturally hesitate to take this place lest if some important secret should leak out, it might place me in a disagreeable position — in spite of any precautions that I might take."

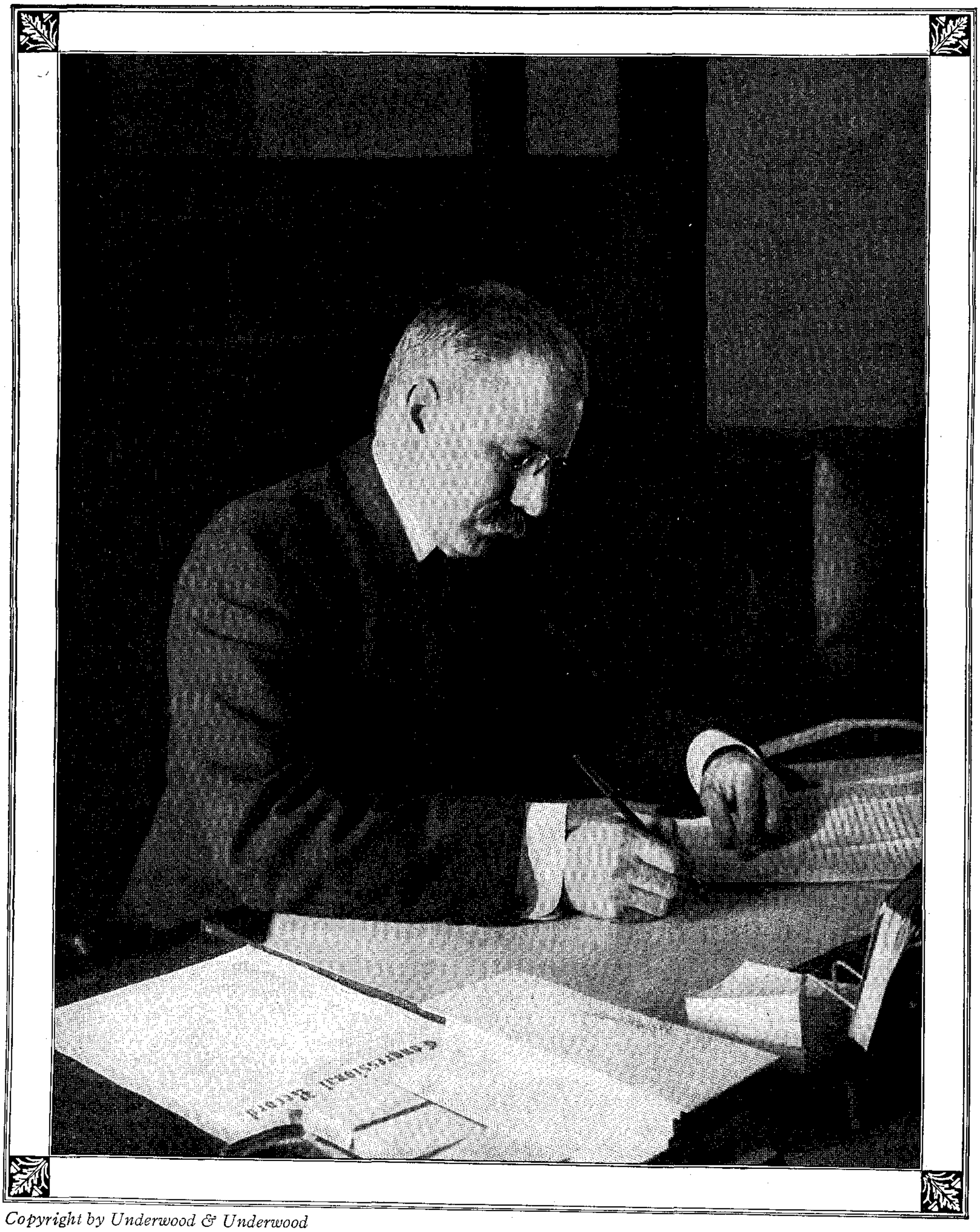
General Michener replied:

"Well, Cortelyou, I can understand your hesitation, but if I were in your place I should put it entirely aside. This transfer may be a turning-point in your career. Going to the White House will give you many unexpected opportunities for contact with public men. I will tell you what to do; accept the position, and, when a convenient opportunity presents itself, make the same representations to the President that you have made to me, and leave the decision of the question to him."

The second or third time that the confidential stenographer found himself seated with the President, ready for his work, he faithfully repeated to him the speech already rehearsed to General Michener. The President, probably somewhat annoyed at this interruption, turned rather sharply and replied: "I don't care a damn about your politics. All I want is somebody who is honest and competent to do my work."

To his dying day, Mr. Cleveland never failed to express the interest and confidence he felt in the young man thus introduced to him, and whose rise was to be so rapid. In speaking of Mr. Cortelyou and his rapid promotion, Mr. Cleveland insisted that this ability to rise from the foot of the civil service ladder to almost the highest dignity in our society, was the greatest tribute that could be paid to the merit system itself, and he was especially proud that it could be so illustrated within a few years after it had been inaugurated.

Mr. Cleveland watched with interest the rise of the Populist party. From its earliest



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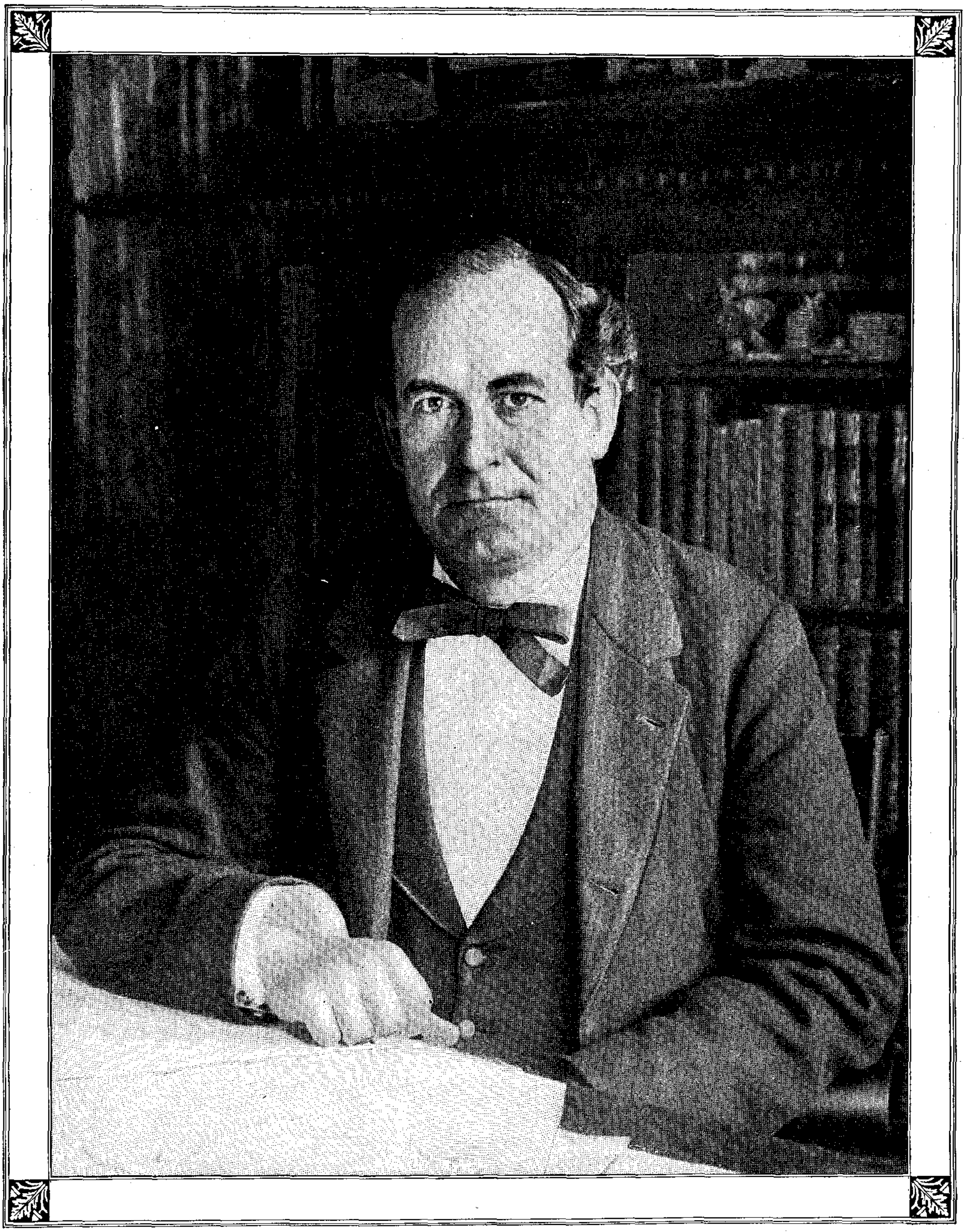
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

appearance he recognized that its demands were a formulated expression of the vague and impracticable notions which, like driftwood, had been floating upon the surface of the political deep from the beginnings of our government. He resented the fusions made with it in some of the Western States, always insisting that they were both perilous to the Democratic party's future and unnecessary even for its temporary success — contentions well established by the Presidential election of 1892. He was convinced that this movement would never become dangerous until it attracted to it some leader with qualities that would enable him to present with much oratorical force the questions involved and bring to its support the wavering members of some existing party. He believed that William Jennings Bryan was such an apostle, and that he would attempt to use

BRYAN AND BRYANISM



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WILLIAM J. BRYAN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THIRTEEN YEARS AGO IN HIS STUDY AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, AT THE TIME THAT HE WAS PLANNING HIS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

the machinery of the Democratic party for promoting his purposes. He said many times over:

"Bryan's mind, training, and imagination all combine to make him a Populist, pure and simple. He has not the remotest notion of the fundamental principles of Democracy."

One of Mr. Cleveland's intimate friends, with whom I had worked between the Presidential terms, tells me that he went to Washington in 1893, at the beginning of the extra session called to repeal the silver purchase clause of the Sherman Act. He soon became convinced that opposition inside his own party—little short of treachery — was then wide-spread, and that it was already beyond control. It was difficult to convince Mr. Cleveland that such a thing was possible. As events slowly developed during the next two years, my friend again went to Washington, and still found that the President, in spite of the repeal of the Silver Law, was skeptical that the Democratic party could be shifted from its moorings as a sound-money organization. He writes:

"Mr. Cleveland was slow to believe that the party could take such a course. It seemed to him so abhorrent as to be impossible. When the blow fell, he met it with his usual splendid courage. His attitude toward Bryan, Senator Vest, and the other misleaders, I can only describe as an exhibition of sorrow, pity, and Christian patience. He looked upon them as one looks upon madmen who endanger themselves while injuring others. Through it all, he showed a grim determination to hold fast to principle and to look to time for that vindication which came in such ample measure before he passed away. In January, 1896, when I told him that nothing could keep the party from going wrong, he replied: 'Then it will be our duty to stand by our guns and let the party go, if it insists upon abandoning principle for expediency at the risk of the country's ruin.'"

Mr. Cleveland's attitude of doubt, no less than his unwavering confidence in the outcome, was confirmed by the following letter written to a New York friend who, through a newspaper, had reminded the public of the President's difficulties and its duty toward him:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
April 16, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. WHEELER: I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your letter in the New York *Times* of to-day.

It is very refreshing, in the midst of much misconception and prejudice and ignorance and injustice, to know that there are some who are inclined to be just and fair.

There never was a man in this high office so surrounded with difficulties and so perplexed, and so treacherously treated, and so abandoned by those whose aid he *deserves*, as the present incumbent.

But there is a God, and the patriotism of the American people is not dead; nor is all truth and virtue and sincerity gone from the Democratic party. The delay may be discouraging and our faith may be sorely tried, but in the end we shall see the light.

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Everett P. Wheeler, Esq.,
New York City.

Absence from the country during most of the second administration compelled me to keep in touch with the course of events through correspondence. Upon my return to Washington three weeks after the election of 1896, I found awaiting me an invitation to luncheon with the President on the following day.

At luncheon Mr. Cleveland told me briefly the story of the political part of the administration, but I was chiefly interested to hear something more about the meteoric Bryan, the self-nominated candidate who had, somehow, taken possession of a great party.

I soon found that Mr. Cleveland knew little more about him personally than I did. When his second term began he found Bryan in Washington as a member of Congress from Nebraska, elected in 1890 as a Democrat and reëlected in 1892. In his first session he made one tariff speech which showed great oratorical powers, though it was hardly up to the standard of knowledge set in the discussion of the Mills Bill. In spite of this defect, the President was pleased to find support for Democratic principles in a quarter from which it had been least expected. But his satisfaction was short-lived. It was clear, before long, that, for Mr. Bryan, the tariff was little more than a declamatory stop-gap.

The President said: "The idea that appealed to his imagination was free silver, the one doctrine that I had fought since my entrance into national politics."

Mr. Cleveland continued: "In time it was made plain that some of the extreme silver advocates in the Senate or House had been busying themselves, even more than the average Congressman, in an effort to obtain offices for their friends. As you know, I refused, at the opening of the administration, to discriminate in appointments between the advocates and the opponents of free silver. It was some time before we discovered that, in a large number of the Congressional districts of the middle and farther West, many of the most active silver men were getting into post-offices and other places of importance. It took still more time to see that they were obtaining control, here and there, of the party machinery, and that, less considerate than I had been, they were inclined to push aside some of the faithful men who supported the administration in its coinage policy. It became evident, later, that a plan had been formed to use the patronage to promote their own ideas, so that the administration, in addition to business depression, the Chicago strike, and an unusual popular unrest, found many of its appointees turned against it. Among these active men, none was more industrious in seeking places for his followers than Mr. Bryan. I discovered, in due time, that a goodly proportion of them were Populists in reality if not in name."

Prior to the campaign of 1904 I saw a great deal of Mr. Cleveland, but he seldom spoke of Bryan. The matter never presented itself to him as a personal one. He seemed to hope that the party would be able so to reunite its forces that all candidates and elements would work together. He deprecated some of the concessions made to the distinctive Bryan elements in the management of the campaign, and could never convince himself that Mr. Bryan was entirely sincere in his avowal of support of Judge Parker, afterward pointing to the returns as proof that his fears and predictions had been fully justified. As a new Presidential campaign came into view, he insisted that if Mr. Bryan should be again nominated it would be wholly due to neglect of the opportunity that presented itself, as he felt sure that the party did not want him, that he could only be chosen by default, and that there was no chance of his election.

In June, 1907, I made a hurried political trip through some of the Western States, and reported to him the result of my inquiries. They were not encouraging. It appeared to be the general opinion that Bryan was inevitable, not because the party wanted him, but for the less creditable reason that it hoped to get rid of him, once and for all, by assuring his overwhelming defeat for the third time. Mr. Cleveland could not understand the apathy and indifference so manifested, in the face of the prospect of success with a solid and acceptable candidate. He had no personal favorite, but firmly refused to believe that party fatuity would go to the length of nominating Bryan for the third time.

In September, 1907, for his information, I sent him a letter I had received from one of his old friends. It contained the following reference to politics:

> I think Mr. Bryan will be a candidate again, and of course I intend to fight him. I see no indications that the Democratic party as you and I knew it is ever to be restored. Under normal conditions a party should arise from the masses of the people to defend the necessary doctrine of strict construction of the Constitution and the use of the coördinate branches of the Federal government of the powers delegated to them, and no others. But conditions are not as they were when we were young. The press of the country no longer discusses constitutional questions; the spirit of socialism in its many forms is abroad amongst the masses of the people, and any movement arising from them is more likely to carry the doctrines of Karl Marx than those of Jefferson.

The next day it came back with the following note:

> PRINCETON, *September 27, 1907*.
>
> MY DEAR PARKER: I am very much obliged to you for the opportunity to read the inclosed. I do not agree with our friend that another dish of Bryan will be forced upon our party; but his letter is, after all, like a breath of fresh air in a bad atmosphere.
>
> Yours truly,
> GROVER CLEVELAND.
>
> George F. Parker, New York.

As the time approached for holding the National Convention of 1908, Mr. Cleveland showed the same keen interest in the outcome. His confidence in the good sense and recuperative power of his party was so strong that he never lost hope. He would never listen to suggestions that perhaps it would be just as well to let the nomination go to Mr. Bryan by default. He did not believe this to be either honest or good politics. He was never heard to discuss the possibility of voting for any Republican candidate. He was used to say: "I early formed the habit of voting the Democratic ticket, and so would not know how to support any other." He took little interest in the personal side of the Republican National Convention, and never, even by indirection, expressed his intention of favoring or supporting any Republican for President.

All through the last winter of his life, he kept on, in a quiet way, trying to interest the best men in his party in an effort to stem the Bryan tide.

My last interview with Mr. Cleveland was held on the 12th of March, 1908, at his uptown offices. I never saw him in a more cheerful mood, nor fuller of mental vigor. In this last conversation there was a suggestion of unusual earnestness, especially in deprecation of the weakness of the party and its leaders in not taking steps to uphold its settled principles. He said:

"This year gives us our chance. The Republicans are torn by faction in a way we have never before seen, while the country seems ready to return to us if we will only be true to ourselves. In spite of these favoring influences, we shall throw away our chances for the present, and put them in peril for the future, if Bryan is nominated. The experience of the past twelve years has demonstrated this. In two of the Presidential elections held during this period, not less than a million solid, old-fashioned Democrats have felt that they could not support the national ticket, and have either abstained from voting or have opposed the candidate. This policy has not only driven our own people away, but has repelled the young men upon whom, throughout all the history of our party, we have depended for support and success. Within this period we have lost control of every State in the North; we have, I fear, made some of the Southern States Republican; we have practically lost our Northern representation in the United States Senate; and we no longer have effective recruiting stations for public life in State Legislatures and other popular bodies."

THE NATIONAL WATER POWER TRUST

BY

JUDSON C. WELLIVER

INDUSTRY and transportation use in the United States about 31,500,000 horse-power of steam and water power. Of this approximately 26,000,000 is steam, the rest water power.

To produce this steam power, and for other purposes, the country burned about 415,000,000 tons of coal in 1908, which was 65,000,000 tons less than in 1907.

For two thirds of a century the country's coal consumption has just about doubled in each decade. This ratio of increase is regarded as certain to be maintained in future unless something besides coal can be developed to produce power.

On the basis of this expectation of demand, the Geological Survey has calculated that the country's coal supply will last for about one hundred and twenty-five years. That would involve, however, the use of coals that underlie veins now commercially available, and the increase in depth would mean corresponding increase in cost.

Plainly, then, there must be found a substitute for coal, or present industrial conditions must be overturned. Is there such a substitute?

A Gigantic New Trust in Sight

There is. It is found in the great water powers of the country. And these are to-day well on the way to control by a trust bigger than any that has ever been dreamed of; a trust that, if it shall be able to carry out the systematic plans now in hand, will be as wealthy as if it owned all the railroads of the nation, with Standard Oil and United States Steel on top, and then a few score of the minor trusts tossed in for good measure!

This is the Water Power Trust. Its existence was first suspected by government officials five years ago. Since then it has been gathering in the best power sites in every part of the country. It has subsidiaries that operate in Canada. It has grown to such proportions, and its purpose to monopolize the water power of a continent has become so plainly apparent, that President Roosevelt thus referred to it, not long ago, in his veto of the James River Dam bill:

> The people of the country are threatened by a monopoly far more powerful, because in far closer touch with their domestic and industrial life, than anything known to our experience. A single generation will see the exhaustion of our natural resources of oil and gas and such a rise in the price of coal as will make the prices of electrically transmitted water power a controlling factor in transportation, in manufacturing, and in household lighting and heating.

President Roosevelt told Congress that thirteen corporations or interests, centering in the General Electric and the Westinghouse Electric, now control one third of the developed water power of the country, and added:

> This astonishing consolidation has taken place practically within the last five years. The movement is still in its infancy, and unless it is controlled the history of the oil industry will be repeated in the hydro-electric power industry, with results far more oppressive and disastrous to the people. It is true that the great bulk of our potential water power is as yet undeveloped, but the sites which are now controlled by combinations are those which offer the greatest advantages and therefore hold a strategic position.

Roosevelt's Efforts to Save the Nation's Water Power

President Roosevelt told Congress that he would sign no more bills to give away water powers unless they contained reservations to the government of full authority to protect public interests. He suggested that a definite policy be developed to guide the government in future; that only limited grants, in the nature of options to improve within reasonable time, be granted; that authority be reserved to a designated official to revoke the grant if the work be not begun or completed as required; that such official be required to see that in developing plans, the maximum effectiveness of the water, both for power and navigation, be borne in mind; that a license fee be imposed, subject to adjustment, so as to secure control in the public interest; that every grant contain provision for its termination at a specified time, when such new conditions may be imposed as needs of that period require; and, finally, that the grant be forfeited on proof that the licensee has joined in any combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade.

"That message," said President Roosevelt, a few days after it had been delivered, "was one of the most important in my whole administration. This proposal, now far under way to accomplishment, of monopolizing the nation's water power, has a significance which ought to be made clear to the people. I shall be very glad to see a proper effort to inform the country concerning this far-reaching project."

It is proposed to tell as simply as possible what the Water Power Trust is, what it has done, what it is planning to do, how it operates, and what its grip on the nation would mean.

The Skeleton of the Water Power Trust

Up at the top of this scheme stand the General Electric Company, with $65,000,000 capital and $15,000,000 funded debt, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, with $28,000,000 stock and $29,000,000 funded debt.* The General Electric owns all the shares of the Edison and Thompson-Houston companies and the British Thompson-Houston; the Sprague Electric Company, the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company, and the Electric Bond and Share Company are controlled; and the company is identified in various ways with many other corporations.

Relations between the General Electric and Westinghouse are indicated by the fact that since 1896 their patents have been pooled. The Westinghouse Company controls the stock of British, Canadian, and French Westinghouse companies; both General Electric and Westinghouse interests appear in the officiary or directorates of the numerous corporations that are broadly denominated as related to the Water Power Trust. The investigations by the government have caused the following companies to be classified as of General Electric affiliation:

United Electric Securities, Electrical Securities Corporation, Electric Bond and Share Company, Schenectady Power Company, Carolina Power and Light Company, Rockingham (North Carolina) Power Company, Animas Power and Water Company (Colorado), Central Colorado Power Company, Montgomery (Alabama) Light and Water Power Company, Summit County Power Company (Colorado), Butte Electric and Power Company (Montana), Montana Power Transmission Company, Madison River Power Company (Montana), Billings and Eastern Montana Power Company, Washington Water Power Company (Washington and Idaho), Great Western Power Company (California); besides a number of others whose connection with General Electric is indicated.

The Westinghouse group, as classified by the government investigators, includes the Security Investment Company (New York), the Electric Properties Company (New York), the "Smith interests," the Atlantic Water and Electric Power Company, Ontario Power Company (Canadian), Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company (New York), Electric Power Securities Company (New York), Albany Power and Manufacturing Company (Georgia), Electric Manufacturing and Power Company (South Carolina), Savannah River Power Company (Georgia), Gainesville Electric Railway Company (Georgia), North Georgia Electric Company, Chattanooga and Tennessee River Power Company, Northern Colorado Power Company; and a number of other concerns whose affiliation with the Westinghouse group is believed but not proved. Among these are the Southern Power Company, directly controlled by the Dukes, of American Tobacco fame; the Stone and Webster (Boston) group of interests in Florida, Georgia, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Washington, including the Puget Sound Electric Railway Company, Tacoma Railway and Power Company, and Puget Sound Power Company; the Charles H. Baker interests in Alabama; the Portland (Oregon) General Electric Company, the Hudson River Electric Power Company, the Hudson River Water Power Company, Hudson River Power Transmission Company, and Empire State Power Company.

Standard Oil Names Prominent in the List

Finally, it is worth while to observe that the General Electric is commonly regarded as affiliated closely with the group denominated "Standard Oil"; that J. P. Morgan and Charles Steele, of the Morgan house, were in 1908 directors in the General Electric; and that the names of Standard Oil people are constantly recurring throughout the lists of officers and directors of these companies. Even the most casual study of intercorporate relationships brings out the approximate community of interest throughout this widely scattered array of interests in water power.

There, then, is the corporate skeleton of the Water Power Trust. The details can be filled in only incompletely. Intercorporate relations are not easily got at and proved. There are reasons for concealing them in many cases, and concealment is easy. It is matter of common acceptance that "Standard Oil has been going in for the water powers, using electrical transmission." The recurrence of Standard

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* *Manual of Statistics*, 1908.

Oil names bears out this belief. Any well-informed man in lower New York, looking over the directories of these grouped concerns, will agree that they represent a wealth, power, and business experience capable of carrying out even so immense an undertaking as the monopolization of the country's power. The probable willingness of the men in power to use that monopoly to impose their own terms may be judged by experiences of the past. President Roosevelt seems to have suspected such a willingness, for in the James River veto he declared that if the water powers be given away recklessly, "our children will be forced to pay an annual return upon a capitalization based upon the highest prices which 'the traffic will bear.' They will find themselves face to face with powerful interests intrenched behind the doctrine of 'vested rights' and strengthened by every defense which money can buy and the ingenuity of able corporation lawyers can devise. Long before that time they may and probably will have become a consolidated interest, controlled from the great financial centers, dictating the terms upon which the citizen can conduct his business or earn his livelihood."

This aggregation of interests was indicted by President Roosevelt on the charge of seeking control of water power. What will it have if it succeeds?

What a Water Power Trust Means to the Country

The Hydrographic Bureau of the Geological Survey has been for many years studying water resources, measuring the flow of streams, and working out the subjects that relate to water supplies. It has carefully compiled data showing that the minimum development of available power in the country would produce 37,000,000 horse-power. Minimum development means a development based on natural conditions of streams, without the construction of reservoirs to store flood waters. Thus, in the months of lowest stream flow the country could draw 37,000,000 horse-power from its rivers. These same streams would produce a minimum of 56,000,000 horse-power during the better six months of the year. That is, the amount would never fall below 37,000,000; for six months it would be from 37,000,000 to 56,000,000; and for the other six months it would be above 56,000,000.

All the railroads, factories, electric plants, and developed water powers in the country to-day, according to the power census taken by the Department of Commerce and Labor, use about 31,500,000 horse-power. At the minimum, the water powers, with the least possible expense, would produce vastly more than this.

But this is only a beginning. If storage reservoirs be erected to cut off the top of the floods, and feed it out during the dry seasons, a total of 230,000,000 horse-power can be produced; that is, seven and one third times as much as the whole country is now using!

This is the prize for which the Water Power Trust is contending.

If a horse-power is worth one hundred dollars — and I am assured by government experts that for the whole country this is a moderate valuation — then this total development would be worth twenty-three billions of dollars to the interest dominating it. The figures sound ridiculous. Yet in truth no money valuation could be adequate to measure such a power. It would mean absolute domination of industry, finance, and transportation.

Storage of floods to equalize flow and assure uniformity of power is no chimera. Where such works have been constructed, though they have nowhere in this country been such as to develop a maximum power, they have been highly profitable, as on the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Upper Mississippi, Blackstone, and Merrimac. The Blackstone is the best harnessed river in the country. A study of accomplishment in utilizing its power will convince any skeptic that water power must be the power of the future.

The Trust's Secret Growth

The activities of the trust agencies in gathering in power sites extend literally from Maine to California, from Oregon to Florida, the trust, in fact, being particularly strong in those four States. The Geological Survey, the Reclamation Service, and other agencies of the government are constantly being apprised of the activities of well-recognized trust engineers and promoters in new fields. To-day it is undoubtedly true that in no field of promotion and investment is there more persistent inquiry for opportunities, or greater readiness to grasp them, than in this field of water power development. All kinds of go-betweens are employed. Recently it came to official attention that the General Electric had agents and engineers in the field, with blanket instructions to investigate and report on every available power site within two hundred miles of Boston! That means the annexation of New England, already a sort of suzerainty of General Electric in power matters. New England is not only very rich in water powers, but with electrical transmission it offers one of the best markets in which to sell power. New York, California, and Maine, in order, are the three richest States at present in water power development; but Oregon and Washington are vastly the richest in potentialities. The experts calculate that one third of the country's available horse-power is in those two States. The profound personal concern which Messrs. James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman have displayed in the development of those States, and in getting interests in every conceivable sort of resources,— lands, forests, mines, waters,— seems to have been inspired by a quite intelligent understanding of conditions.

When the scouts of the trust locate a power that promises satisfactory development, they set about through innocent-looking intermediaries to buy up the riparian rights necessary for its control. These are gathered in quietly and unostentatiously, without intimation to landowners that the water power is the real object. One man will buy a piece of land for a hen farm, and another because he has a theory that it's just the place to raise frogs for commerce. If the stream is a navigable one, and therefore under control of Congress and the War Department as to navigation, the next step is to get authority, by Congressional legislation, to build the necessary works. In these cases, President Roosevelt established the rule of vetoing all such measures unless the government and public are protected. But in case of streams not nominally navigable there is no such difficulty, and the States have been slow to move in protecting their water powers.

When the trust finds an attractive power in control of some independent interest, it has various ways of procedure. A case that has recently been before committees of Congress will illustrate.

A Typical Example of the Trust's Methods

Roswell H. Cobb, of Gadsden, Alabama, owned a power at Lock 2, Coosa River, Alabama, of about 40,000 horse-power, undeveloped. He had introduced in Congress a bill authorizing him to develop it. Into this bill he wrote every one of the safeguard provisions in the public interest that the Inland Waterways Commission and the President proposed. The bill didn't get reported, however. The Electric Bond and Share Company, a trust concern, bought a small holding of stock in Cobb's company, in order to get inside. It tried to buy more, but failed. Then a corps of engineers turned up one day, examining the power in detail; ostensibly an independent investigation. Their conclusions were bearish; it wasn't a very good power, and people would hardly care to invest money in helping Cobb finance it. This report promptly got to the Electric Bond and Share office in Cedar Street, New York. Some time afterward Cobb received proposals from Sydney Z. Mitchell, vice-president and treasurer of the Electric Bond and Share Company, saying it was not much of a power, but he would finance it on proper terms. He pointed out that he controlled all the other powers on the Coosa and had the situation so thoroughly under control that neither Cobb nor anybody else could afford to oppose him. He was willing to take the thing off Cobb's hands and pay him for his time and expenses. Cobb declined with thanks, and set about to press his bill in Congress.

Meanwhile, Cobb being in Washington, notes he had in Alabama banks were assailed. He was informed that in some cases his enemies went to the extent of buying up bank stocks in order to control banks that held his paper, which, following the change of control, declined to carry it longer. Cobb worked away in Washington. The War Department was investigating his project, and so well was it pleased that it did an unprecedented thing: it issued him a letter, in advance of the formal report on his project, assuring him that it would in due time and course of procedure be approved.

With this indorsement, Cobb went home and was able to secure new backing, which saved him from disaster. He returned to Washington to press his bill, and it was sent to a sub-committee of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. The bill at the time of writing is still in the committee. An Atlanta concern made a new proposition to take the enterprise off Cobb's hands — and on following it up Cobb again found that all roads lead to Cedar Street!

At McCall's Ferry, on the Susquehanna, a Pennsylvania group of independents are developing 120,000 horse-power by putting in works that will cost, when completed, about $12,000,000. Three fourths of the amount has been spent. Since the financial trouble of October, 1907, the company has been unable to get any more money, and work is tied up. In this case it is commonly understood by the promoters that one of their original associates went over to the trust, and has been guiding its efforts to prevent the financing of the undertaking. The understanding is that the trust would gladly take over the enterprise, but the independents are not ready to surrender.

Senator Frye's Record

On the Yadkin River in North Carolina independent companies were developing powers at Salisbury and Rockingham. They were squeezed financially, and work had to be suspended. The concerns finally had to be turned over to the trust, which seemed to be able not only to get all the money it needed, but to prevent others from doing so. Work on one of them has been resumed since the change of control.

More than a year ago Senator Newlands of Nevada, author of the Reclamation Act, introduced a bill to establish jurisdiction over streams and provide a scheme of executive control of water for power, irrigation, navigation, etc. This bill went to the Senate Committee on Commerce, of which Senator Frye of Maine is chairman. It is still there.

A bill was introduced a short time ago in the Maine Legislature, to incorporate the Androscoggin Reservoir Company. The accredited purpose was consolidation of all the powers on the Androscoggin River, and the company was recognized by experts in these matters as a subsidiary of the General Electric branch of the Power Trust. The incorporators named in the bill were Senator William P. Frye, Hugh J. Chisholm, Herbert J. Brown, Waldo Pettengill, Francis W. Fabyan, A. M. Burbank, and Wallace H. White. Wallace H. White is the son-in-law of Senator Frye, and is one of the prime movers in the huge Maine enterprise, which contemplates control of the Androscoggin powers. The Hydrographic Bureau finds that this stream, with storage works, etc., is good for development of 218,000 horse-power.

Immediately following the introduction of this bill in the Maine Legislature, a government official in Washington received concerning it a letter from a big business man of Maine who has been fighting the Water Power Trust. I quote from his letter:

> I regret very much to see that Senator Frye has allowed his name to be used in this matter, but without doubt it is through the influence of his son-in-law, Mr. Wallace H. White, who has been one of the prime movers in connection with this bill . . . and who is also put down as one of the incorporators. I fear before the public is through with this matter that Senator Frye's friends will regret very much that his name has ever been used in connection with this monopoly and trust. . . . I feel that he would never have allowed it to have been used were he not under the influence of Senator Hale and his son-in-law, Mr. White, in these matters.

They are pretty familiar with this water power fight in Maine, which contains about half the water power of New England. Before this article is in print there will probably have been introduced in the Maine Legislature a bill, backed by enlightened students of this power question, providing that no water power company shall acquire or condemn riparian or water rights or powers till an application shall have been made to the State Water Supply Commission, a public hearing had, and all plans shown and approved; and that no agreement for the merger of corporations, or letters patent, shall be allowed, merging such corporations, till the whole proceeding shall have been approved by the commission; that the right of use of the water shall revert to the State in case of such merger; and that a tax based on the developed units of power shall be imposed. Maine is awakening to the significance of the contest for ownership of her power.

How the Trust Affects Industry

How trust control of water power affects industry may be illustrated by the story of an effort to bring a great industry from Norway to this country. This is the industry of synthetically manufacturing niter. The concern is operating now in Norway, where it has a million horse-power in sight. American interests, strong in the company, want to move it to the United States. Recently one of the men heavily interested in the concern called on officials of the Interior Department at Washington, and said in substance:

"We want to bring our industry to the United States. It involves big capital and extensive employment. Americans should want it, because it is important that the country be assured, in case of war, of an ample supply of niter as a basis for making explosives. We have a million horse-power in Norway, and must see as much in sight here. We find that your powers are getting into the control of an alliance of interests, and we want to go where the powers have not been exploited; we will not be gouged by the trust. We can't well go to the Pacific coast, because it is too far from our market. Where shall we look for such a power?"

The inquirer was told where he could find such power as he wanted and advised to investigate certain regions that are believed not to have been cornered by the trust. The Interior Department authorities will not name the regions for publication, because of fear that the trust might get there first. The man from Norway was told, incidentally, that if he wanted this power he would do well to hasten, or it might be preëmpted ahead of him. "Ten years from now," said the official with whom he talked, "you probably will not be able to get what you want except on the terms of the trust."

THE PROBLEM OF THE BLACK HAND

BY

ARTHUR WOODS

DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK CITY

DURING the past ten years there have come to this country through the gates of Ellis Island 1,766,019 Italian immigrants. A large number of these persons have stayed in New York City; exactly how many it is impossible to tell. They have spread also all over the United States, settling in small groups wherever there is a demand for gangs of common laborers. As a whole, these people are respectable, industrious, and self-supporting. Mixed with them, however, there has flowed into this country a thin stream of immigrants, also of the Italian race, but of a very different character. These are men who have left criminal records behind them in Italy; these are the Black Handers. In New York it has been found in almost every case that a man arrested for a Black Hand crime has been convicted of crime in Italy. They settle down in communities of wage-earning Italians wherever they can find them and then proceed to prey upon them. So far, then, from being criminals themselves, the vast majority of the Italian immigrants here are in need of defense against the criminals. The Black Handers are parasites, fattening off the main body of their fellow-countrymen. They are Italian criminals who prefer to make their living by extortion rather than by the sweat of their faces.

From this it will readily be seen that the Black Hand is not a cohesive, comprehensive society, working with mysterious signs and passwords. Given a number of Italians with money, and two or three ex-convicts, you have all the elements necessary for a first-rate Black Hand campaign. In New York City, however, there are so many groups of these Black Handers that they have to come in more or less close contact with each other. Investigation seems to show that the leaders, at any rate, of the different groups are acquainted, and that they work their schemes in harmony, especially when their extortion takes the form of commercial swindling. In other words, the situation seems ripe for the creation in the city of one fairly powerful organized society. A little police laxity, coupled with the appearance of a leader of magnetism and force, would very likely bring about the formation of a Black Hand trust.

Why the Black Hander Gets into America

These Italian ex-convicts, who become the Black Handers of America, are, according to the immigration law, members of the "excluded" classes. The intention of Congress was plainly to keep such persons out of the country.* In spite of this, however, they are here. The New York Police Department has in its files reports of about five hundred Italian aliens who have been in the United States varying lengths of time, from a few days to a good many years, all of whom either have had official police records in Italy or are convicted criminals. It is rare that a man, arrested here for an out-and-out Black Hand crime, is not found, if his name and native town are ascertained, to have been in trouble in Italy. The question whether these men can get into the country in spite of the fact that the law was intended to keep them out is not, therefore, open to argument. They are here, how many it is impossible to say. It is reasonable to believe that there are a great many more here than the police know about. The efforts of the immigration authorities all over the country certainly keep out some of these persons; but the immigration authorities, with their present powers, cannot possibly fulfil the evident intent of Congress and sort these people out unfailingly from among the great masses of immigrants who knock at our doors. Immigrants are not required to bring with them official papers from their home authorities or from United States consuls. They have to bring no papers at all. They are subjected to an examination at the port of entry, wherever it may be, and naïvely asked whether they are anarchists, whether they have been insane within five years, whether they are professional beggars, whether they have been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude. This examination is oral and is under oath. A certain amount of cross-examination can, of course, be practised, and undoubtedly is used with good results in individual cases.

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* In the act to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States, which went into effect July 1, 1907, Section 2 reads in part as follows:

> "That the following classes of aliens shall be excluded from admission into the United States: All idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, epileptics, insane persons, and persons who have been insane within five years previous; persons who have had two or more attacks of insanity at any time previously; paupers; persons likely to become a public charge; professional beggars; persons afflicted with tuberculosis or with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease; persons not comprehended within any of the foregoing excluded classes who are found to be and are certified by the examining surgeon as being mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability of such alien to earn a living; persons who have been *convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor* involving moral turpitude."

The hopeless inadequacy of such a system is, however, apparent. It may be comparatively easy to tell whether a person is an imbecile, or is afflicted with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease. It is a very different proposition, however, to tell whether he has been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude, unless he chooses to tell, and the chances are fairly strong that he will not choose to tell. Then, again, the police have reason to believe that a goodly number of these criminals are smuggled in, that others get in by obtaining employment as stewards or deck-hands on board ships coming to this country, and desert when they get here. There is no special need for such devices as these, however, since the strictest enforcement of the rules that are at present lawful for immigration inspectors to apply could not cull out the sheep from the goats among the flocks driven here. Further, a strict enforcement is impracticable, because of the swarms who come in and the length of time and the number of inspectors that would be necessary to carry the thing out exhaustively. It probably is not worth while, anyway, to try to work comprehensively and exhaustively under inadequate provisions of the law; the thing to do is to make such a law that a practicable enforcement of it will accomplish the purpose intended.

Every Criminal a Jean Valjean in Italy

There is every reason why America should attract the Italian criminal. He certainly has a hard enough time in Italy. One thing that annoys him there is the seeming impossibility of escaping the watchfulness of the government. The registry system is so comprehensive and is carried out so carefully that no matter how much a man may move about in the kingdom, he can always be traced. If he goes from his home town to another place and puts up in a lodging-house or a hotel, the police are at once notified. If he takes a house, the tax assessors register him with the police; and, if occasion arises, his whole history can be found in the place of his birth. The records are centralized in this way: from wherever a man moves to, information is sent to the town of his birth, where his complete record is kept. If he gives a false name he can be prosecuted for fraud, and he could not long pose under an assumed name, since a record would be made of anything that he did and he would be looked up in his home town. Anything wrong in his report would be easily detected. The absence of this kind of surveillance in the United States appears attractive to a person who does not care to have his doings made a matter of record. In Italy it seems to him impossible to escape the government; in the United States he goes practically unnoticed by the government.

In Italy, too, he is under a carefully organized national police system. The carbineers are a fine body of police. Being under federal control, local influences do not affect them. They cover the whole of Italy. Separate from this organization are the local police forces, complete in themselves, so that each community is doubly policed. From such a system as this the change to America is welcome. Here the police are local, and although the police forces of different cities coöperate, they do so spasmodically and only as occasion arises; there is no comprehensive system. If a man gains a bad reputation in one city, he can be fairly certain of leaving it behind him and starting all over again if he goes to another city. We have no national police force.

Anglo-Saxon Law Ineffective Against Medieval Criminals

The Italian system of registration and the effectiveness of the national police make the chances good that an Italian who commits crime in his own country will be found out. Once found out, he has no easy time in the courts. This is largely due to the fact that the highly technical rules governing the admission of evidence before Anglo-Saxon tribunals do not obtain in the Italian courts. Evidence of character, previous reputation, remote circumstantial evidence, hearsay, and other secondary evidence can generally be used there against the accused with practically no restrictions.

It is far from the aim of this article to argue that our legal procedure or our rules of evidence should in any point be changed. The purpose here is simply to show that the method of our courts in handling the Black Hand situation is a very considerable factor in the case, and that it fails, when compared with the Italian procedure, to do its share in protecting society against these outlaws.

The object of criminal law may roughly be said to be the protection of society from individuals who act in a manner that the great majority of persons disapprove, and at the same time to throw out such safeguards as shall make it reasonably certain that innocent persons accused of crime shall not be adjudged guilty. Our Anglo-Saxon procedure has emphasized greatly the theory that the innocent man must at all hazards be protected. The Italian criminal finds it much easier to work under this theory than in his own country, where the law has been developed along Latin lines. There the authorities find it fairly easy to prove him guilty; here proof has to be unmistakable.

The great influx into the United States in recent years of immigrants from countries where the law is harder on them than it is here, and where the proof required to convict an alleged criminal is not so difficult to get, has tested the legal procedure here to the utmost. We are trying to deal with medieval criminals, men in whose blood runs the spirit of the vendetta, men who have been used to arbitrary police measures and unfettered prosecutions, and we are trying to handle them by a legal and judicial system that heretofore has not been called upon to meet this sort of situation. They are quick to take advantage of this. They see the comparative powerlessness of the police, and they realize that if the persons they have wronged can be prevented from complaining, the law can do comparatively little. Here they can count on what appears to be an instinct of their race. Their fellow-countrymen seem temperamentally indisposed to appeal to the authorities for protection. It may be that the emergence of Italians from a despotic form of government is so recent that they still instinctively regard the police as the agents of the despot against the people, rather than as the agents of society against criminals. Another element in their reluctance to complain is undoubtedly the fact that they see extortioners succeed here to an extent that makes them doubt the power of the authorities to give them sure protection. The threats of their tormentors to kill those who complain are, therefore, usually heeded. The police probably never hear of the majority of the cases of attempted extortion that occur in New York City. If a person who is wronged refuses to take advantage of the machinery provided by society for righting the wrong, and instead of this either keeps silent or takes things into his own hands, the chances are that the criminal will escape the hand of the law.

"Special Surveillance" and "Admonition" the Nightmare of the Italian Outlaw

But the troubles of the criminal in Italy do not end when he has served the sentence imposed on him by law, or even when the law has acquitted him. The two systems, special surveillance and admonition, are the nightmare of the Italian outlaw, and have much to do with making emigration seem to him most desirable. Special surveillance provides that if a man is convicted of crime he must, besides serving a term in prison, serve also, in his native town, a supplementary term of what might be called probation. Conviction for certain crimes carries with it necessarily a period of surveillance; in other cases the addition of surveillance to the sentence of imprisonment is optional with the judge.

The conditions of surveillance are strict, and result in keeping the *vigilato*, as he is called, constantly under the eyes of the police. A person coming out of prison and entering his period of surveillance is directed to go to his native town, to find work within ten days, and to report to the police. He is not allowed to carry arms of any kind, not even a razor or a walking-stick. He cannot associate with persons who have been convicted of crime or who have a bad reputation, and he is not allowed to enter any places where people are gathered together, such as saloons, churches, restaurants, hotels. This means, in effect, that he must stay at home when he is not at work, that he may never buy a meal in a restaurant, take a drink in a saloon, or offer his devotions in church. He must be in at night at a specified hour, usually sunset, and must not leave home in the morning until sunrise. These hours can be changed at the discretion of the judge, but usually sunrise and sunset are the specified times, and a change would be allowed only if the *vigilato* had to keep hours of work that obliged him to go out earlier or come in later. If he changes his residence he must at once notify the police, and he is not allowed to leave the city without special permission. He reports to the police at least once a week, usually on Sundays. If he looks like a slippery individual, he is directed to report oftener. He is given a special book containing his description, the information that he is under special surveillance, etc.; this book he must always carry with him and show to any police officer on demand. His house can be searched by the police without a warrant. He is liable to arrest at any moment on the slightest suspicion, and can be kept locked up for forty-eight hours. The result of this is that at any time when it seems wise, such as on election night, during a military review, or on any public occasion, the police can corral all these *vigilatos* and stow them away in jail for forty-eight hours to keep them out of temptation's way. Special police are appointed to call at the houses of these persons to see whether they are conforming to these requirements. They usually visit a man's house at least three or four times a week. Often, unless the number of police in a certain town happens to be inadequate, the man is visited every day. The largest cities are divided up into sections to which detectives are assigned for the sole purpose of keeping watch on the *vigilatos*.

Special surveillance is imposed for from one to five years. It is never more than five years except in cases where a life sentence has been commuted to one of twenty years' imprisonment, in which case the surveillance is for ten years. The penalty for violation of any of the requirements of surveillance is severe. A *vigilato* stays out too late some fine evening: the chances are that he will be arrested and taken before a judge. If this is his first offense his sentence will not be more than a year in prison. The time thus served in prison, however, does not count as part of his surveillance; when released he still has to serve the balance of the term originally imposed on him. If during this period he should happen to fall in with some old friends and sit too long with them over the *vin du pays*, he is liable to come to and find himself in the hands of the police again. This time it is a second violation, and is more serious. He is brought before a special commission, composed of the prefect of the province, the president of the Tribunal, the chief of the local police, the commander of the carbineers, and the public prosecutor. This commission can sentence him to a penal colony and for a term of five years.

The Hard Case of the Italian "Suspect"

Persons are placed under surveillance only after they have been convicted of crime and served a sentence in jail. The surveillance amounts, in practice, to a continuation of the sentence under freer circumstances. But a man does not have to be convicted of crime in order to be put under restraint. The police have the power of presenting to a judge "bad men," with the object that they be placed under "admonition." These "bad men" are vagabonds, persons who do not work and have no visible means of support, or persons who have been arrested a couple of times, tried on serious charges,— such as murder, felonious assault, making threats, resisting arrest, theft, highway robbery, extortion, blackmail, receiving stolen goods,— and have been acquitted. In spite of the fact that they have been released by the court, if the police regard them as suspicious, as undesirable men to have around loose in the community, they are taken before the judge specially designated by the president of the Tribunal, and he, if he deems it best, places them under admonition, makes them *ammonitos*. The requirements of admonition are practically the same as those of special surveillance, the principal difference being that the period of admonition always lasts for two years instead of being determined in each case by the judge; that the *ammonito* is allowed to go to saloons, restaurants, etc. occasionally, the requirement being that he shall not go there habitually; and that he is allowed to leave town if he wishes, upon notifying the police and receiving from them papers to be presented to the police of the town to which he goes. For violation of the requirements of admonition a person can be sentenced to a year's imprisonment; for a second violation, to two years' imprisonment, followed by a term of special surveillance. After he has served a term in prison for violation of the admonition, the two years' term begins again. Although he may have served a flawless year and eleven months, if he then is found drunk, he not only is put in prison for this breach of the rules, but has to start the whole weary two years over again when he is let out. The *vigilato*, on the other hand, has to his credit whatever part of the term of surveillance he may have served before he slipped up. The *ammonito*, like the *vigilato*, may be picked up by the police for any cause whatever and kept in confinement for forty-eight hours.

America's Need of a Secret Police System

It is certainly not surprising, then, that an Italian criminal, or even an Italian who has acquired a bad reputation with the police, should regard America as a land of promise. In Italy his every footstep is marked. Elaborate police forces under national control are after him at every turn. If he is arrested, the laws and the procedure work on the principle that their great function is the protection of society, and that the rights of the individual in comparison are negligible. The guilty man is fairly certain to be convicted and sentenced to serve a term in prison. After conviction he must live as a model citizen for a number of years, with the alternative of the penal colony staring him in the eyes. If he can once get to America, however, he will be lost in the crowd. The police will not speak his language, and he can count on his fingers the detectives that do.

If arrested, he almost seems to be taken under the protecting wing of the law. He comes, therefore, to America. One might almost say that the logical course in Italy, following the commission of a crime, would be the arrest and conviction of the criminal, the serving of the sentence, the starting of the period of surveillance, and the emigration to America, which completes the cycle.

The Black Hand situation in this country is, then, created by Italian criminals who come here to prey upon their countrymen, because it is so much to their advantage to come here rather than to stay at home. In dealing with the situation, the authorities are confronted with two immense difficulties: the lack of a secret service, and the inadequacy of the machinery designed to keep these men out. First of all, it is evident that to handle this sort of exotic crime the most searching secret service work is necessary. The criminals are desperate; their victims are, to the extent at least that they are passive, practically in league with them. They speak a language that not only is foreign, but is split up into distinct and confusing dialects. A Genoese is almost as helpless in trying to talk to a Sicilian as an Irishman would be. Thus the Italian is on his guard, not only against men who are not Italians, but even against Italians speaking other dialects, and to a certain extent against Italians who speak his own dialect, but who come from a different town.

To gain the confidence of men like these, to break their reserve and learn their secrets, is a task for able detectives who speak the dialects and come from the districts that are most fruitful of bandits. These districts are Sicily and the south of Italy. What is the equipment of the New York Detective Bureau for this line of work? The law provides that detectives shall be members of the police force. The total number of policemen who speak Italian is about fifty. Many of these men have only slight qualifications for detective work; only four of them speak the Sicilian dialects. No provision is made for the employment on the outside of available men — many of whom have been police officers in Italy — who could accomplish something toward breaking up these blackmailing gangs; though the excellent results that have been achieved by a few of these men whom the Police Commissioner has been able to employ show beyond a question the hard blow that could be dealt the Black Hand by an adequate secret service force. Secrecy is impossible for the police detectives. There are so few of them, and they work so constantly in the Italian colonies, that their faces are as well known as those of old friends. Lieutenant Petrosino, in spite of his devotion to duty, his long experience, and his great detective skill, was unable to overcome the handicap of publicity. He used to talk about the "brass band" methods he was compelled to use. He was probably the most widely known Italian in New York. The same difficulty, in lesser degree, confronts his men. Most of the criminals know them. Although they number but a handful, their task is to ferret out all the crime in an Italian population as large as that of Rome. If they could be supplemented by a dozen or twenty men, working always under cover, never appearing in court or at headquarters, there would be fewer mysterious stories in the newspapers, and the jails would be more full of swarthy, low-browed convicts.

How the Deportation Law Protects the Black Hander

The police also find it difficult to ship these "excluded" persons out of the country when they are discovered here. Our laws have recognized the likelihood of their slipping in, and have made some slight provision for deporting persons who have entered the country in violation of the immigration laws.* This applies to the Black Hand situation in so far as it makes possible the deportation of an Italian who is proved to have been convicted abroad of a crime involving moral turpitude and to have been in this country less than three years. A certain number of Italian criminals have been deported under this act. It is good so far as it goes; but it goes so short a way, and enables the police to get rid of so small a proportion of the Italian criminals who are here, that it is fair to class as one of the great difficulties of the police in dealing with the Black Hand situation the impossibility of deporting many Italian criminals who are living in this city and carrying on their Black Hand work. As long as an ex-convict is able to live out those precious three years, it makes no difference how base his turpitude may have been. Nor does it make the slightest difference how he has spent those three years; he may have been in Sing Sing, a convicted felon, for all the law cares — if he has been physically under the stars and stripes for thirty-six months, he can snap his fingers at our deportation laws. Extradition entirely fails to meet the situation. Most of these criminals are not extraditable, having served their terms in jail; and fugitives from Italian justice who, according to the terms of the treaty, would seem extraditable, have, in practice, been able to resist every effort of the Italian government to secure their return.

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* In the act to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States which went into effect July 1, 1907, Section 20 reads as follows:

> "Sec. 20. That any alien who shall enter the United States in violation of law, and such as become public charges from causes existing prior to landing, shall, upon the warrant of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, be taken into custody and deported to the country whence he came at any time within three years after the date of his entry into the United States."

The number of cases reported to the police, of men said to have criminal records in Italy, is very great. It is a difficult matter, however, to get certificates of the official records. Often the alien is found to have given a wrong name, and even if he gives his right name, it is almost impossible to locate him in Italy unless the name of his father and mother as well as the town of his birth can also be given. Hampered as the police are by the lack of an adequate secret service, it is hard to get all these facts. Frequently a man is overheard in a café boasting of crime he has committed either here or in Italy; and information, often anonymous, is continually being sent to the police to the effect that such and such men came here from Italy in order to escape the law. To locate these men and look up their records in Italy would require extremely skilful secret service work. Of this the New York police force cannot avail itself to any large extent. A rather surprisingly large number of such cases, however, have been worked up.

The law in itself is strict and allows little room for interpretation: the three-year limit is hard and fast; the criminal must have been convicted of crime or must admit having committed it, and the crime must have been one "involving moral turpitude." In all doubtful cases the alien seems to win.

Italian Criminals Who Have Evaded Deportation

The case of Vincenzo Abbadessa is a striking example. His penal certificate reads as follows:

> TRIBUNAL OF REGGIO, Calabria, Italy, March 1, 1907. Vincenzo Abbadessa, son of Pasquale and Cosoleto Mariangela, born November 17, 1855; sentences are as follows:
>
> December 5, 1868, six days in prison for assault.
>
> August 16, 1870, one month, and six months under special police surveillance for robbery.
>
> November 5, 1870, four months for robbery.
>
> November 18, 1871, three months in prison, and six months under special police surveillance.
>
> September 18, 1875, one year for robbery.
>
> June 5, 1876, four months for blackmail.
>
> September 20, 1876, six months in prison for assault.
>
> December 16, 1878, seven months for robbery.
>
> December 31, 1883, four months for disorderly conduct.
>
> June 19, 1884, two months for assault.
>
> October 22, 1885, two months for disorderly conduct.
>
> April 17, 1886, three months for robbery.
>
> October 11, 1886, four months for violating his parole.
>
> October 3, 1889, eight months for robbery and a fine of one hundred francs; and (?) years under special police surveillance.
>
> September 29, 1893, at Tunis, France, eight months for robbery.
>
> March 17, 1897, forty days for violating his parole.
>
> June 25, 1897, twenty-five days under special police surveillance.
>
> August 25, 1897, five months for resisting the Royal Police.
>
> April 25, 1898, arrested for robbery; not proven.
>
> July 4, 1898, four months and 20 days for assault.
>
> August 17, 1898, four months and fifteen days for assault and violating his parole.
>
> March 6, 1899, one month for violating his parole.
>
> August 26, 1899, two months for violating his parole.
>
> September 7, 1900, sixty days for violating his parole.
>
> February 9, 1901, charge of robbery; not proven.
>
> September 17, 1904, three months and fifteen days for violating his parole.
>
> February 27, 1905, forty days for violating his parole.
>
> (Signed) THE PREFECT OF POLICE.

Abbadessa arrived in the United States at the port of Boston, Massachusetts, by the steamship *Romanic* of the White Star line, on May 29, 1905. The Police Department did not get his penal certificate and therefore was not in a position to take steps toward his deportation until July 20, 1908. He had, therefore, been in this country about two months more than the three years. Before he had been in this country a year and a half, however, he was at his old tricks, as a result of which he was arrested December 21, 1906, and on the 18th of March following was sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for two and a half years for the crime of attempted extortion. When he went to prison he had been in the United States less than three years; when he comes out he will have been here more than three years. In spite of the fact that part of his three years in this country was served in prison as a result of conviction for attempted extortion, this alien with twenty-odd convictions against him in Italy is adjudged to be outside the pale of the immigration law.

Cirino Miraglia from San Fratello, province of Messina, arrived in the United States on the steamship *Sicilia*, October 12, 1905. He was reported to the Police Department May 7, 1908, as a man of bad character who had been convicted of crime in Italy. The department got no accurate information as to how long he had been in this country, but it seemed likely that he had been here not more than two years. On the 15th of May the Department sent to Italy for his official penal certificate; it arrived August 3, 1908. This certificate showed a sentence of five years, followed by surveillance, for larceny, and a note accompanying the certificate stated that Miraglia was a dangerous man and a "violent member of the Mafia." One of the requirements for deportation was thus established: he had been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude. Detectives were at once set to work to locate Miraglia, who had moved from the place where he was when the information first came. They were also instructed to find out, if possible, exactly when Miraglia came into this country. This was a long, hard task, and it was only on October 23d that he was finally located. It was then found that he had been in the country eleven days more than the three years.

The matter was brought to the attention of the Department of Commerce and Labor, with the idea that since the Police Department had started its proceedings against this man some months before he had successfully lived his three years in this country, he might on these grounds be liable to deportation. The application for a warrant was refused, the Commissioner of Immigration quoting a decision of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, in part as follows:

> It is absolutely necessary that deportation proceedings be initiated by the Department within the three years period. . . . The fact that the Police Department of New York City had started proceedings against the alien within the three years period can have no legal bearing on the question of liability to deportation, since the Secretary of this Department is the sole person designated and empowered to enforce the provisions of the said laws.

So Cirino Miraglia, the "violent member of the Mafia," stays with us.

The penal certificate of Luigi Graziano was received from the Tribunal of Naples November 16, 1908. This certificate gave as his record a conviction of eight days' solitary confinement for felonious assault. With the penal certificate came a letter from the Ministry of the Interior of Italy, stating that besides the felonious assault case for which he had been convicted, this man had attempted to kill his own wife, had attempted to kill an unknown man, had robbed the mail while in the employ of the Post Office Department, and had committed a brutal murder in Naples. For this, under the provisions of the Italian law, he was sentenced in his absence by the Court of Assize of Naples to life imprisonment.

The penal certificate and the letter from the Ministry of the Interior were sent to the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was found that he had landed at the port of New York by the steamship *Graf Waldersee* May 13, 1906. The case, therefore, seemed clear. The Department of Commerce and Labor ruled, however, that the crime of which he had been convicted did not involve moral turpitude. He explained that the felonious assault was merely a quarrel. The Department accepted his explanation, since it seemed to be confirmed by the fact that the punishment lasted only eight days. The fact that a period of surveillance followed this eight days of confinement was apparently not taken into consideration. As far as the Police Department was advised, the authorities in Italy were not consulted to verify this man's statement, and the items contained in the letter from the Ministry of the Interior were not considered, the letter from the Department reading in part as follows:

> No cognizance can be taken of conviction for murder in July last, since at the time of conviction the alien was domiciled in this country.

These cases are taken as examples from among those who seemed to be on the doubtful list, who, according to the intent of the law, seemed deportable. No attempt has been made to deport aliens, no matter how heinous their criminal records may be, if they have clearly been here for three years, or if, in case they have been here less than three years, undoubted evidence has not been obtained of their conviction abroad of crime involving the proper amount of moral turpitude. These men, and there are hundreds of them in New York City to-day, are beyond the reach of the immigration act. A list of them would include, among others, the following, who have all, unfortunately, been here more than three years. Their Italian records are as follows:

> Giosue Galucci, son of Luca, thirty-four years old. He is a dangerous criminal, being a blackmailer. For his bad character he was put under police surveillance and confined to prison. He was charged several times with theft and association with delinquents, and was convicted nine times for theft, outrage, blackmail, and violation of special surveillance.
>
> Francesco Galucci. He is a brother of Giosue, is a blackmailer like his brother, has been suspected many times of committing crimes, and has been convicted and sentenced six times for associating with criminals, attempted murder, theft, carrying dangerous weapons, and assaulting the police.
>
> Pasquale Adamo. He is thirty-four years old and is a blackmailer. He is reported as a very dangerous criminal. Besides being several times suspected of crime, he has been convicted nine times for theft, assault, and violation of special surveillance.
>
> Raffaelo Rossomano, son of Nicola. He is forty years old and was born in Naples. He is also a man of bad character. He has been convicted twenty-

one times for rape, theft, associating with criminals, attempted murder, resisting officers, etc.

Vito Maggio. From Girgenti, Sicily. A dangerous criminal, member of Mafia. November 13, 1878, sentenced by Court of Assize, Palermo, to seventeen years six months imprisonment at hard labor for grand larceny and manslaughter, followed by ten years surveillance.

All these men are or were recently in New York City. They are all convicted criminals. As the immigration law stands to-day, they cannot be deported.

The Embryo Criminal a Greater Menace than the Embryo Pauper

In casting about for remedies for the Black Hand situation, it is, of course, assumed that no change will be made in our methods of legal procedure. Even a police official would not urge this. It would involve questions so far-reaching that, compared with them, the mere Black Hand problem would become insignificant. It must also be granted that improvement, however great, in police and detective work in the big cities of the United States would not get at the root of the situation. The problem will not be solved by catching the Black Handers who are here to-day and seeing to it that they get their deserts. This would help; it would relieve the immediate tension. In fact, the prosecution in New York of some of these individuals during the past year has largely reduced Black Hand crimes in the city. To solve the problem, however, we must not only put in jail or ship away those that are with us now: we must see to it that no more come to take their places.

To keep these people out, it is essential that they shall be easily recognized when they try to come in. For this purpose they should be required to bring with them full passports, on which should be the photograph of the person taking out the passport. Such passports would contain the description of the holder and any criminal record he had acquired in his home country. The photograph should, if possible, be a part of the passport and not merely pasted on, since in the latter case it would be easy for a man who wished to come in on a borrowed passport to remove the original photograph and paste on his own.

The law already specifies that persons who have been convicted of crime are ineligible for admission to this country. Careful consideration should be given to the question whether it would not be wise to exclude also persons of bad police reputation — such persons, for instance, as have been under admonition in Italy. There is little doubt that these persons are likely to be undesirable citizens. We already exclude "persons likely to become a public charge." Since we exclude, therefore, not merely paupers and professional beggars, but also persons who are likely to become such, would it not, to say the least, be equally sound to exclude not only convicted criminals, but persons who are likely to become such? The official judgment of the Italian police system, which is a national institution of such unquestioned efficiency, could fairly be taken as determining the question whether a person was likely to become a public charge criminally. The attitude of the United States is not consistent and hardly seems wise in excluding embryo paupers but admitting embryo criminals.

We do not want in this country a system of universal registry on the Italian plan, any more than we want a change from Anglo-Saxon to Latin legal procedure. Should we not, however, apply some such system to immigrants who have not yet become citizens? It would probably be sufficient to require that they keep on their persons either their original passports or cards that would be given to them at the port of entry, and that all aliens should register their residence with the police, and should promptly notify them of any change of residence. It is hard to see how such regulations as these could justly be called oppressive.

Besides such measures as may be necessary to keep these people out, powerful and far-reaching forces must be set in motion to deport any of the excluded classes who sift through, for some will sift through in spite of all that can be done. The first thing necessary would be to extend the causes for which a person could be deported, and to make longer the limit of time. From the police point of view, certainly, it would seem wise to specify that any person could be deported if he had been convicted of any crime or if he had a bad official police reputation abroad, and that he could be deported, not merely within the three-year limit, but at any time until he becomes a citizen of the United States. Added to this should be the further provision that any alien will be automatically deported if he has served a sentence for crime committed in this country. If we do not want in the country aliens who have been convicted of crime before they came here, we surely do not want them any more if they have caught the habit later and been convicted after they got here. It is more conceivable that a person who was criminal abroad might reform on arriving in the land of the free, than it is that a person who begins his career here with crime should thereafter reform.

HERITAGE

BY

ALGERNON TASSIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

As the steamship drew up quivering to the dock in Christiania, the band was playing a gay New York two-step, and one couple, who had danced their way across the Atlantic, were snatching a last dance together on the long side deck. All the other passengers were leaning over the rail, and those who were going on to Copenhagen were saying farewell to those who were getting off. The girl dancing had her hat on, ready to go, her moss-green automobile veil floated gaily in her wake, and a smart leather bag was rattling and leaping at her belt, as she was rapidly whirled along in the arms of the young man.

Some of the passengers exchanged glances, and the reproving ones showed that their owners had come under that subtle influence which emanates from the first port and draws so sharp a line of cleavage between ship and land decorum. People were readjusting the class distinctions that had suffered a sea change at Sandy Hook. They had regarded with tolerance and perhaps with unsuspected gratitude the frank absorption of the couple in each other. The girl, though somewhat free in her behavior, was not unamusing. She had a cheery, natural laugh and a pleasant habit of inquiring about the health of elderly ladies enveloped in rugs and reclining palely on steamer-chairs, that inclined one to overlook certain indications of an independence that would have startled one on shore.

Tired, at last, of the mad race the jubilant band was putting them to, the couple went to the rail, and, taking their place with the others, gazed below. The girl had already made her formal adieus to the ladies of the boat. Some, with recollections of her considerate services and her unfailing good humor, had returned them with cordiality; those most influenced by the subtle emanations of the land had answered tepidly; but the elderly lady whose cabin she had shared kissed her with tears. "Good-by, my dear," she said. "You have been very good to me. I hope you will find your mother well, and I know how glad she will be to see you." With tears in her own eyes, the girl had returned the embrace; a moment later her easy laughter was heard as she bantered the men who pressed forward with jocular farewells. Then, in a moment more, she was whirling madly with the favored one to the music of the quickened two-step.

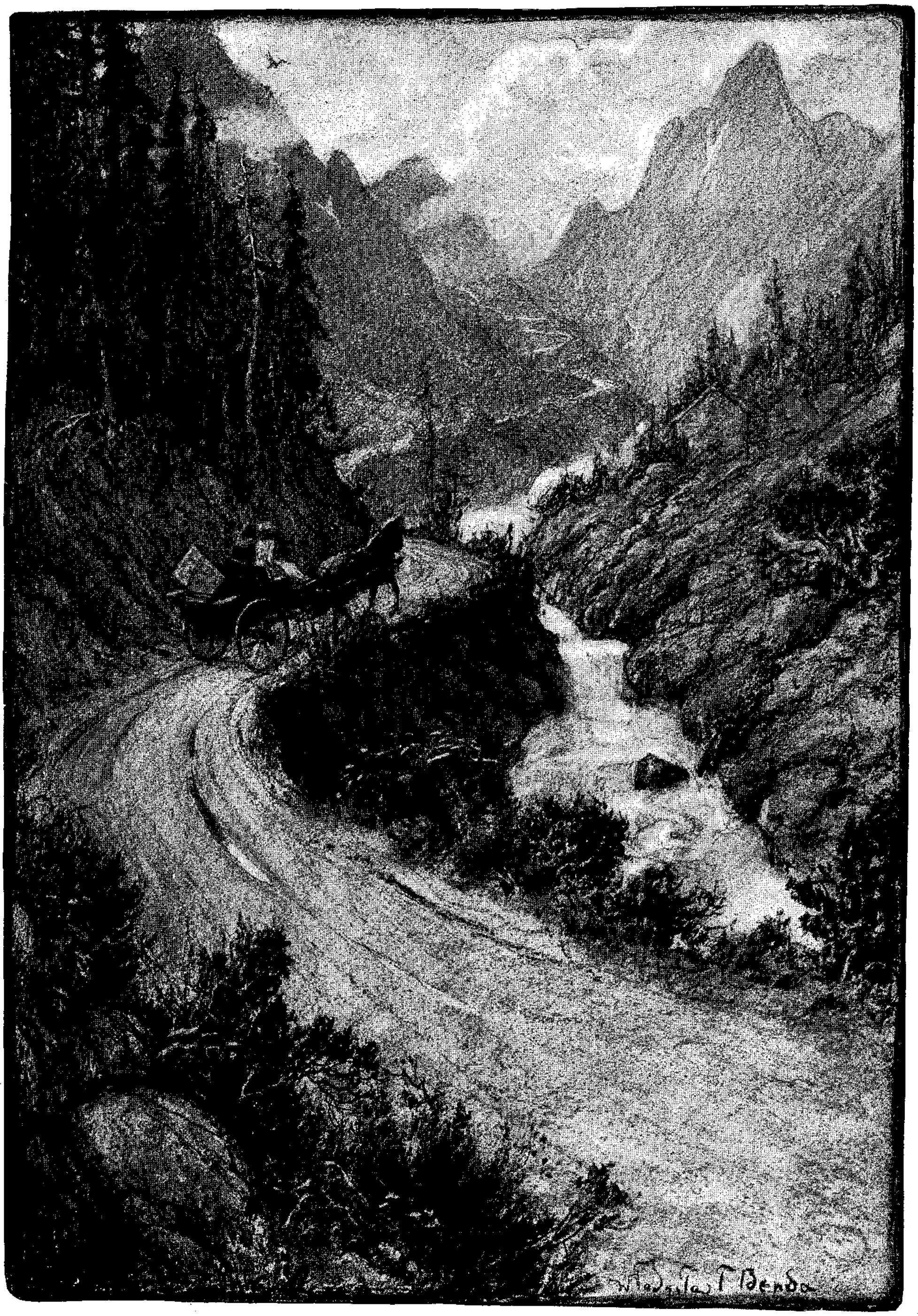
Now, as they leaned over the side, he was saying to her in a low voice, "Very well, then, Freda. A month of that will be all you can stand. Write and let me know when you have decided. We will go anywhere you like. Remember, I shall be waiting round to hear from you — so you won't turn me down at the last moment and spoil my vacation for nothing, will you?"

"No," she answered. "Of course I won't. I will write." Then, suddenly, she drew away from the rail. "There is my mother down there!" she said in excitement. "I wonder if she saw me dancing. She thinks it is a sin." The girl laughed shakily. "I had no idea she would be here," she went on. "Think of her coming all that way to meet me! She must have driven four days. She has never been so far away from home in her life. Good-by," she ended suddenly, thrusting out her hand.

"Good-by! Like this?" he answered, crestfallen. But he knew better than to question Freda's vagaries. "Well, then, till the next time. You will surely write?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, with the first indication of furtiveness he had ever noted in her manner. "It's only till the next time, of course. I'll write. Don't come with me." She hurried to her hand luggage, coolly disengaged her state-room steward from a crowd of clamoring, distracted women, and gave him her orders. Then she disappeared to the lower deck.

The young man went to the forward rail and watched for her. Presently she reappeared among the throng at the gang-plank, which was just being put out. He saw her make her way quietly and without pushing to the foremost row, and pick her steps down the long springing walk, amid the upward rush of a troop of porters


Wladyslaw T. Benda

"IT SEEMED TO FREDA THAT SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN RIDING DUMBLY ON THROUGH AN UNENDING DEFILE OF MOUNTAINS" who made room for her respectfully. He could almost hear the tap-tap of her heels as she balanced along in the high-stepping, modish gait that nevertheless conveyed a notion of poise and elasticity. He heard a woman's voice near him say contemptuously, "Of course she'd be the first one down! Isn't it just like her?"

A man's voice answered. "Oh, she knows her way about. I'd bank on her to be in first every time."

"Yes," retorted the woman. "It isn't difficult when one is pretty — and shameless!"

The young man smiled with amusement, and continued to watch Freda, who, except for the wing on her hat, was lost in the solidly packed crowd below. Soon he saw her advance with characteristic ease into the outer fringe of the crowd. There she made a sudden dive forward, and the next moment had thrust her head with a bird-like motion under the hat of a gaunt woman in black, had pecked her spasmodically, and withdrawn again, with no further exhibition of emotion on the part of either. He watched the two get into a wagon and seat themselves. Here, as they waited for her luggage, he saw them converse sparingly, but could not observe any intimation that this was other than a customary meeting.

"The old woman is a bit dazed with all this confusion," he thought to himself; "but she is certainly undemonstrative — even for a Norwegian." He wished Freda would smile up at him, and tried to concentrate his mind upon her and make her do so. But she did not once look toward the boat. Finally, when the luggage was safely bestowed, the elderly woman took up the reins and prepared to turn the horse. He noticed that the reins were of rope and the wagon the familiar *stolkjaerre* of the Norway roads. Would she look up? he said to himself. It didn't seem like her to be ashamed of her mother, and she knew that he must be watching her. At last, when they were off, Freda looked back and waved her hand. But it was an impersonal salute, and he did not feel that she had singled him out, especially as there was in it a jaunty, defiant something that took her off with colors flying — as if she knew many curious and critical eyes were following her.

"By George!" said a voice next to him. "If New York can take the daughter of a little old peasant woman like that, and in five years turn her into the girl beside her,— common and aggressive enough, but stylish and self-possessed and able to hold her own anywhere,— by George! then New York is something to be proud of!"

The young man was thinking the same thing as he watched her retreating figure. "Yes," he echoed to himself, "it's wonderful what our civilization does for the peasant type. Especially for those taciturn, inarticulate Northern peoples!" And he laughed to himself at the thought that Freda had ever been inarticulate; and he wondered if he might not after all hear from her in less than a month, as he imagined her cooped up in some little valley of Norway, wedged in between the mountains and the fjord, with scarcely room for her high-stepping, mincing feet, accustomed to all Broadway. A month, he thought, was a pretty long time for a girl like that.

After her mother had ventured the hope that the sea had been smooth, and Freda had asked about her little sister, silence settled on both. It was not an awkward silence — for there had always been few words between them — but Freda was aware that her mother was guardedly inspecting her appearance and was somewhat awed by the elegant young lady at her side. The girl smoothed down her tight-fitting waist with conscious pleasure, and readjusted the long automobile scarf over her hat with its modish wing. They had left the outskirts of Christiania far behind them and were deep in the heightening hills before her mother spoke.

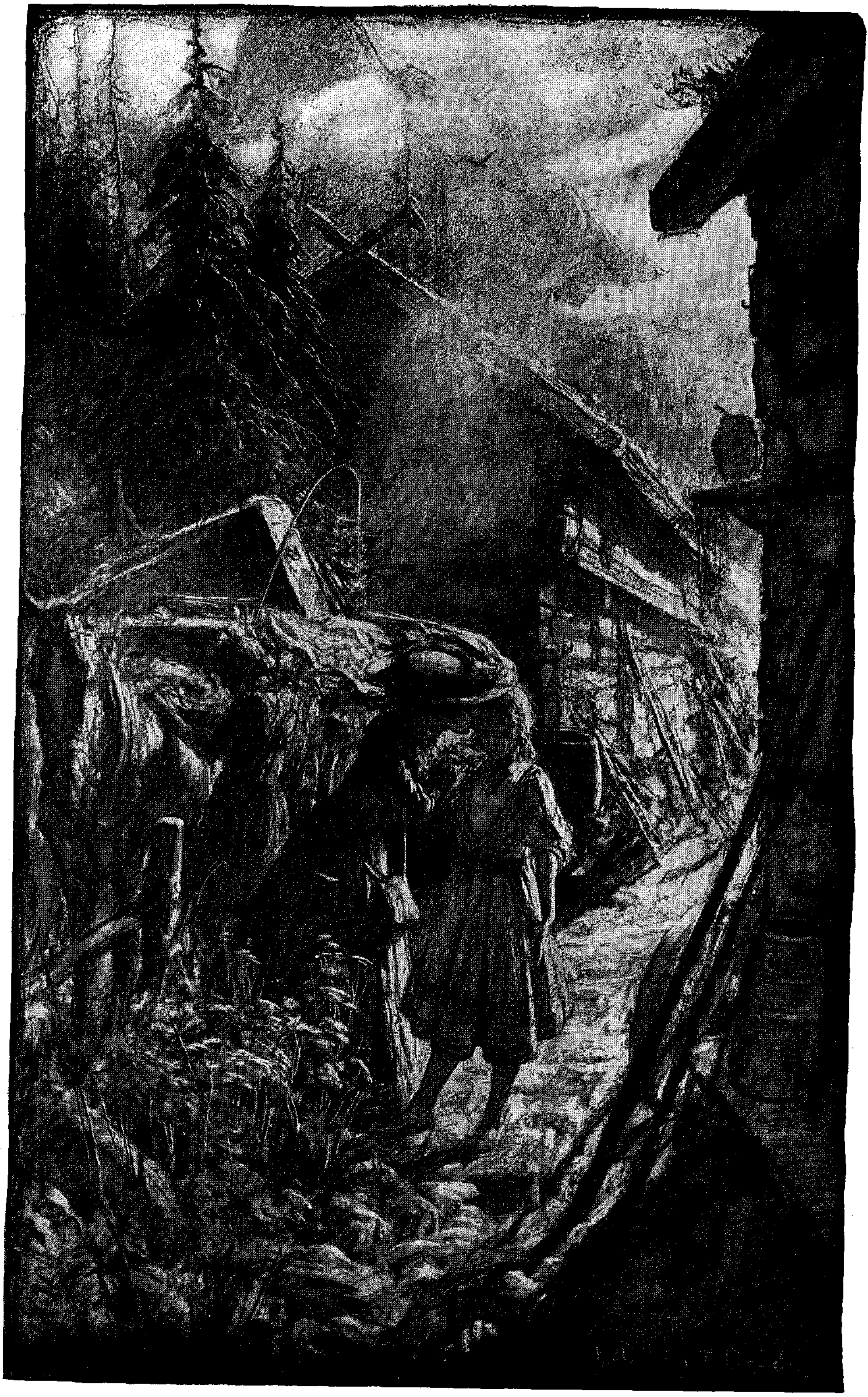
"Who were you waving good-by to?" she asked.

"Oh, to all my friends," returned Freda lightly. It occurred to her that her mother was adopting the same tone of command toward her as when she went away five years before, and the thought was amusing.

"Did you know all of them on that big boat?"

"All of them I wanted to know." The girl smiled at some of her reminiscences.

Her mother was silent. Evidently she was revolving the thought. And so for many miles they jogged on again. What was her mother thinking about? wondered the girl impatiently. How could she go on mile after mile in that dumb way? Had she no curiosity about her daughter, and the strange, far-away world she had come from? Had she no feminine interest in her clothes? Then Freda remembered that her mother had crowded into that morning more new impressions than she had received before in a lifetime, and that she was probably going over them in the slow native fashion, sorting and storing them in her mind. This made her think how, long ago, she had done the same thing; how she had driven over that very road, a raw, timid girl — timid in spite of her rigidity — and had embarked upon that very boat, in the steerage that time. She remembered how the sight of so many people, all noisily intent on their own affairs, had bewildered her. All this



"SHE SHRANK FROM THE GINGERLY KISS FREDA BESTOWED UPON HER FOREHEAD" was as new to her mother as it had been to her, and it was even more discomposing. Still, she could not ride for hours in perfect speechlessness.

"I have brought you a new hat," she began. "The kind they are wearing in New York. It's a dear."

Her mother turned and regarded her. "Thank you," she said courteously, as if to a stranger.

"And Lisbet a lot of dresses and a pair of shoes. I had to guess at the size. Is she big or little for her age?"

"She is big," said her mother, and vouchsafed no further comment.

Freda was puzzled. Was it possible that she herself had ever been like this? She remembered that once she had been laughing with a friend of her own age, and her father had asked them what they were laughing so gaily about. She had returned, "Oh, *nothing!*"— for no reason except that her father had seemed to her an outsider just then, and she felt secretive in his presence. Yes, it was their nature, she reflected, and she herself had once been the same. She must give her mother time to get used to her. Accordingly, she relapsed into silence for some miles.

Finally she turned again. "Is Lisbet pretty?"

Her mother weighed the question. What would this foreigner call pretty? "Yes," she answered at last. "We think her pretty."

"Is she like me?" pursued Freda.

Her mother inspected her face as if she had not seen it before. "No," she admitted. "She is not like you."

"In what way?" asked Freda, determined to make her mother talk.

"She has color," she said.

"How else is she different?" persisted Freda.

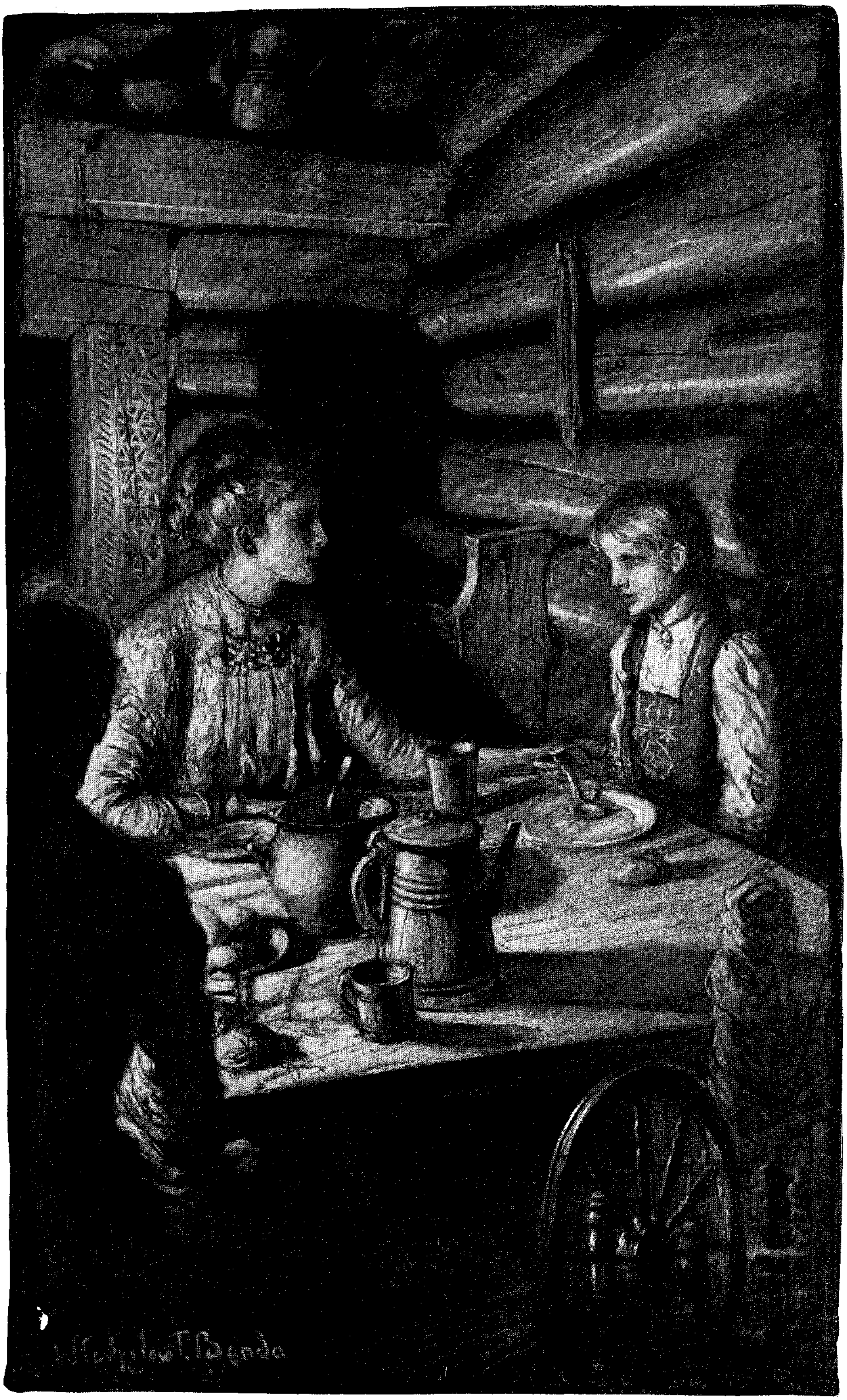
Her mother did not know. Her mouth might not be just like, and her nose perhaps — she could not say. It seemed to her that she was different, that was all. Freda gave it up in impatience, and thus for miles they rode on again.

Some days it took them to reach their district, stopping by night at inns. Freda had reasoned rightly that as soon as they came into more familiar places, the names of which did not fall with entire strangeness on her mother's ears, she would feel herself getting on her own ground again and become less reticent. It was not that she spoke oftener, but she was not so much on guard. The morning of the last day, when they had taken their places in the wagon, Freda suddenly asked: "Mother, whatever made you think of coming for me? I never dreamed of your doing it. It's a long way for you."

"Yes," said her mother. "It's a long way. I don't know how I happened to."

The girl felt that she had given her mother the best chance she was ever likely to have of unbending. Since she had not taken it, she must come round when she could; her daughter could not help her any. The monotony of the four days' ride had almost driven the girl wild. The first day she was interested enough recovering old impressions and comparing them with her altered life. Recollections had rushed to her warmly as this and that sight recalled them. The dress of the waitress in the hotel, with the beaded red vest, the full white guimpe, and the gilt belt, had reminded her of how grand she had once thought herself in the costume. How, for many girlish years, she had coveted the gaudy gilt bangled brooch like that which shook at the girl's throat, and begged her father to let her go as waitress at the nearest hotel so that she might buy one with her wages! She remembered that her mother had steadfastly refused until she had so played upon her father's cupidity that he gave his consent, since her money would help in the house. And she had gone, knowing that her tips would be more than her wages, and that he had no means of knowing how much money she was keeping back. And her tips had accumulated surprisingly and she had saved them all, after she had paid for her clothes and her fineries. At the close of the second summer, she had walked in one day and announced that she was going to America. Her father had forbidden her until he found that she had already bought her passage and — as she had foreseen he would be — was dumfounded at the thought of wasting all that money if he kept her from going. Not that he could have kept her, Freda had thought, but the easiest way with men was always the best. At her departure her mother had cried silently, and the little Lisbet had shrieked aloud, perceiving some calamity in the air, and her father had wished her a good-by, tender enough for him. She had never seen him again, and the news of his death two years ago had meant only the severing of one more tie that bound her so loosely to her far-away home.

The second day, as the clouds trailed low on the mountains inclosing them, her thoughts had been different. How poor was this niggardly land with its paltry patches of cultivation wrested from the rocks! And here, in the narrow valleys along the road, she was seeing the best part of it — within the wall of mountains there was not room for even this slight agricul-

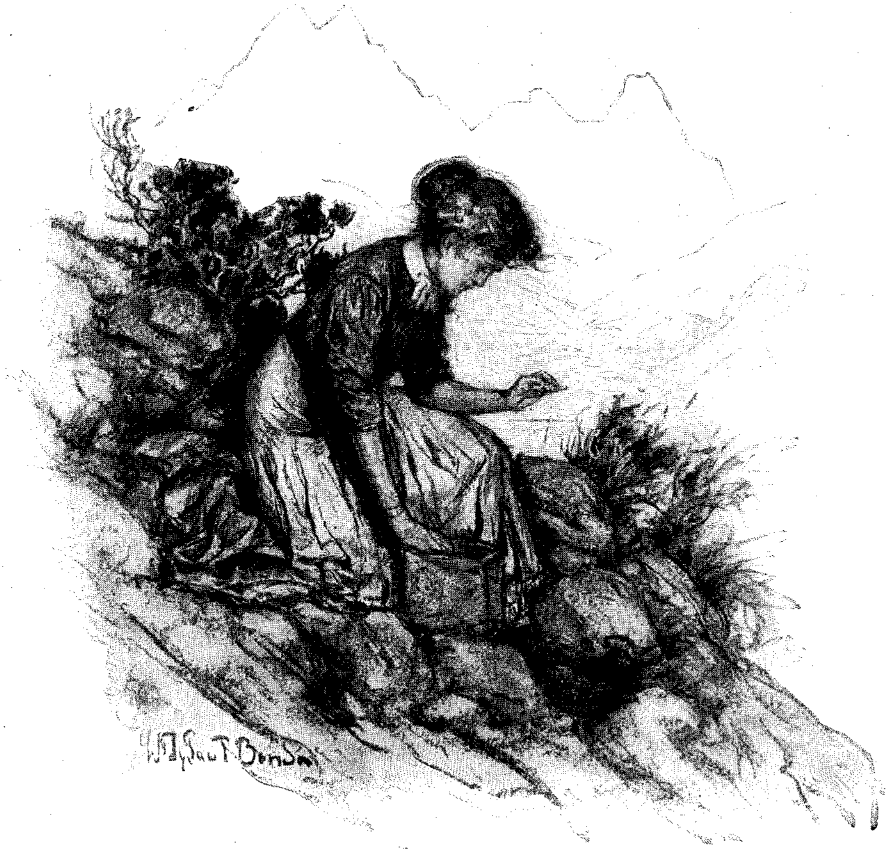

Wladyslaw T. Benda

"IT WAS A DIFFERENT LISBET WHOM FREDA SAW AT SUPPER" ture. How pitiful it was, and the starved lives of all these mountain people! The barest of livings forced from a flinty soil in the briefest of summers; the long, dark winter, with no place to go for amusement or variety — to sit endlessly in low, dim-lighted rooms, to break the ice, to feed the cow and the goat and wonder if the fodder would hold out, to go to church perhaps once a month when service time came round, to play their wailing fiddles on a rare festivity — how pitiful and mean it was!

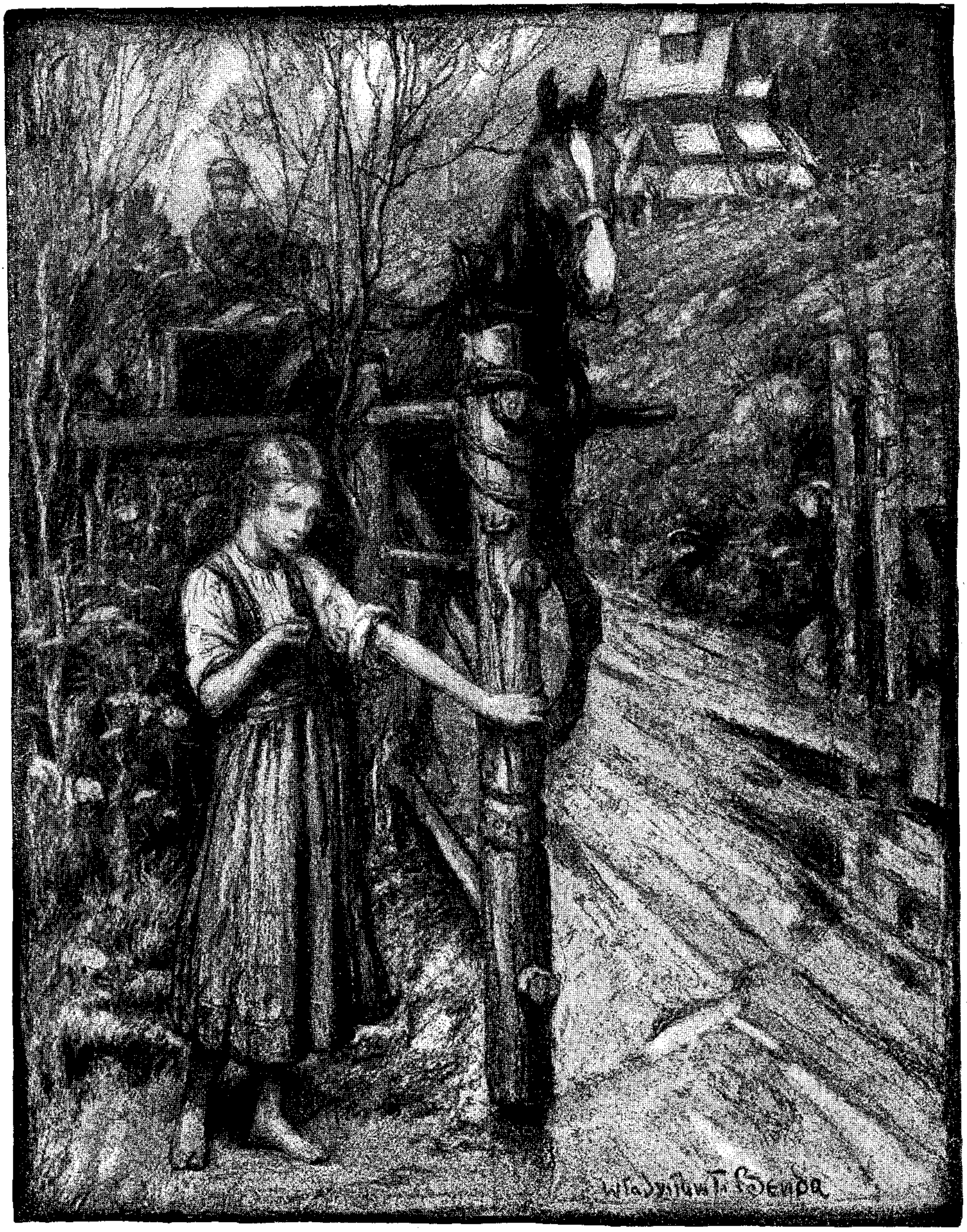
Freda looked at her mother with a new sympathy, and the thought moved her to make another attempt to enter her mother's solitude. But her mother answered her briefly with formal politeness, and the horse jogged on.

The third day the mountains had awakened in her a feeling of helplessness followed by one of revolt. Already for some time they had seemed to be hemming her in and shutting her away from her world. They asserted a kinship which she refused to admit. "Under us you were born," they seemed to say. "Our life is really your life; at this moment you are conscious of it; whether you own us or not we claim you as ours." They began to depress her, and she resented them. The mute woman at her side seemed to be a part of them and to exert a similar silent force. She felt as if both they and her mother were drawing her where she would not go and yet whither she followed unprotestingly. She could not have analyzed the feeling even if she had ever in her life employed a moment in self-analysis, but its manifestation was plain enough to her. She no longer had any desire to overcome her mother's speechlessness. She was becoming a willing mute herself, and had taken her place stolidly in an ancient order of silence. Even memories of her recent life seemed far away and impersonal, as if somebody else had lived them. It seemed to Freda that she had always been riding dumbly on behind a jogging horse through an unending defile of mountains, that hemmed her in, closed upon her, shut her out from a far-off something which grew farther and farther off and more impossible to recover as each hour the horse jogged on and the two women sat dumbly side by side.

By this time she felt that her mother would remain a closed book to her until the end of her visit. There had never been any companionship between them, and now of course there



"IN IT WAS A PILE OF SMALL COINS, SCANDINAVIAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH"



"HOLDING OPEN THE GATE, WITH HER BACK TO IT, STOOD LISBET"

could be still less. Her sojourn itself could promise nothing; the small house, the narrow round of in- and out-door activities, would offer nothing to engage her interest — indeed, it was with hopeless apathy she contemplated them. But Lisbet, her little sister, exerted all the fascination of a new and unknown element. As the hours wore on, Freda found herself looking forward to the girl as the one interest in her short visit.

When the journey ended at last, Freda found at the door of her old home a bare-legged girl with her mouth stained black and shapeless with berry-juice, gazing with wide-eyed stolidity at the strange young woman who alighted drunk and stupid with the fatigue of the long, speechless drive. Freda scrutinized the child with as much consternation as her weary nerves would allow. In spite of an unkempt beauty, Lisbet was distinctly unengaging and had an air of sly moroseness. Was this the little sister she had been pinning her hopes upon? Tired as she was, she perceived that she must do something to atone for her momentary recoil in the disappointment of her high hopes. She summoned a cordial smile. "This is Lisbet?" she said. Her mother made no sign, and coming forward Freda reached for the child's hand. This Lisbet surrendered mechanically, but she shrank from the gingerly kiss Freda bestowed upon her forehead and without a word began to help her mother with the horse and wagon. Together they busied themselves with the baggage, and Freda was left alone to enter the house. There it seemed she was to take her place again without welcome and without comment. They were accepting her as a matter of course, but their life was to move on aloofly without her.

What was expected of her? she wondered, as she stretched herself out wearily on the bed in the strangely old, strangely new room. Was she to be as a guest in her mother's household, or was she to take her part in its duties? She must wait and see. This was the last thing she remembered before she fell asleep; this, and a certain surreptitious scurrying in the room next to her. Along with it came a whispered accompaniment from her mother and occasionally a sulky answer from Lisbet. "Have you no pride?" her mother was saying. "How is it that you look like that to meet us? She will think that we have no clothes. You must put on your Sunday ones at once. We will show her that we have looks of our own! That is, looks well enough — you are not to go having foolish notions!" And the whispered colloquy continued until Freda fell asleep.

It was thus a different Lisbet whom Freda saw at supper. In her snowy sleeves and red bodice, with her curls untangled, the child had a blond, elfin beauty that seemed even more piquant in contrast with her heavy demeanor. She glued her eyes upon her sister's face, and only unfastened her look to follow the movements of her sister's hands. There was no conversation except such as Freda initiated, and the replies of the others were perfunctory and formally polite. But Freda noticed that her mother's attitude toward her had changed; it was not in itself more cordial, but it had that slight accession of intimacy that a new acquaintance exhibits when responsible for the introduction of a stranger into his circle. Freda's sensitiveness to fugitive impressions of this sort had been mainly responsible for her success in America, and she knew how to make the most of them. Now she was thinking to herself that it would prove the same with Lisbet as soon as any neighbor dropped in. At this discovery her social zest became active once more, but she wisely concluded to husband her resources. If she was to capture Lisbet and interpose her between herself and sheer boredom, she must go slowly; for by this time she recalled plainly enough the Norwegian temperament and its resentment of intrusion. From her first recoil from the girl, she had by no means recovered, but much could be made of Lisbet, who had besides a personality that interested as much as it displeased. She was yet too young to show plainly what was the source of either impression, and Freda determined that she would experiment to find out. It was plain to be seen, at least, that the girl was quite conscious that her mother was regarding her with stealthy pride and realized that she was being shown off. This, then, would be Freda's line of attack; she would woo Lisbet by flattery and playing upon her vanity.

In pursuance of her plan, it was several days before she took from her trunk the dresses she had brought her sister, and during the interval she had, at every withdrawal of Lisbet into her first remoteness, stimulated the curiosity and love of admiration that, she perceived, were the child's dominant traits. Her mother had regarded the means that she took for her conquest in grim silence, but as her mother's attitude had always been disapproving Freda could not tell whether the silence was one of indifference or rebuke. When the dresses were finally brought out, Lisbet lost entirely her guarded reserve and chattered gleefully over them, fingering this and exclaiming at that in a manner almost free from self-consciousness.

But Mrs. Rasmussen looked on objecting. "This will not suit Lisbet," she said. "And she is not pale enough to wear that. Not that it matters, and we thank you very much, but every one has colors that suit them, whether they be plain or passable."

Freda was secretly much amused — her mother's tone spoke so plainly her pride in Lisbet's beauty and her grudging indulgence of it. She determined that Lisbet should have more girlish notions planted in her head — if she herself had been allowed to get them gradually it might have been better for her. She laughed pleasantly. "I didn't count on Lisbet's being so pretty and having a style of her own. And then her splendid color!"

Her mother eyed her with that unemotional look of disapproval which she remembered so well. "She is not pale," she said. "But she's well enough and no more."

Freda patted Lisbet on the head. "A little vanity won't hurt her," she answered. "She'll find it a good thing when she grows up and goes out into the world." Her mother screwed her mouth grimly and left the room.

But one day shortly after, she spoke her mind more freely. Freda's hands had been from the first a source of much marveling speculation to Lisbet, and finally she had thawed enough to speak of them. Freda had explained the secrets of manicuring and finished by offering to make the child's nails as rosy and shapely as her own. This had whiled away several more days of Freda's stay, until suddenly Mrs. Rasmussen had caught Lisbet furtively admiring the almost completed transformation. True to her birthright, the child had concealed her acquisition from her mother, and Freda had been noting — with more interest than she had yet experienced in her stay — the conflict in her between her native secretiveness and the desire for admiration. This seeing how things worked out in Lisbet had been almost her only mental occupation, and she was annoyed at her mother's interference. When Mrs. Rasmussen turned on her with the nearest approach to emotion she had yet exhibited, Freda was quite willing to answer her in kind.

"I will not have you put notions into her head," said Mrs. Rasmussen sternly. "It would have been better for you if you had grown up with less."

"Who put them in mine?" asked Freda. "Not you or father. At least you didn't mean to," she added bitterly. "It is good for every girl to make the most of herself, and I wish I had learned it sooner."

"You learned it soon enough," retorted her mother.

"Yes," answered Freda, "I did. But I could have learned it in a better way at home. And as far as that goes, you did put notions into my head that you didn't think of. Lisbet is getting them, I am glad to say, in a pleasanter way." She had regained her usual poise by this time and regretted the warmth into which she had been betrayed.

Mrs. Rasmussen surveyed her slowly and intently. "What do you mean?" she asked at last. "What could you have better learned at home?"

"Oh, nothing," returned Freda lightly.

It was that evening after Lisbet had gone to bed that her mother addressed to her one of the few questions she had put since her return. "Who was that man," she said slowly, "you were dancing with?"

The question came too suddenly for Freda to think. She gave her mother a cool stare. "If you ask me in a different tone, mother, I will tell you. Don't speak to me as if I were a child and bound to answer."

Mrs. Rasmussen did not reply. Freda saw at once that her manner had told her mother all she wished to know. She repented her imprudence in forgetting that she was dealing with a person who weighed every infinitesimal trifle and shaped conclusions from comparing hairs. After a while she volunteered, "He was only one of the men on the boat. I danced with most of them. We all danced a great deal of the time."

Her mother said nothing. Freda was beginning to feel a repulsion for this mute, gaunt woman who kept thinking, thinking her laborious, slow-moving thoughts. It was the most positive feeling that she had ever had about her mother. But it comprehended at the same time not only an understanding, but a sort of sympathy, too. The sum total was almost an attraction. The opposing sentiments puzzled and annoyed her — she hated complexities. It was just the way she had felt when the mountains began to close in on her and take her breath away. "Good night, mother," she said neutrally, but not ungently. She had never before wished her mother good night. But Mrs. Rasmussen had gone to the open door and stood looking out at the paling sky, her hands fumbling at her neck.

"Here is a letter from that man," she said the next morning, when Freda came down to breakfast. The girl could not repress a start, while her mother measured her with searching eye. Why had he written her? It had been arranged that she should write to him. Her blood was racing madly at the touch of her lost world. It told her, too, something that she had not known before — that she really cared that this man of all men should be impatient at not hearing from her. This was new and strange enough in itself, but when in an instant she felt that she was also sorry that he had written — for what reason she could not tell — she was perplexed again. What was this mixture of pleasure and regret, this reassurance of her old freedom at the very same moment with a sensation of being hemmed in and dragged in spite of herself? She pushed the complication angrily from her and abandoned herself to a simpler emotion — resentment at her mother's intrusion into her affairs. But even this was not so simple. In another second she found herself wondering how it was that her mother could speak with such confidence, and she felt that a match of two personalities was being begun between them — a match in which she had an unwilling sympathy and admiration for her adversary. And all the time she saw her mother measuring her with a searching eye. She laughed. "From him? What makes you think so, mother?"

Mrs. Rasmussen appeared to consider. "It is from this country. You have no friends here who would write."

"Oh," answered Freda, smiling provokingly, "do you think he is the only man I know? I told you I met all of them on the boat, and most of them are visiting Norway." She went away to read her letter.

That night as they sat after supper, Freda prepared herself for any sudden question her mother might ask. She knew she must expect some result from the slow pondering of the day. The move came at last.

"Did he — or others like him — teach you anything you might have better been taught at home?" her mother asked.

The tone was more of a revelation of her mother's feeling than any she had yet received. Quiet and grim as it was, there was a reluctant note of yearning in it.

Freda paused before replying, with a motive she had never had before. She did not wish to hurt her mother. Yet why should she not tell her the truth? The truth? What was it? She did not know exactly, but she felt that if she told her mother what she thought about her childhood it would hurt her. "No," she said at last. "I knew it before I met him — or any one in America."

"Knew what?" asked her mother.

"The things I ought to have learned at home in a better way."

Mrs. Rasmussen was silent for so long a time that Freda thought the inquisition ended. At last she began again: "What were those things?"

Freda considered how she should put them. Her mood had altered, and she was now impatient at herself for being so careful of her mother's feelings. "Why," she said, "that I could get a great deal more out of people than the others could. Perhaps if I had found that out first in a different way, I should have tried to get better things." She was conscious that she did not really feel that she might have been so different after all, but surely there were many girls it might have helped, and the argument demanded that she state an ideal case. And perhaps, too, her life might have been changed, or why else should she always have felt that bitterness about her childhood? She was dreading that her mother would ask her to specify and that she would be pushed into a direct accusation. Again she was annoyed at herself for wishing to spare her mother. Her mother had never been anything to her, why should she feel that way now? Why was she perpetually balancing onefeeling against another in this wretched manner?

But her mother's next remark, when it came, was very different from what she expected. "Is Lisbet one of the girls who will try to get better things?"

Freda was startled. Her first impulse was to cry out, "No, she is not!" What deterred her was the desire she had gone back to of not hurting her mother. She parried, "Do you think that Lisbet, too, is one of the girls who can get more out of people than others?"

Mrs. Rasmussen arose as if with a sudden pang. She went to the door and looked out. Freda followed her eyes into the white, noiseless evening and to the ghostly peaks with their shrouded heads. Then her mother turned and regarded her steadily; and when she spoke, resentment, fear, and entreaty were oddly mingled in her usually inexpressive voice. "Yes, she is. If you are so anxious about what she learns at home, why don't you teach her to ask less?" And she strode gauntly out of the door as if she feared an answer.

Freda went to bed in a hubbub of excited thoughts. She did not understand exactly what her mother meant, but the reference seemed to have a wide meaning. Already, for some days, she had regretted playing on Lisbet's vanity. She saw that she had given definite shape to a force that its owner would never be able to control or to subserve to her own ends. She felt not a little abashed at the strange upshot of so harmless a matter as trying to make Lisbet amuse her and save her from being bored to death. She had never thought before that things could be started that way in people's natures. Not that it mattered very much in Lisbet's case, for it would sooner or later have happened anyway. It was not Lisbet of whom she was thinking, but herself. What was the matter with her that all these illusive perceptions, these half-thoughts which she could not complete, kept coming to her? It seemed as if up to this time it had been only the shallows of her mind that she had been living in, all unconscious of a great ocean where she could be floated beyond her depth. And what was stranger still, she — who had never in her life thought of two sides to anything — was developing a taste for these speculations, even if they led her nowhere. She had put out to sea and could never be content with the flats again, though she lost herself in impenetrable fog and bruised herself at last upon the rocks. She was tired with thinking about it all, and yet she did not want to stop. Something about it — like the mountains — was dragging her not unwillingly where she did not want to go. She was curious to see the unknown destination and understand why she felt that way about it. That was oneo f the reasons she had written him that she had not yet decided on her departure.

The man, however, was not so easily put off. This waiting around, he wrote, was spoiling his plans. How long was it to be? Did she mean to join him, or was she wavering and putting him off until she made up her mind? What had got into her, anyway? Freda replied that she could not leave just then — her visit was not yet up, and she certainly would not think of cutting it short. She did not intend to stay longer than she had planned at first, and he had no right to grow impatient. But even if she did, it was because new circumstances had arisen, and he must take his chance of that. He wrote back at once in alarm. She spoke as if there were something there to keep her, almost as if she were enjoying herself. He confessed his surprise that she could find anything to amuse her in such a place. Was it possible that she was withholding something?

Freda laughed at his suspicion, but his words set her pondering. Had she enjoyed herself? Of course there had been long stretches of boredom, but it was true that she had found herself surprisingly interested in things that had never entered her mind before. Was it true that she was different? If so, what had changed her? She could not have imagined a month ago that she could have felt either her earlier curiosity or her present regret at seeing how things worked out in Lisbet, or that she could have come to take a human interest in her mother that was almost absorbing. And her feelings about the two were not the same. Her observation of her sister was quite impersonal, but every revelation of her mother affected her strangely — as if in some way she were coming to a better understanding of herself, of the things that had gone to make up her being, of the thoughts and tempers out of which she had come, and which — at her recognition of them — she discovered now to be a part of herself. She seemed to be adjusting herself slowly and without effort to some dim laws of her own nature that she could not — it was true — yet discern, but of whose very existence she had previously been unaware.

She turned from the matter impatiently. Here she was laboriously piecing together thought after thought, just like her mother. It was all well enough for her mother, who had nothing else in her life and had to occupy her mind with something. But why she had suddenly come to do it passed her comprehension. Perhaps it would be as well for her to go at once, for when people got like this they were content to go along in a rut. They made up for their thwarted activities in endless speculation about nothing at all, and by and by they became flabby and it was impossible for them to do anything. Yes, she must make up her mind to go soon. At the most she would only put it off until she found what had got into her mother's head — these slow moves on an invisible board fascinated her.

But it proved, after all, to be Freda who made the next move. In the morning she had gone out to a bend in the road from where, if she climbed a jutting scar and came out on a plateau immediately above, she found herself in a tiny grove that commanded a romantic view of the long defile and the narrow fjord before her, to which, immediately at her feet, the road shelved downward in long, shining loops. She had grown to love to be alone in this place, where, except for the occasional clatter of a tourist's cart, one could so easily forget that there was any other world at all. Here she would sometimes sit by the hour without a thought in her mind, conscious only of pleasant vacuity and ease.

There had been rain in the night, and as she climbed down from her refuge the vividness of the thousand greens of leaf and moss and the intense jet of the boulders shining like the glossy backs of whales, delighted her. As she swung herself from the steep slope into the road below, she stumbled and came half scrambling to the ground; and over the rough place she thought she might bank up some stones. She had set about collecting rocks for this purpose, when, lifting one, she discovered that the ground beneath it had been stirred recently, and poking in the top soil she discovered a box. In it was a pile of small coins, Scandinavian, English, German, and Dutch. In all there was a considerable sum, and she wondered who could be hoarding it there. The foreign coins pointed the way to a solution, and, revolving the matter, she went back to the house.

"Mother," she said a little later in the day, "where is Lisbet?"

"She is around," answered Mrs. Rasmussen.

"But she is always around," said Freda. "She doesn't wander up and down the road all day, I suppose, waiting to open the gates for the tourists?"

Mrs. Rasmussen looked at her fiercely. "What do you mean?" she said. "I have ordered her never to go near them."

"Never?" cried Freda, in surprise at her mother's violence. "Why, you didn't used to mind my going."

Mrs. Rasmussen flattened her lips. "That is the reason I have never let Lisbet go."

The retort was so sudden it amazed the girl. She could only stammer hotly, "I should like to know why you say that, mother."

Her mother paused before replying. Then she evaded. "And I should like to know why it would be so strange for Lisbet to do what you did? However, I will tell you that Lisbet has more pride, young as she is. More pride and less of — of other things!"

"Oh!" answered Freda, enraged. Her mother's attitude stung her into the disclosures she would otherwise have considered fully before making. "I can tell you, then, that's where she is most of the day. And it pays her well. She has collected quite a sum of money."

Mrs. Rasmussen faltered. "I don't believe it," she said, and her hands went suddenly to her neck, where they fumbled with the collar of her dress.

Freda was struck with compunction; but feeling helpless to remedy what she had done, she started to go upstairs.

Her mother's voice stopped her. "How do you know?" She uttered the words so slowly they had the effect of weights.

"She has hid the money, and I accidentally came across it. It must have been going on for several seasons. Some of the coins are rusty."

"All this time!" her mother repeated, as if to herself.

Freda saw that it was Lisbet's systematic disobedience and secretiveness that cut her mother to the quick. But she saw, too, that her mother repented of having seemed to side with her against the child; and she was not surprised when Mrs. Rasmussen rallied to the defense. The counter-attack, however, was not against her, but in another direction.

"Oh, these tourists!" she cried passionately. "They have ruined us. They are ruining everything. What is more bread for our mouths when they are destroying our souls? Everywhere the children are growing up debauched. It is so easy for them to scatter their cursed money broadcast. They must throw their pennies everywhere, and the children look so amusing, and it was so dear of them to open the gates. I have heard their senseless talk. And then they roll on — having sown the seeds of ruin in all the land. Much do they care! Why should they? — they are here only to amuse themselves. They have ruined you, and now they would ruin Lisbet. I curse them all." And Mrs. Rasmussen lifted her impotent hands in the direction of the road and brought them down in malediction.

Freda was aghast at the outburst. Could this have been going on in her mother's mind all these years, without her suspecting it? She felt a pang of swift remorse. The sharp cry, "They have ruined you!" rang in her ears. Had she never really known her mother at all? Her heart was filled with shame, and she yearned to comfort her mother. But she recognized bitterly that no comfort could come from her.

Mrs. Rasmussen dropped her hands awkwardly to her side, and, walking uncertainly to the door, stood looking out. The movement shook Freda's mind free from the emotions that had submerged her, and some devil of activity began immediately to possess it. She tried not to think, not to let the flood of feeling recede. But her mind had got the better of her. She was recognizing at that moment that her mother was right. Even as a child she had learned to prey upon people. All that had happened to her had come from so small a beginning as this of Lisbet's, of her little sister, who was even now somewhere out on the road waiting near the gate to pounce upon an approaching wagon and wheedle with a shy smile a penny from its occupants. Growing older, she had found that more money was to be picked up if you were pretty and people liked you; she had gone, against the wishes of her father and mother, as waitress in the hotel, and there had made the most of the gift she had discovered herself to have, of getting more money out of people than the rest. And in pursuance of that gift she had sailed to America and there found it open to her still greater vistas and still greater gains. And Lisbet was out on the road now, had already set eager feet on the path that had widened before Freda until it had well-nigh become the highroad which is known of all men by a name.

Well, why had not her mother stopped her, if that was the way she had felt about it all along, if she had recognized it from the start? As for herself, people had their fates, and this was hers; perhaps Lisbet's too — since she was another whom even so trivial a thing as a careless tourist's unthinking bounty could teach in the beginning that she could get more than other girls because of a pretty smile and a luring way with her. Yes, for herself, and Lisbet too, it did not matter. But how could her mother defend herself if that was, as it seemed, the way she had felt about it? Freda stifled her tenderness of pity at this new revelation of her mother, and there came in its place the old hardness of her childhood days. She wondered if her mother were not finding it too easy to shift the blame upon others.

"Mother," she said slowly, "you did not always feel like this. You used to send me out on the road, and dress me up for it, too. You told me to take off my shoes and stockings and let my hair go. And father built the new gate on purpose, so that there might be two places. You knew there was no need of another, but that I got more pennies out of it. You were always willing to take the money, and father was furious when he found I had saved enough out of my tips at the hotel to go to America. And at the hotel, too, it was the same way. You knew all along why I got more tips than the others: because I had learned on the road what it was that got them. Did you feel like this then?"

Freda had begun bitterly, for she had for the first time touched upon the grievance of her childhood against her parents. But in a moment she found herself speaking calmly and almost gently. It seemed to her a sorry reprisal, and in her mother's mute figure as she stood gaunt against the sunlight there was something too poignant to make any renewal of the old conflict between them worth while. As she went on, she was conscious only of the compulsion in her to know more fully her mother's nature, of which she had been getting so many glimpses of late — glimpses which, she knew not why, stirred her own so profoundly with self-realization. She did not love her mother any more than she had ever done, but she saw suddenly that perhaps her mother, also, had felt things too big to struggle against, and that no more than the rest of the world had she understood at the time the full bearing of all that surrounded her. Anxiously she waited for her mother to speak, and the longer she waited the more it seemed to her that she had dealt an inexcusable and cowardly blow.

Her mother turned finally and regarded her with one of her steady looks. When she spoke it was in an even tone. Whatever her anguish had been at hearing her daughter accuse her, she had found strength from the hills to bear it stolidly. The gaze she leveled upon her daughter was fierce and proud and aloof still. "The children are not the only ones," she said. "I have had my punishment. But when I knew what wrong I was doing, I tried to atone. It was not given me to know how. You are of those who succeed."

Too late Freda saw that she had missed her golden opportunity. Had she spoken differently to her mother, she might have broken down once for all the barrier between them. And this she understood now was what she wanted more than anything in the world. She saw now that this had been the meaning of all her unwonted excitable resentments in the wake of her sudden perceptions, her unaccountable fluctuations of feeling. And behind all these was something else, something so large she could not grasp it in its entirety. She wanted kinship and a home. It was a frightened sense of loneliness the mountains had given her, of need for shelter and safety. What no demand of her mother's for aid or sympathy could have accomplished, her proud humility and her scorn of supplication had achieved. Realizing this, she felt all at once timid. She wanted to go to her mother and touch her, but she did not dare. She would try another way.

"Mother," she cried wistfully, "what made you come for me that day?"

A fleeting shadow of pain passed over Mrs. Rasmussen's set mouth, and the guarded look came into her eyes. She was her forbidding self again. "Oh, I just took a notion," she said, and turned to her work at the kitchen table.

Freda walked out into the yard and down the road. "You are of those who succeed," her mother had said. And she had scorned to beg her daughter to take up the work she had failed in. She had scorned to detain her daughter by surrounding her with any ties or duties, to buy her daughter's services by admitting her to her heart even when Freda had shown her that she was knocking at the door. Had she shown her? And how could she expect her mother to become, at her age, an outspoken woman? "You are of those who succeed," her mother had said. For such a mother to say this to her daughter in confessing her failure! — what greater violence could she have done her nature than that which this admission had cost her? Perhaps her mother, too, was trying with what strength lay in her to beat down her barriers. Freda now recognized that her success or failure elsewhere meant nothing, but here was something in which it seemed her very life was bound up. Her mother was as flint to her, but she felt that they must be in unison; this land was bleak, and its mountains shut out her world, but Freda felt that it contained the only home in which she could ever be at rest. Freda was clear-eyed and — at least until she had set foot again within her native country — she did not confuse her mind with her emotions. This success, she knew, would be failure indeed! Yet all other successes would fall short of this triumph if she should now respond to the home that called her. Life here would be inconceivable, but it would be *her* life, and nowhere else had she been able to feel this.

A wagon drove along the road. It suddenly stopped, and a man leaped from it and hurried toward her. He spoke to her in a low voice by the name he had invented on the boat. She heard and stood still so suddenly that a swaying seized her. He drew her, yielding, into the shadow of the trees behind a jut in the rocky wall, and kissed her madly.

"How long?" he whispered at last. "I am

tired of waiting. I had to see you. Will it be to-morrow?"

"You must go away — at once," she answered. "I do not want to see you. I have changed my mind."

"Nonsense!" He laughed unsteadily. "Haven't I eyes? How long must we waste time? We are going to get out of this soon and go where there is some life."

"Go where you please," she said roughly, as if by her voice she might crush down the beating of her heart. "But if you stand here talking to me, I shall never see you again."

He discerned the unconscious betrayal of her words, and he was wise enough to give way to no questions or upbraidings. "All right," he said at last. "I shall drive on to the hotel. But in an hour I shall drive back past this spot again. If you want me to stop, you must make some sign." He took her by the shoulders and impelled her gently to him and stood gazing lover-like into her eyes. Then in a moment the wagon passed on down the road.

Freda stood motionless where he had left her until the sound of the wagon flitted suddenly off behind the wall of the rock. She went out into the road and passed up the steps she had begun to make that morning in the rough footpath, and so up the slope and out upon the little plateau where she had sat so often. Her mind was a blank. She was conscious of nothing but the leaping of her heart, which made her almost dizzy. Below her the road went on its long zigzag down the mountain, and almost at her feet was its second loop. She saw the wagon turning into it, and now coming so near again that she shrank back lest she should be seen. If he should look up at her and wave his hand, she felt that would decide her. Then in an instant she thought, why should it not? She had gone too far with her life to avoid her destiny.

She stepped out into the sunlight. Below her, past a clump of trees that hid the road, the wagon had come to a standstill at the gate that shut off the end of the second loop — the useless gate that her father had put up in her childhood. And holding open the gate, with her back to it, stood Lisbet. Her hand was extended shyly, and her head was canted to one side so that her tangled curls nearly hid her face. Freda could almost divine the way the child was peeping up at him. He must have stopped the wagon on purpose to speak to her, and now he was leaning over the wheel; putting something into her hand, he patted her head. The driver slapped the reins, and the wagon passed through and down the third loop. Freda saw Lisbet let the gate swing behind her and scamper madly down the short cut, over the road, and down the next one into the last loop at the bottom of the hill where stood the other gate. This Lisbet opened, and then resumed her shy, appealing posture as the wagon came in sight again rounding the loop.

Freda waited to see no more, but stumbled down the footpath into the road. An overwhelming disgust had seized her for the wiles of women. It was as if her life in little had suddenly unrolled before her. She had unwittingly been just such a one as Lisbet, and just such a one she had, with knowledge if not with realization, been content to remain — a scheming dependent upon the prodigal passer-by, a contriver of smiles for pay, a wheedling beggar hugging to herself the pretense of earning the penny tossed to her. The recognition of the parasite place she had made for herself sickened her very soul. But she was the child of her race, and whether in surge or recoil, more must be satisfied than her emotions. Emotion! How it tossed one to and fro, like a log in the rapids! She must find a surer footing somewhere. But where? Before her stretched the defile of mountains, so impassive, yet the product of such passion. All at once she understood that this was what they had meant to her — that after being hurled hither and thither by a blind elemental force, they had come eternally to rest. And seeing the law of their being, she was no longer troubled by them. It was as if they had yielded up the message they had been trying dumbly to speak.

But now, far beneath, she heard on the noiseless air the rattle of the little Norwegian pony's hoofs on the hard road. The faint sound tore through her violently; she felt she was being pulled back to the life it carried away. She meant not to succumb, but she felt she must get strength from somewhere. She raised her eyes to the hills and another secret flashed upon her. It was only when in the extremity of her need she had cried to them, that they had answered in a tranquilizing voice — because at that moment she had responded at last to their call of kinship which had once repelled her, because in seeking their protection she had definitely admitted them to be her home. Her home? She had another home, and she would go to it. Whatever awaited one at home, it was a place to go to when one was afraid.

She walked slowly up the yard, wondering what she should do. But when she saw her mother, she knew.

"Mother!" she said. "Help me!"

Mrs. Rasmussen turned quickly and looked at her, and Freda came into her outstretched arms.

THE SHERIFF OF BRADLEY

BY

HELEN TOMPKINS

JOHN LORIMER was very nervous. He looked backward over his shoulder more than once as he plunged through the gloom of the unlighted streets. The word "plunged" is used advisedly. It was John Lorimer's way to bolt headlong at any coveted object — usually to miss it in the end.

It is possible that his native town had never appraised young Lorimer at his full value. There was a tinge of bitterness in his heart as he thought of this, that brought the smart of childish tears to his eyes. The only girl whom he had ever loved had played fast and loose with him for years. He had gone into business early and with bright prospects, only to fail lamentably at the end of a twelvemonth. Finally he had conceived the brilliant idea of entering politics.

"A man who makes a failure in everything else," said the elder Lorimer pessimistically, "is mighty apt to strike it rich in politics."

So John Lorimer entered the political arena and the race for sheriff of Bradley County at the same time. Somewhat to his own surprise, and thanks to a little of the elder Lorimer's cash discreetly distributed, and the fact that it was an off year in politics anyway, he carried the county by a good, safe majority. There was something pathetic in Andrew Lorimer's reception of the news of his son's election.

"I thought we should make it!" he said jubilantly. "I tell you, money is the thing, John. Still — I didn't think that it was in you, son."

His voice broke oddly.

"And now what am I to do with it?" asked young Lorimer, looking at his father helplessly, and a little sullenly.

"Do with ——?" The old man's voice righted itself suddenly.

"With the sheriff's office. I have to do something, don't I?"

Andrew Lorimer smothered an oath in his beard.

"You can get a deputy, can't you?" he asked coarsely.

That was the beginning of trouble for the sheriff of Bradley County. It had not been a very difficult matter to find a man both able and willing to act as his deputy. He was near at hand in the person of Richard Hardy, who had been a salesman in the now defunct firm of Hardy and Vaughn. And he had filled the office of deputy sheriff well; too well, in fact. He was the ideal officer of the law — prudent yet fearless; and the crowning act of his official life, when he had swooped with his little posse upon a band of horse-thieves and captured the whole gang, had crowned him with laurels and at the same time covered the real sheriff with contumely.

"You see," said Agnes Watson a little pityingly, "after all, you are the sheriff whom the people elected, John, — not Hardy. And you ought to take the lead in these things sometimes. Your constituents expect it."

"I was out of town!" exclaimed Lorimer. "I have told you so more than once, Agnes, But you and father are always finding fault with me. You ——"

"You are too indifferent, John," she said bluntly, "and, I think, too indolent as well."

A sudden flame kindled in the young man's swarthy cheeks.

"I am not indifferent to *you*, Agnes," he said pointedly. "I think that not even you can accuse me of that. I have borne with a hound's treatment ——"

Her face paled. "We may as well have it out once for all," she said with some spirit. "I am tired of your reproaches, John. I have been kind to you — far kinder to you than I should have been, I dare say. But I mean to marry a man, John Lorimer,— neither an idler who shirks his duty, nor a coward who hides behind all sorts of clumsy falsehoods while another man does his work!"

"A man!" he repeated. "Like your favorite Jack Grier, I dare say."

She looked at him a little curiously.

"He is an old friend and schoolmate," she said quietly, "of yours as well as mine."

Lorimer laughed bitterly.

"You always cared far more for him than you ever did for me, Agnes," he said. "Even when you were a little thing with long braids and short skirts, you used to turn away from me and let him walk home with you. He is a vagabond who never draws a sober breath for days together——"

"I think it is time for you to go, John," said the girl calmly, although her face was pale and her voice shook a little. "You are tired and out of temper, and so am I. And I think that, for the present at least, you had better not come back!"

"I am sorry, Agnes," he wavered uncertainly, "though, after all, I only told you the simple truth. But I will not offend you again, dear."

She gave a half sob. "Oh, John, I am tired—*so* tired! It is useless to talk to you; you have made too many promises. You always lose your temper, and so do I, and then we both say—things—and regret them afterwards. We might as well end it first as last."

But that had not ended it. He was quite as merciless to her as to himself, and at last, stung beyond endurance, she had told him again to go and never to come back.

So this is how it came about that he was threading the deserted streets of Rosston at midnight on this stormy night. His brain was teeming with plans to assert himself at last. She had called him cowardly. He would show her—he would show the world—how false the charge had been. Why, the plotting and planning to capture the horse-thieves had been all his own, and he had only stayed away at the last because——

The rain was falling heavily when he reached a deserted house in the outskirts of the village—a house with a light flaring from one of the windows. He climbed over the broken fence and knocked roughly at the door.

It opened so suddenly that he retreated a little. "Oh, it is you, is it!" said an emotionless voice. "You can come in if you like"; and the speaker threw himself indifferently back upon the shabby bed from which the knock had roused him.

John Lorimer closed the door and walked inside a little reluctantly.

"I was not sure that I should find you here," he said.

"Nor would you—had I known that you were coming," remarked the other coolly. He closed his eyes, but to a keener observer than Lorimer his indifference would have seemed slightly exaggerated. "You might come to your business as soon as possible."

"I have something of a plan on foot," said the sheriff. "It may come to something, or it may not. If it does——"

"If it does——"

"Nothing." Something in the cool voice made Lorimer shiver. "Nothing. Only if it did, it would mean a hundred dollars to you."

Grier turned a little, so that the light from the lamp no longer fell across his face.

"You are not married yet," he said, with a constraint in his voice that would have told his secret to a far duller, less jealous man than Lorimer, with the memory of his recent interview with Agnes Watson fresh in his mind.

"No—not yet," stammered Lorimer, striving to make his voice sound more natural even to his own ears. "The fact is, Grier, I thought it best to postpone matters until I got things in the sheriff's office to running a little easier. I can tell, though, that the delay has troubled Agnes some——"

He stopped with no apparent cause, and drew his breath sharply; but the figure upon the bed had not stirred.

"To tell the truth, Grier," said Lorimer suddenly, "I am not making the success as sheriff that I ought to make. Hardy is forward and presuming, and—and my term of office is nearly over, and I want the nomination again. You may have heard my conduct of late criticized a little——"

"I have," commented Grier dryly.

The reply was somewhat disconcerting. Lorimer winced, and kicked savagely at the dying embers.

"Look here, Lorimer," burst out Grier sharply, "you had better come to the point, do you hear? Say what you are going to say and go to the devil!"

Lorimer drew his chair forward a little and sat down suddenly. Still he seemed to find it difficult to speak.

"I wonder why you came to me to-night, Lorimer," said Grier, with a certain wistfulness in his voice. "I never harmed you in my life, so far as I know!"

"Nobody means to harm you," returned Lorimer. "You are your own worst enemy, and always have been. Your fondness for liquor——"

"Who taught me to drink?" Grier burst out suddenly, and so savagely that Lorimer started. "I never will understand your hold upon me, Lorimer. I have an unutterable contempt for you. I am a better man than you are, even with—my weakness. But even with the contempt and hatred that I feel for you, I know that I am sure to do as you say in the long run."

Lorimer moved restlessly in his chair.

"You are missing your liquor, Grier," he said contemptuously, "and your brain is full of all sorts of mad fancies. If I were not a friend of yours I should not be here to-night to give you a last chance to begin life again in a new place and amid new surroundings." He leaned forward and his face hardened.

"You see, Grier," he said curtly, "I have got to do something to restore public confidence. The people won't stand for my acting as I have acted in the past. I am willing to confess that I might have paid more attention to business. I was away, you know, when Thompson and his gang were captured——"

Grier's offensive laugh set Lorimer to raging again, but he calmed himself with an effort.

"There is quite a sum of money in the safe at the court-house at present," he said; "in round numbers I should say about ten thousand dollars. No one is supposed to know anything about it, of course, but if I were careless enough to drop a letter containing a note of the amount——"

He paused irresolutely, but Grier did not stir.

"The court-house is unguarded. I am going to suggest at the next term of the county court that measures be taken to protect the people's money. But in the meantime it is there, and there is absolutely no risk——"

"Go on," breathed Grier. "I must say, however, that I am too dull to see how all this is going to benefit you unless you look to a division of the spoils, which is hardly likely. Go on."

"It is natural, of course," continued Lorimer, "that, having the interests of the county at heart, I should be restless and uneasy. All this would show up well — later. And if I caught a man in the act of opening the safe and single-handed effected his capture——"

"So that is your game, is it?" said Grier slowly. "Of course, I see what you would gain by it easily enough, but my vision is limited. Will you be good enough to tell me what there is in this for *me?*"

"Of course I was only joking when I spoke of a hundred dollars," said Lorimer, in a low voice. His lips were dry. "A thousand would be nearer your share, Grier, of course, and a chance of escape——"

"Ah, a chance of escape, of course." Grier spoke musingly, but he did not lower his voice. "And, granting that I was inclined to fall in with your views, what assurance have I that you would allow me this chance of escape?"

"My word —" began the sheriff; but the other stopped him.

"Your word!" he echoed mockingly. He meditated for a time, with his gaze fixed on the ceiling, while Lorimer watched him anxiously.

"You see, there is nothing dishonest in it," said Lorimer persuasively, at last. "It is simply a play to the gallery, after all. The money will not be touched. And it will help me to square things with the sheriff's office. And that, in turn, will help me with Agnes. And — there is another thing, old man. Agnes' health is failing. The climate here — we have had more rain than usual this spring, you know — is playing the devil with her. Her mother died with consumption, you remember, and Agnes has never been strong. She ought to spend the winter in southern Texas——"

The bedstead creaked under Grier's weight as he turned over suddenly.

"All right," he said curtly. "I guess we will call it settled, Lorimer. Only you had better not give me too much time to think about it. We will pull it off to-morrow night. And see that you keep your head, Lorimer. And no monkeying with Hardy — do you hear? He is too blamed handy with a gun to suit me. Somebody will have to pump some lead into him yet before he will learn any sense. And you had better look to *your* pistols, Lorimer. I might seize the opportunity to make a bolt with the swag in spite of you."

He laughed contemptuously at Lorimer's nervous start.

"Good night," he said. "No, I am not going to open my head again. You can meet me at the court-house to-morrow night at eleven o'clock."

He laughed again recklessly as Lorimer left the room, and then a rare tenderness transfigured his face.

"Poor little girl!" he breathed. "If I didn't know that he loved you — It is a pleasure to put my head in the noose for your sake. And, after all, there is little risk. Lorimer could not afford it any more than I could. If there ever had been a ghost of a chance that you might care — But there isn't — there never was."

Meanwhile Lorimer trudged home through the rain. His mother was sitting up waiting for him.

"You are late," she fretted complainingly — "and wet. Why, Johnny, your coat is dripping!" She drew back with a little tender, maternal gesture.

"Leave the boy alone, Eliza!" The voice from the sitting-room made Lorimer start. "You forget John's age, I guess, and your own, too, for the matter of that. You'll likely have the rheumatiz to-morrow. I guess John has been out after law-breakers."

The coarse chuckle brought a flicker of irritation to his son's face.

"I wish that you wouldn't fuss over me,

mother," he grumbled. "I am not a child, you know—" He was still protesting peevishly when the door of his room closed between them.

Next morning the cloud had passed. "You look troubled, John," said the old man critically, at the breakfast-table. "Is there anything——"

"I *am* troubled," said the son frankly. "You see, father, there is a lot of money on hand now, and I am just a little nervous about it. Hardy will be away for a week, you know."

"Have the money guarded," said the old man sententiously.

"I don't like to do that. That is, I don't like to do anything publicly. It would only call attention to the fact that there was more money on hand than usual. I will keep watch myself, of course."

"Have you any especial reason to look for trouble?" asked the old man quietly.

The sheriff flushed.

"I wrote to Hardy yesterday," he said in a low voice, "giving the amount of money on hand as a reason why he should get back home as soon as possible. I had that letter, with others, in my hand when I left the court-house, and when I reached the post-office it was missing. I retraced my steps at once, of course, but failed to find it. Some one may have picked it up and mailed it, since it was sealed, stamped, and addressed; but it is a little strange, if they did, that I have heard nothing about it."

After breakfast was over the restless sheriff drifted aimlessly uptown. He was not a drinking man, but he went to the Spread Eagle twice; once to see if by chance Grier was to be found in his old haunts, and later because he was ill at ease and the time hung heavy on his hands. He did not see Grier either time.

He went back to the court-house about noon, and met the man who had been acting as his deputy in Hardy's absence. He was just leaving the building.

"Off for the day, Cartwright?" Lorimer called to him.

"Yes—there is nothing doing; and say, Lorimer, if anybody wants me they can come down to the house. I have a beastly headache."

Lorimer nodded with some interest.

"About that money—" he said, lowering his voice a little. "There is a lot of it, Cartwright. I wish Hardy were at home."

"Hardy can't get back for two or three days yet," said Cartwright, weighing a sheaf of loosened papers in his hand as he spoke. "You ought to have gone with Hardy, Lorimer. There is some talk of trouble a little way out from Little Rock. They say that Big Bill Annerly has been planning a rescue ever since the gang was captured. He and his men will make it hot for the posse."

"Pshaw!" said Lorimer, trying to speak easily, but wishing that his color would not change so under the other's direct gaze. "That is all nonsense, Cartwright. Of course, if there had been any danger of such a thing, I should have gone with Hardy. But about this money, now. I am worried enough about it, I can tell you. The loss of it would just about bankrupt Bradley County."

Cartwright asked the same question that the elder Lorimer had asked earlier in the day. "Have you any especial reason to be anxious about it?"

"No—nothing that I care to talk about just now. I think, though, that I shall just keep an eye on things."

Lorimer watched Cartwright go away after that, and he himself spent a very long and tedious afternoon alone. He had absolutely nothing to do, so he alternately dozed in his chair and read from a ponderous tome in the clerk's office. By and by he roused from a longer period of unconsciousness than usual, to find that the sunlight was gone and that the room was quite dark and cold. So he went home to supper.

"Don't sit up for me to-night, mother," he said, as he left the table after the meal was over. "I shall hardly be likely to come back to-night. Jim Adaman is in town, and I shall probably go over to the hotel with him." His mother only nodded in a spiritless sort of way and went back to her dish-washing.

It was nearly eleven o'clock that night when Lorimer entered the court-house. He carried no light, for the moon had risen, and until he entered the office he would not need one. He fitted a key in the lock, and the door swung open. A dark lantern stood upon the table near the center of the room, and a man with a scrap of black muslin about his face was sorting small, neat packages of bills in a businesslike way. He turned with a start that was not all assumed as the door opened and the sheriff entered.

"I am glad that you have come," he said in an odd, confused way. "I don't know how to account for it, but I feel blamed nervous over the whole layout, somehow. Give me the money and open up the gallery business right away. Hush!"

He leaned forward, listening, his eyes glowing behind the bit of black.

John Lorimer heard the sound that had so startled Grier at the same instant — the faint crunching of gravel and the low murmur of approaching voices. The eyes behind the scrap of black hardened suddenly and viciously like the eyes of a trapped animal, and Grier, muttering something inaudible, sprang forward. Under the impetus of his spring the table was overturned and the office plunged into total darkness. Lorimer, too terrified by the sudden onslaught to resist the impulse, called sharply for help. He was answered by a flare of light and the vicious spit of a pistol-ball that grazed his cheek.

The sting of the bullet completed his unreasoning terror. He uttered some inarticulate words, made one more frantic effort to snatch the pistol from Grier, and then called again for help. He was conscious of running feet on the pavement outside, and the door was thrown open. Some one fired again — so close to him that the powder burned his face. One of the men who entered had carried a lantern, but the light was extinguished almost instantly, and the fighting went on in the darkness. He was the center of a confused mass of struggling men, and was battling in sheer desperation for his life. And he fought as only a cornered coward can fight. After a long time he heard again the malicious zip of a bullet, a dark cloud enveloped him, and he knew no more.

Consciousness came back to him slowly. "It was as fine a thing as I ever saw!" Cartwright was saying enthusiastically. "I knew that he was a little nervous about the money, so I walked back downtown to have a look around. And by George, sir, he had him nailed as sure as you were born. I didn't think that Lorimer had it in him."

"Hush, he's coming round!"

The sheriff opened his eyes slowly and looked about him. One or two lamps had been lighted, and there were several men in the room who had been drawn from the Spread Eagle saloon over the way by the shots. On the floor, bound hand and foot, lay Jack Grier. His face was powder-stained and his upper lip cut and bleeding. As Lorimer raised himself to his knees, the gaze of the prisoner met his own.

"I say, you fellows, what is the matter?" stammered the sheriff. "My head aches like the devil."

"You got a nasty crack on the skull in the fracas, someway," said Cartwright. "I say, Lorimer, you have fixed yourself by this night's work. We will make the man who runs against you for sheriff of Bradley this year look like thirty cents. It was as fine a thing as I ever saw, but foolhardy — Lord, yes!"

Lorimer looked at Grier again, and there was pleading in his eyes. He spoke to Cartwright. "How did you fellows come to drop onto this?" he asked.

"I came down because what you said about the money stuck in my mind," remarked Cartwright, "and Allen came with me. The others ran over from the saloon after the shooting began."

Grier wiped the blood from his lips and tried to speak.

"I was on my way to bed," said one of the other men shortly. "I have been down to Jonas Watson's. His daughter is sick."

The expression died out of Grier's face.

"Take him over to the jail, will you, Carson?" asked Lorimer.

His face was white as he turned and whispered to the doctor. "Anything serious?" he asked.

"I didn't say that it was Agnes Watson, you fool," said the doctor good-humoredly. "One of the younger girls had a severe attack of croup."

Grier had not caught either question or answer. He raised himself on his elbow.

"I say, you fellows," he said sarcastically, "let your circus begin, will you? I am tired of waiting."

Carson and Cartwright carried him over to the jail. They asked him several questions on the way, but he was as dumb as the proverbial oyster. So they became disgusted at last, and left him alone.

As for Lorimer, he awoke next morning to find himself famous. Men who had not spoken to him for years sought him out. Others who had ostentatiously voted against him in the last election buttonholed him to tell him why they had done so, and to congratulate him on his heroism the night before. Incidentally, and more to the purpose, they assured him of their support during the coming convention.

It was growing late when Andrew Lorimer heard the news. "You're all right, John," he said, wringing his hand. There were tears in his eyes. "Why, you can have anything in Bradley County you want after this. I'm proud of you, John, and so is Eliza!"

It was late before the sheriff found an opportunity to see Grier privately. Jack laughed mockingly as Lorimer entered the cell, but there was a nasty ring to his merriment.

"So you are quite the hero!" he remarked ironically. "The jail has been ringing with your exploits all day. They talk of 'the sheriff of Bradley' as though there had never been a sheriff before. *The* sheriff, if you please!"

Lorimer looked at him quietly.

"You got right sharply rattled last night, Grier, didn't you?" he asked.

Grier flushed.

"I guess I did," he said coolly. "Why did you spring all that push on me?"

"Why, you fool, I had nothing to do with it! Cartwright is a suspicious old granny, anyway, and you played the devil. You kept me so busy dodging pistol-balls that it made me sick. You'd have winged me too, as sure as fate, if I hadn't got that crack on the skull."

Grier frowned. "How is *she?*" he asked, and jerked his head in the direction of the town.

"She had a hemorrhage last night," lied Lorimer, "and they are keeping her as quiet as possible. Of course, some fool had to tell her about the trouble at the court-house last night, and that naturally made her a little nervous about me. So they made an exception in my case and allowed me to see her. I left her in good spirits, however."

He hesitated a little, but Grier did not speak.

"See here, Grier," he said at last, "your gun-play last night has mixed things up a little."

The younger man had averted his face, but he turned again and stared at Lorimer indifferently.

"I don't see it," he said curtly. "It don't make any odds, anyway. Have you brought that money with you? It will be growing dark in an hour. In two I ought to be on my way to Mexico."

There was a little stir outside.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lorimer, but here is a note that Mr. Cartwright asked me to give you right away. He said that it was important."

Lorimer took the note and sent the messenger back to the court-house. A lantern swung just outside the cell door. He turned the wick a little higher, and the stench of coarse oil filled the cell.

"Get back to the court-house as soon as you can," wrote Cartwright. "A mob is being organized to lynch Grier. You will have to swear in a lot of deputies. It is all a farce anyway, of course, for I am told that there are five hundred men waiting on the outskirts of town for the signal to move on the jail. You will have to make a play at defending him, though."

Lorimer's face blanched. A queer sort of helplessness took possession of him. If Grier had any suspicion— He went back into the cell.

"I don't know who will guard the jail to-night," he said hurriedly. "I will have to find out, and Cartwright has sent for me."

"What for?" asked Grier suspiciously.

"His note didn't say — it just said business," lied Lorimer glibly. "I'd better not give you the money now, Grier. They might find out that you had it. I will come back before midnight, or just as soon as it is safe."

"You had better," warned Grier. "You have drawn me into this scrape. I ought to have had more sense; but I suppose you know why I did it. I would make any sacrifice for *her!*"

Lorimer nodded awkwardly.

"But I look to you to see me safely out of it, do you hear?" Grier's voice rose dangerously. "If you don't — well, there will be an early vacancy in the sheriff's office. I am a desperate man, Lorimer. Remember that, and don't try any monkey tricks."

Lorimer's head was bowed as he walked away from the jail. He was in a hard place, and realized it. There had, as yet, been no lynchings during his term of office, but there had been more than one during the incumbency of his predecessor. He had a keen realization of his own delinquencies, and knew that with his past record the mob would feel little awe of him. He might as well try to stem the current of the Terre Rouge at the flood as try to conciliate the mob after it was thoroughly organized.

He was not blind to the fact that cutting the knot of his difficulties by letting the mob have its will might be a very good thing for himself. Since he had thought the matter over coolly, he had little hope that Grier's discretion would last any considerable time, even if he did go to Mexico. A man who drinks to excess is seldom a safe confidant, and Mexico, after all, was not so far away.

He had chosen the road back to the court-house unfortunately. He realized this when, looking up, he saw that he was passing the Watson residence, and that Agnes herself was beckoning to him from the window.

"I thought that I was never to come back again," he said half sullenly, as he followed her into the sitting-room.

She was too agitated to notice his ill humor. His words passed unchallenged.

"I have just heard a miserable story about an attempt to rob the safe at the court-house last night," she said hurriedly. "Of course I knew that it was not true."

"It *is* true." The brutality of the man came to the surface. "It makes very little difference, so far as I can see, whether you believe it or not."

"I never will believe it until I hear it from Jack Grier's own lips," she said defiantly. "As for that, why don't they accuse *you?* You had quite as little reason for being at the court-house at that hour ——"

"I am the sheriff of Bradley County," he expostulated. "Agnes, you talk as if you were taking leave of your senses!"

"There is some rascality below the surface," she declared. "Jack Grier has been a tool in your hands all his life. I know it, if others do not."

"If Grier has been wronged, let him say so," said Lorimer. "He is not dumb."

"He *shall* say so," she asserted quickly. "I will see that he does. He owes so much to — his friends."

The reference was unfortunate.

"Jack Grier has no friends," he said coldly, although his temper was fast mastering him. "I do not think that there is a person in Rosston, save the foolish girl whose passion for him has been the subject of common talk for years, who would defend him by a word now. A mob ——"

"I have heard of that, too," she declared feverishly. "What are you going to do about it? Where are you going to take him? Is the jail guarded now?"

"He is now in the jail which I propose to defend," he said pompously, but the words wrung a cry from her lips.

"You defend the jail!" she said, and there was infinite contempt in her voice. "*You!* Cartwright understands that you will make an attempt to get out of town with Grier — he told me so himself. Anything else is sheer madness. There will be a little display of force that will deceive nobody, and then the keys will be surrendered!"

He turned away. "Cartwright has sent for me," he said sullenly.

"What are you going to do?" she persisted, following him to the door. Her voice was strained, and her face drawn and old.

Her words, her evident anxiety, swung the balance against the man whom she sought to help. "I will defend the jail — until the last!" he said stiffly.

"In plain words, then, you mean to give him up — you coward!"

He pushed her aside roughly, and went down the steps with her words still ringing in his ears. She followed him.

"If you do not save him, I will!" she said quietly, and her threat followed him to the court-house, where he found Cartwright waiting for him.

"I thought that you had better show yourself," explained Cartwright. "Not that it is going to do any good; I have never known a case where public sentiment was so aroused."

"I could slip him out of jail and across the mountains," said Lorimer irresolutely. "I am sure that no one is watching the jail now."

"Do you know why?" Cartwright said slowly. Some men were approaching, and he leaned forward a little. "Because they know that you are not blamed fool enough to try any such thing. They have made up their minds to have him ——"

"But *why?*" asked Lorimer feebly. "He is not the first man who has attempted to steal money ——"

"Oh, they don't care a straw about *him*," said Cartwright coolly. "He is not going to figure in this thing, one way or the other. There is politics back of it, Lorimer, and you don't know any more about politics than a baby. It is a mighty good thing for you that you have friends who will look after your interests. Chichester is heading the mob — not openly, of course; and he is the man they are going to put up against you in the convention. They'll fix you, sure, if you try to sneak Grier away, and that is exactly what he hopes you will do. Of course they expect you to put up a fight all right. They know that will follow as a matter of course. And they are sending Doty and Sanders here now to find out what you are going to do about it. You might deputize them to guard the jail. They are supporters of yours, and stand in with the mob too. We were just discussing the situation, gentlemen," he said to the other men who just then came up.

Lorimer cleared his throat. His face was white.

"Sanders, I'll deputize you and Doty to help guard the jail to-night," he said. "Cartwright thinks that we may have trouble."

A glance of satisfaction passed between the two men.

"All right," said Sanders. "Get your gun, Doty," and Doty nodded.

"Mr. Lorimer is determined that this county shall not be disgraced by any more lynchings," said Cartwright loftily. "So you may have hot work, Sanders."

Sanders nodded. "We understand, all right," he said, winking at Doty, who grinned responsively; and the two men walked away together.

"I think that you are unnecessarily alarmed," began Lorimer, when the two were again left alone. "I can see nothing to indicate that a mob ——"

"See here, Lorimer, are you a fool or are you not? I'll tell you now, it is going to take pretty close sailing to get you out of this without a wreck. Sanders and Doty will want to know what to expect. If a sufficient show of force is made, are you going to give Grier up, or are you not?"

"I ought not ——"

"Yes or no!"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what are you palavering for? Go home now and get your supper. Of course, we shall send for you. By the way, it will look better if you come back without being sent for. Anxiety for the prisoner, and all that, you know."

He smiled in approval of his own wit, and walked away in the direction of the jail.

Lorimer did not go home to supper. He wrote a note instead, saying that he would probably be kept in town late, and in that event would not go home at all. Then he sat down in the sheriff's office and thought things over.

Grier might be saved even yet — at the cost of his own political aspirations. Lorimer ground his teeth as he thought of Chichester and of how idiotically he had played into his hands.

In case Grier was surrendered to the mob, would he hold his tongue? Even if he did accuse Lorimer, would his words be taken seriously? Would it not be expected that he would seize upon the veriest straw to save his forfeited life? He would not have time to talk much. Lorimer shuddered.

After a time he went down to the jail again. It was growing late, and few people were on the streets. Even in his absorption, Lorimer noticed this, and knew that the fact was ominous. Sanders and Doty greeted him approvingly.

"He has been calling for you," said Doty languidly. "I guess he is getting suspicious."

Lorimer unlocked the door of the cell and went in. "What is the matter, Grier?" he asked.

"I am getting tired of this," said Grier sullenly. "A mighty little more and I would have given the whole thing away, and then where would the 'sheriff of Bradley' be?"

"Speak lower!" said Lorimer. "Here is your money, Grier."

Grier struggled to his feet.

"No — not yet." Lorimer's keener ears had caught the sound of muffled voices, and his heart grew cold. "You will have to wait a little, Grier. I will see that you get your chance — later."

"Lorimer," exclaimed Grier, "on your honor, there is nothing wrong? I can leave here in an hour?"

"In less than an hour," said Lorimer. "Yes — on my honor."

He closed the door behind him and went outside. The jail was a flimsy affair, ill constructed to resist assault. Five or six men, Cartwright among them, stood outside whispering together. The whispering ceased as Lorimer appeared.

Once outside the jail, the sound made by an advancing multitude was plainly audible. The night was a dark one, and a thin rain was falling.

"What is it, boys?" asked Lorimer.

"The jail is to be attacked," said Cartwright. "The streets outside are thronged with men. Most of them are sober, but a few of them have been drinking at the Spread Eagle since before supper. The sober ones are the worst. I hate to say it, Mr. Lorimer, but there is nothing we can do. I have seen the crowd and I know what I am talking about. They don't want to hurt anybody —— "

"Do you mean that you are standing in with the mob, Cartwright?" asked Lorimer deliberately.

"No, I don't. I do mean, though,— and I don't care who hears me say it,— that I am opposed to the useless sacrifice of life, and that is what this thing is going to amount to if we resist."

"We *will* resist, however," said Lorimer, still playing to the gallery, although fifty feet away the dark bulk of the mob could be dimly seen through the gloom and falling rain. "A word with you, Cartwright."

They walked a little to one side together.

"Grier thinks that he has some claim upon me," said the sheriff hurriedly. "We went to school together, you know. And there is going to be a devil of a row, Cartwright, when he finds out that I am not able to do anything for him. If he appeals to the crowd —— "

"He won't appeal to the crowd," said Cartwright. "He won't get a chance. I don't mind telling you, Lorimer, that this thing will be rushed through in a hurry."

Lorimer muttered something which the other could not hear. Then there came a hail from the darkness.

"Is that you, Lorimer? We want the keys of the jail. In a hurry, too. Do you hear?"

"Come and get them, then," said Lorimer boldly, strong in the knowledge that no harm would be allowed to come to him in any event. "Hold your fire, boys," he said in a lower voice.

There was a murmer — a shout — and Lorimer's pistol exploded in the face of the mob, harmlessly. He was overthrown, and there was a rush into the jail over his prostrate body. It seemed to him that only a moment of dazed confusion had passed when he found himself standing upright again and looking down the barrel of a pistol. A man stood at each elbow. Some one had dragged Grier from his cell with a rope around his neck. Sanders and Doty as well as Cartwright had mysteriously vanished;

the place was luminous with torches, and by their flaring light Grier, bleeding, dusty, and disheveled, faced Lorimer steadily.

He hurled a curse at the sheriff once, but some one struck him across the open mouth with a pistol, and the rest of the sentence was drowned in a rush of blood. It was a cowardly blow, and somehow Lorimer felt that Cartwright must have dealt it, although he had not seen him since the jail was rushed by the mob.

He tried feebly to protest — too feebly.

"This is as good a place as any," said a rough voice. "Here — over that timber, boys, with the rope. Now stand aside, please. You may as well save your breath, Mr. Sheriff."

Grier was dragged under the heavy rafter and the rope fastened more securely about his neck.

"Say, boys, give him a chance for a last word, will you?" said a burly Irishman, and the rope was loosened. It had been drawn too tightly, however. The body collapsed like a bag of rotten grain when the rope was removed, and Grier slid forward on his face.

Lorimer made one step forward, then fell back. "He is dead!" he said, and there was a little catch in his voice.

"Not much. Here, boys, bring some water," said one of the men.

Some one brought a pail, and the contents were dashed over the unhappy man, who staggered to his feet, wiping the blood and water from his face with his sleeve as he arose.

"Have you anything to say before we swing you up?" somebody asked.

The tortured, baited creature faced them resolutely, with all the fear gone from his face. The blood was still flowing from his mouth, but half suffocated, he looked beyond them all at Lorimer's shrinking figure.

"If you ever pray," he said slowly, "pray that there be no other world beyond this; for I swear that if there is, my spirit will haunt you until the day you die."

One or two of the men shrank back a little, but there were many others ready and anxious to take their places. The rope was speedily readjusted. Just as the body was drawn unresistingly upward, there was a little commotion in the crowd; some one pressed the men aside roughly, and a young girl hurried up the steps of the jail.

"My God! am I too late?"

One of the men, with his hand upon the rope, swore softly.

"Cut him down, you cowards! There are a dozen men here whom I recognize. Johnson — Pollett — Andrews — Smith — Bryan — Thompson — I swear that you shall be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law for this night's work!"

A man had followed her closely through the press. They were his hands that cut the rope and laid the body of Jack Grier gently down at her feet.

"She is right," he said coolly. "I believe that the man is dead; and if he is, this will be a hanging business for some of you fellows."

"Get out of the way, if he ain't, and we will finish the job," said a voice from the crowd.

The man standing over the motionless body of Jack Grier turned a little, and a pistol flashed in his hand.

"I don't ask any odds of any man or set of men in Bradley County," he called out, "and you fellows know it. You know me, and that I am acting within my lawful rights as deputy sheriff in ordering you to disperse. And I want you infernal fools to know that I am not afraid of the whole pack of you! I will give you just two minutes to clear out, and the man who stays after that will eat his breakfast in hell!"

A mob is a creature of impulse. "Hurrah for Hardy!" some one shouted.

"Hurrah for the next sheriff of Bradley County!" said another, and the mob wavered a little. "The man is dead anyway," some one near Lorimer whispered. It was Cartwright. "You had better get out of the way, boys, as soon as you can. You know what a fool Hardy is."

One or two men on the outskirts of the crowd drifted away in the darkness. The example was contagious, and others followed. Lorimer would have held his ground, but Agnes Watson looked at him — once.

Hardy had forgotten Lorimer — had forgotten the mob. He stooped and touched the young girl on the shoulder.

"Let me take you home, Miss Agnes," he said softly. "He is dead. No body with life in it falls as his did when I cut the rope."

"Oh, no!" she sobbed. "Not too late! Oh, Jack — Jack!"

"It is too late, Miss Agnes!" Hardy was as tender-hearted as he was brave, and he was crying a little and swearing a good deal out of sympathy with the young girl in her grief. He stooped again and tried to lift her away from the silent figure on the floor.

She drew away from him, and laid her fresh, young lips on the stained ones, under the flickering light of the dying torches.

"Oh, Jack — Jack!" she breathed. "I love you — I have always loved you!"

And then she shrank away with a little cry. The eyes so near her own were staring blankly into her white face. The swollen lips were whispering.

"Aggie, dear, . . . I am not fit, darling. Oh, Aggie, for God's sake, do go away, dear, while I can let you go!"

She shook her head. "I am not going!" she declared. "Never again!"

"Poor, pitiful little soul," he whispered. "I am weak, dear, and there is this cursed appetite — and you would hate me afterwards — " He closed his eyes resolutely and tried to lift his head from her clinging arms. "Hardy!" he called again desperately, but Hardy did not turn. And Agnes stooped again and laid her cheek against his lips.

"You have given me my chance," she whispered, "and I refuse to take it. I will not leave you, Jack."

He got to his feet somehow and held her in his arms.

"Come away, Jack!" she pleaded. "They will be back presently." But he only held her the closer, while the rain still fell drearily and the smoking torches faded, one by one, into darkness.

It was Hardy, at last, who recalled them to the present, and its difficulties.

"You had better come away, Grier," he said sternly, although his eyes were wet. "You are still under arrest, you know, and an unexplained criminal charge is hanging over you — one, too, that will puzzle your lawyer to explain away."

Grier frowned.

"I don't know how or why you appeared so opportunely to-night, Hardy," he said, "when you were supposed to be two hundred miles away and traveling in the opposite direction. But you were kind to me in the old days, and for the sake of the past and — Agnes — I should like you to believe me when I say that although I am nominally guilty, I never had the slightest intention of diverting a cent that did not belong to me to my own use. It is a long story, Hardy, and part of it is not very creditable to me or — others."

Hardy's eyes met his gaze squarely.

"I believe you, Grier," he said. "But it has a nasty look, my lad, and before a jury——"

"It will never come before a jury," said Grier quietly, but there was a look in his eyes that meant much. "Lorimer can exonerate me, Hardy, and he will."

He was able to walk home with Agnes. After that, he and Hardy spent the night together. Through the long hours they talked little, and that to the point, but neither slept. The result of their deliberations was that Hardy carried Lorimer a note from Grier next day that sent him incontinently to bed with a nervous headache.

Grier, too, kept his own room that day, and no one molested him. Cartwright wondered much; things began to have a queer look, and he tried several times to see Lorimer, but the sheriff kept to his bed and his room and would see no one.

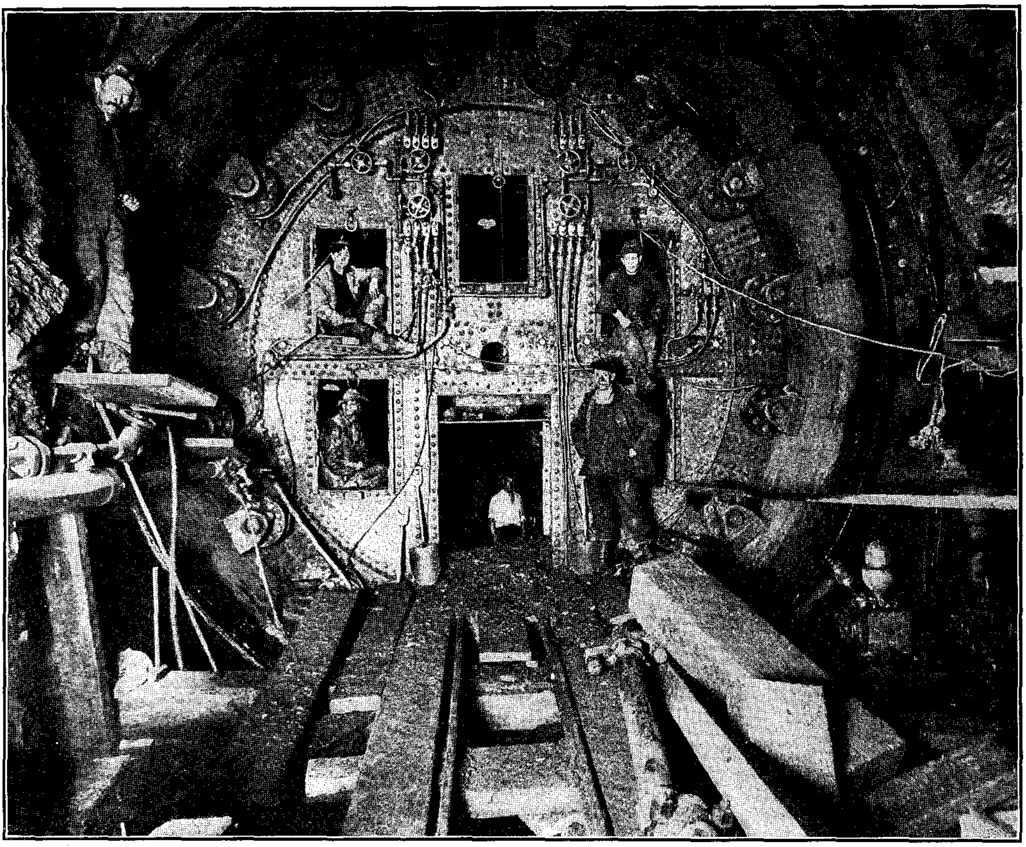
There was a wedding that evening in the Watson home. Hardy, who was one of the invited guests, sent for Lorimer; but the sheriff still obstinately refused to leave his room, until Grier sent another note. Then he yielded to the inevitable.

Grier received him alone. What passed between them none but Agnes ever knew. At the close of the interview, however, the two entered the sitting-room and faced the others.

"I only wanted to say," said Lorimer in a low voice, "that there has been a mistake, and one which I sincerely regret. Mr. Grier was in the court-house night before last by my express invitation. By previous appointment it was understood that he was to meet me there. Mr. Grier was very reluctant to meet me at that time and that hour, and it was only after the strongest pressure was brought to bear that he yielded to my wishes. At the time of his arrest I tried to explain, but was given no time; tried to resist the mob —— "

His voice trailed into silence.

Cartwright looked at him in utter surprise, as did the others; but he went away without another word. One by one his friends averted their faces as he passed.



Courtesy of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company

SHIELD AND SHIELD-CHAMBER IN THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL, NEW YORK

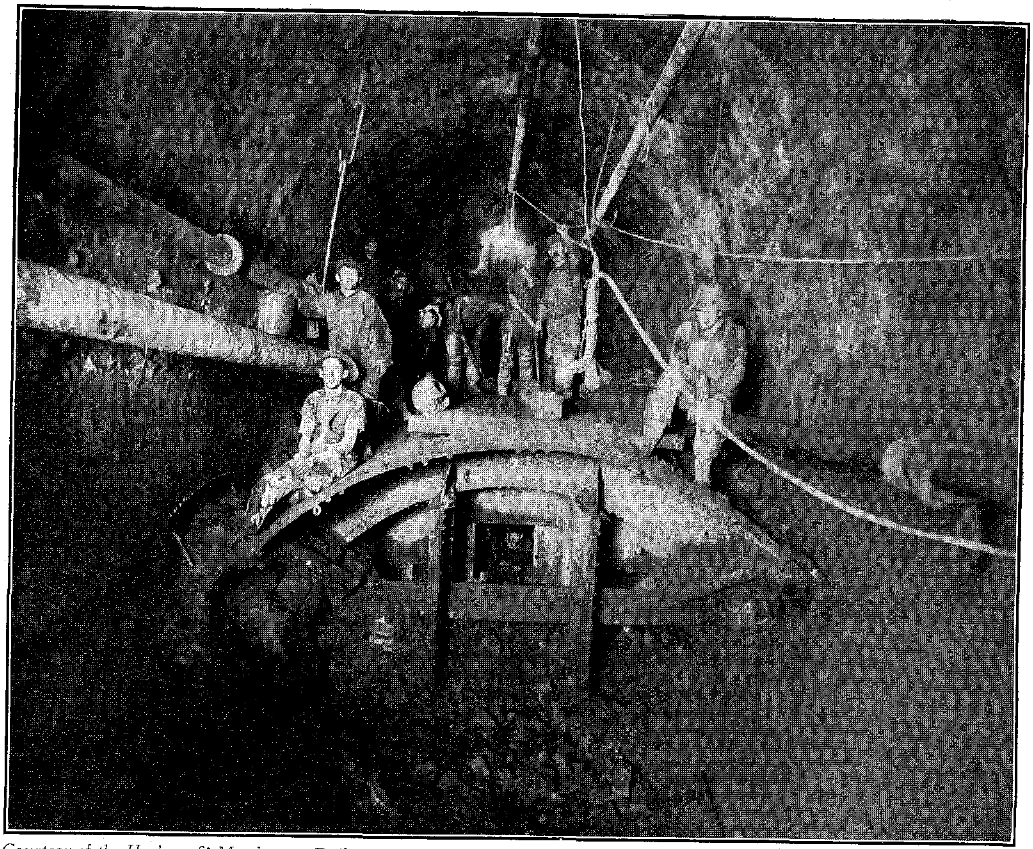
THE WEB-FOOT ENGINEER

BY

BENJAMIN BROOKS

WHILE the "tallest building in the world"—which is always being built somewhere in New York—continues to absorb popular wonder and attention, and the great cantilevers and suspension-bridges continue to bear up under their weight of criticism without visible means of support, the most important but least spectacular individual concerned in their existence continues his unobtrusive subterranean operations almost unknown, except as he may from time to time annoy us with the blocking of a thoroughfare or the creation of a local earthquake. Thus the term "skyscraper" is an old one, while the term "earthscraper" was invented but yesterday. I have spoken of this retiring person as web-footed because, as with ducks and cranes and other animals thus endowed by nature, the business of his life is in the mud, the shifty quicksand, and under water; and whatever he may lack in the spectacular or picturesque, he is nevertheless most worthy of notice for his unequaled ingenuity.

The web-foot engineer has three main problems to deal with: to support a tremendous weight over soft mud or quicksand; to open and maintain a clear passage through it; to drain it off and eliminate it altogether. Out of these three main problems grow an endless combination of difficulties that he must devise means of overcoming; but in all of them enters his arch-enemy, water—water, the basis of all big engineering, locater of railways and thoroughfares,



Courtesy of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company

THE SHIELD AT WORK IN THE JERSEY APPROACH OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL

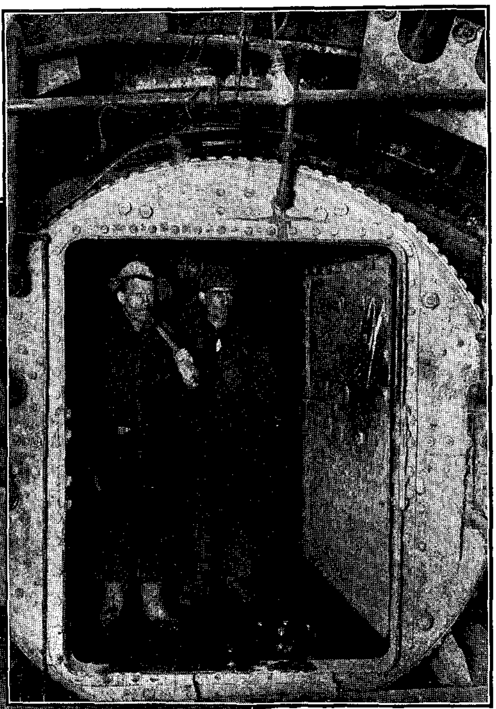
distributor of population, maker of treaties, destroyer of man's half-baked, faint-hearted attempts, but conserver of his truly great works.

There is an old, shop-worn fallacy that the great man is always at hand awaiting the occasion that will bring him out of oblivion and put him on his mettle; but the two greatest cities in the world both waited years in an over-crowded, river-girt condition, loudly proclaiming the occasion for a great man; yet it was a long time before he came to liberate them. He appeared early in the last century to the city of London after that town had overflowed its bridges for generations, and he presented a scheme for driving a tunnel under the Thames through the comparatively soft clay. Everybody knew that so large a hole as a tunnel could not be dug and kept open under the Thames; but if a short, portable piece of completed tunnel could be continuously pushed ahead and added to from behind, what then? He conceived a steel contrivance just a trifle bigger around than the tunnel was to be, shaped in about the proportions of a baking-powder can, with no bottom and no top, but having a diaphragm or partition across the middle of it. When this had been sunk down and started on the line of the tunnel, the forward part of the shell would hold up the overhanging mud sufficiently so that men could work through little doorways in the partition, digging the earth from in front and loading it into cars to be carried out behind; and at the same time, on the interior of the after portion, other men could bolt together the steel or iron sections of the tunnel lining.

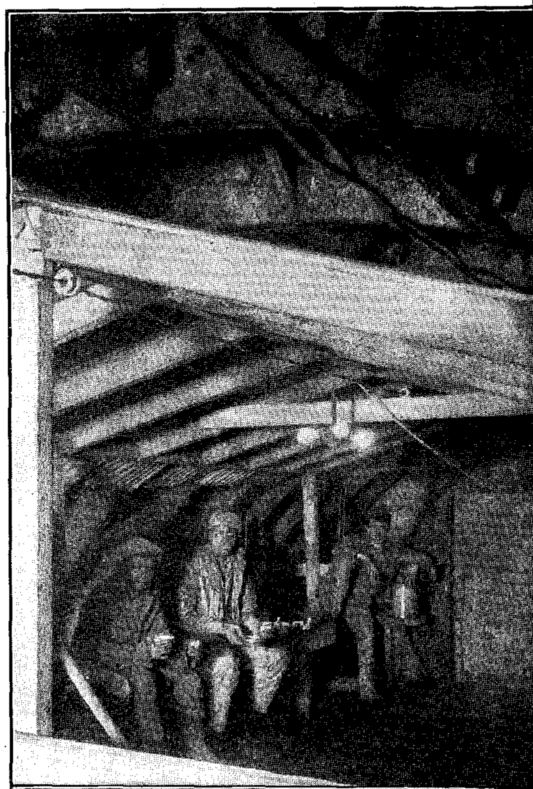
A short section having been completed in this manner, the whole machine could push itself ahead with a kick—that is, with powerful hydraulic jacks pressing against the completed part of the tunnel. Imagine having forced a large, empty sugar barrel horizontally into a bank of earth, first having knocked out both heads. By crawling into the barrel a man could, with considerable discomfort and perspiration, dig away the earth some little distance in advance of the barrel, and, given something to kick against, he could push himself and his barrel farther into the cavity he had dug. Now, if another man were to hand him the necessary staves and *internal* hoops, he could build a second and slightly smaller barrel partly inside of the first one. He might then do more digging and more pushing ahead, until he had proceeded far enough to build a second small barrel and fit it tightly to the end of the first small barrel. In this way, since a small barrel always lapped partly inside of the big one in which he worked, the earth could never cave in and cut him off from daylight; and so long as he was provided with staves, hoops, food, water, and air, he could burrow on indefinitely.

Such, in a nutshell, was the idea of a certain web-foot engineer, Sir Marc Brunel, in 1824—the simplest, best, most ingenious idea that has occurred to engineers in many years. The great cities had waited for it so long that they accepted it ravenously. Tunnels burrowed under the Thames, the Seine, the Hudson. Poor old tunnels that had set out without it and gone bankrupt at the discouraging rate of a few inches a week, took on a new lease of life and set out again at many feet a day; and they are going yet—all day and all night, steadily, blindly, but surely, on under the rivers to set the cities free.

Of course the original idea has to be modified



"SANDHOGS" COMING OUT OF AN AIRLOCK IN THE EAST RIVER TUNNEL, N. Y.



WORKMEN EATING LUNCH IN THE EAST RIVER TUNNEL UNDER A COMPRESSED AIR PRESSURE OF FIFTEEN POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH

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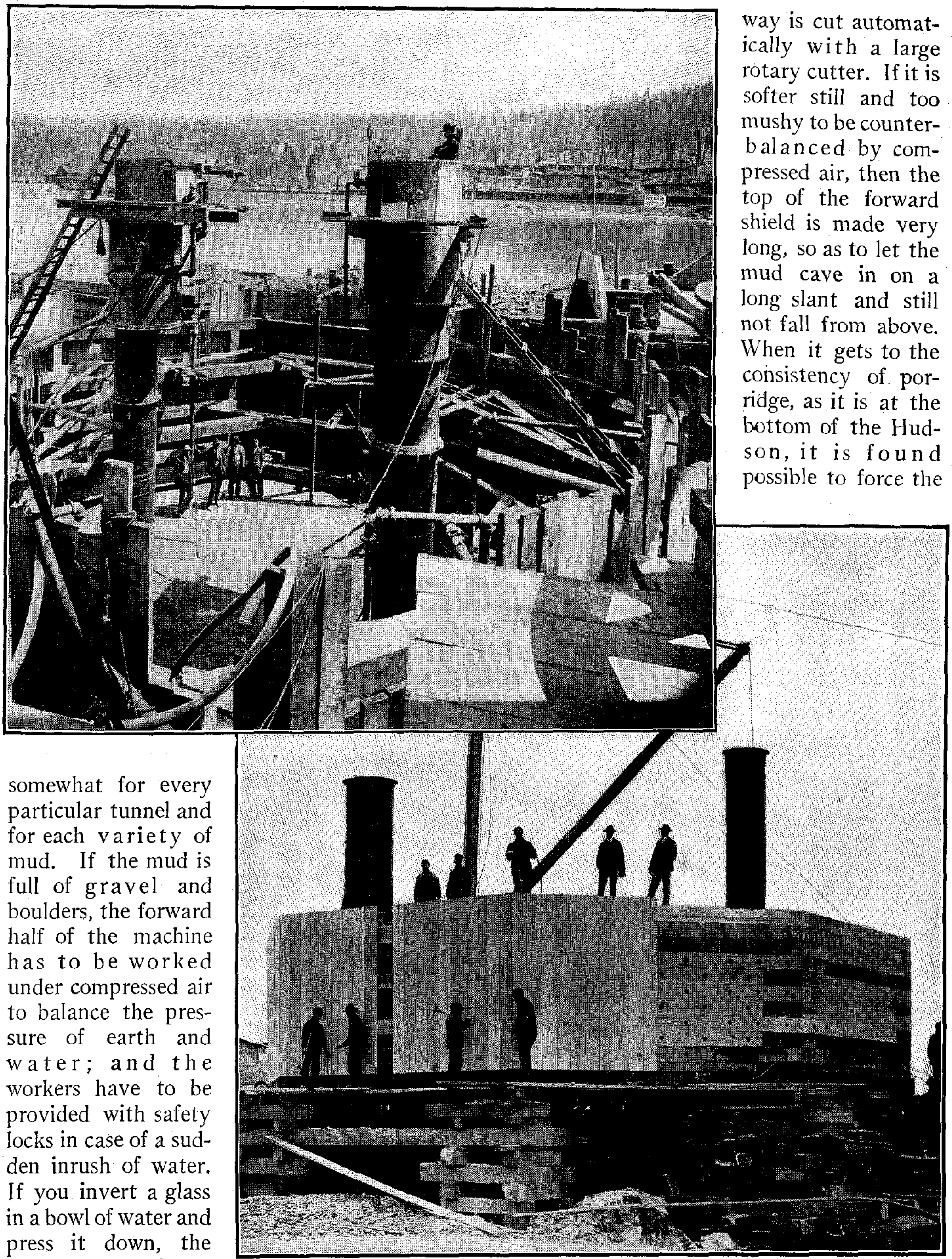
WORKING WITH A STEAM DRILL IN FRONT OF THE SHIELD UNDER THE EAST RIVER



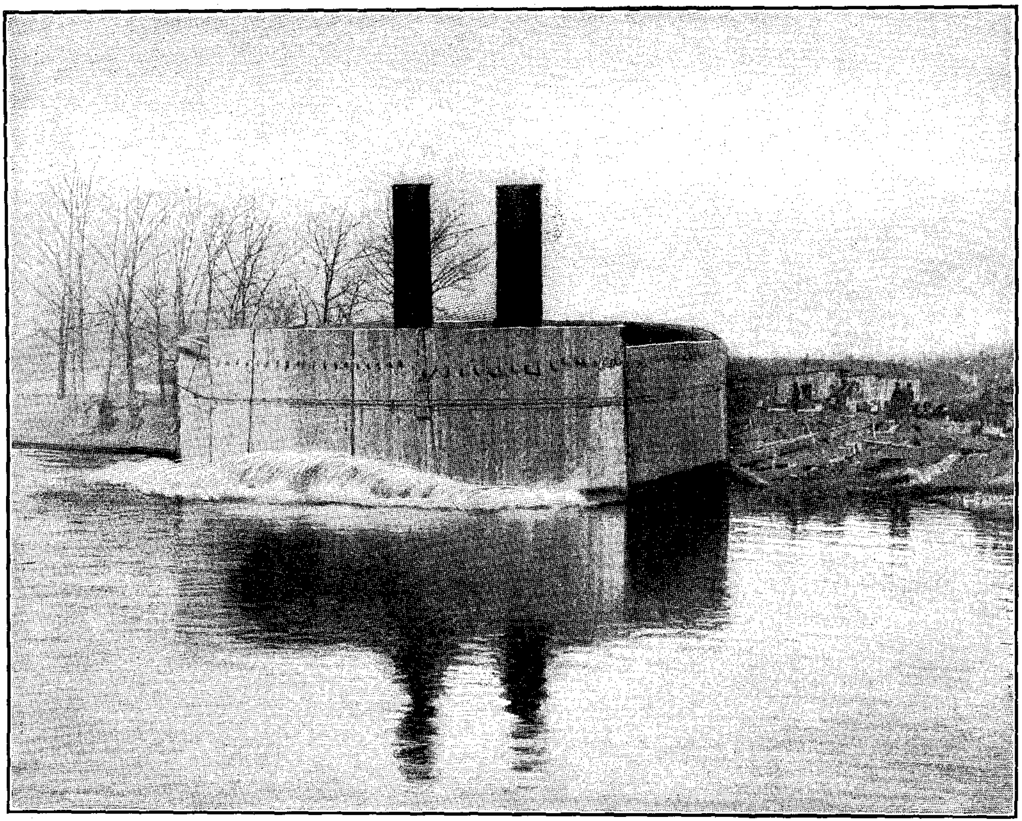
Courtesy of the Foundation Company, New York

TWO VIEWS SHOWING A CAISSON IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

TWO AIR-LOCKS WERE USED, FOR SAFETY IN CASE OF AN ACCIDENT. THE CAISSON WAS EMPLOYED IN PIER-FOUNDATION WORK

somewhat for every particular tunnel and for each variety of mud. If the mud is full of gravel and boulders, the forward half of the machine has to be worked under compressed air to balance the pressure of earth and water; and the workers have to be provided with safety locks in case of a sudden inrush of water. If you invert a glass in a bowl of water and press it down, the water will not rise to any extent in the glass. On this principle, little inverted steel pockets are made for the men to retreat into in case of accident and keep their heads above water until assistance can come.

If, on the other hand, the earth is tough and regular instead of being dug out by miners the way is cut automatically with a large rotary cutter. If it is softer still and too mushy to be counterbalanced by compressed air, then the top of the forward shield is made very long, so as to let the mud cave in on a long slant and still not fall from above. When it gets to the consistency of porridge, as it is at the bottom of the Hudson, it is found possible to force the shield ahead without any digging, merely letting the mud ooze through the partition doors and shoveling it into the cars. At times it was thought possible to force ahead without opening the doors at all — merely pushing the mud out of



Courtesy of the Foundation Company, New York

THE SAME CAISSON BEING LAUNCHED IN THE HARLEM RIVER

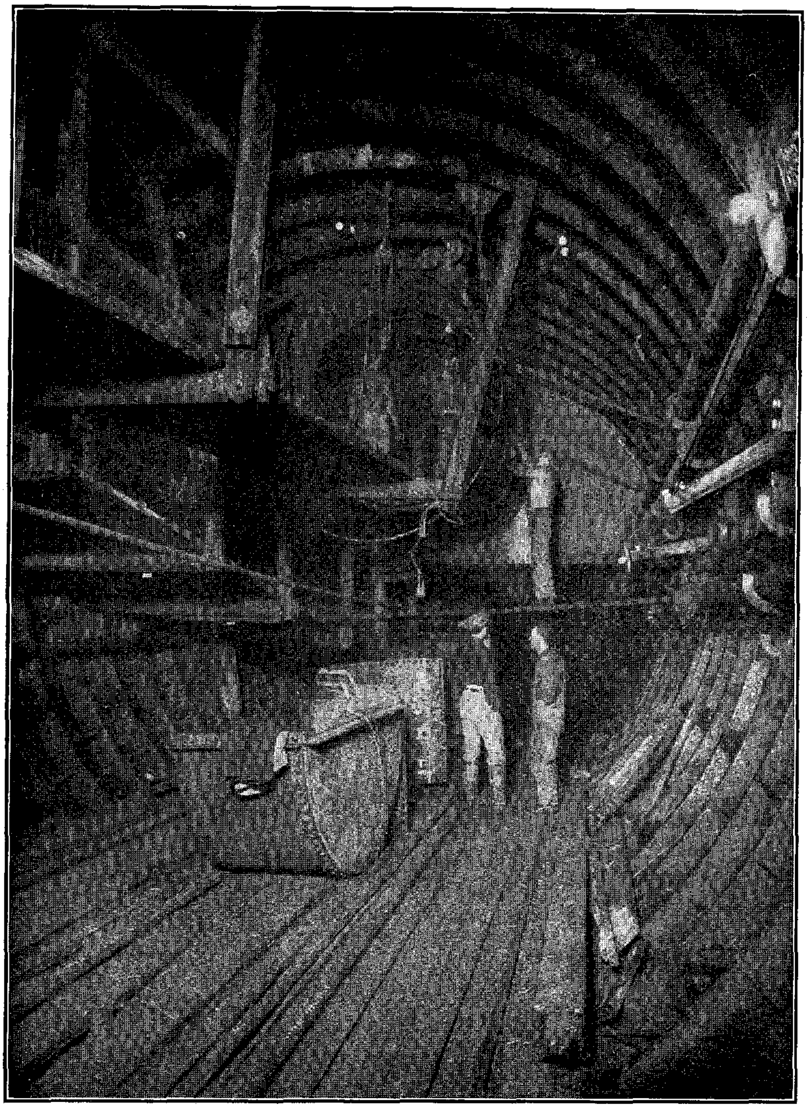
AS IT SANK, THE CAISSON WAS FILLED WITH CONCRETE, AND THE WEIGHT OF THE CONCRETE COUNTERBALANCED THE LIFTING PRESSURE OF THE COMPRESSED AIR

the way; but this was too simple to be strictly according to the rules of the game, and the obstacle presented itself that the extra weight of this overcrowded mud was enough to lift or float the whole tunnel up out of its proper alinement.

Again, in the Boston Tunnel, the mud was so accommodating as to stand up almost without support, so that the whole machine was reduced to a simple steel arch on rollers without any partition at all.

Another of the web-foot engineer's problems — to support a great weight on or over mud — would seem to be simpler than the under-water tunnel problem; and, up to a certain limit, it is. If the soil is capable of holding only one ton on each square foot, and a certain column is to sustain five hundred tons, all one has to do is to spread out its base by crisscrossed steel beams and concrete slabs to the extent of five hundred square feet — if one has the room; and if the adjoining columns are close enough to it so that their bases touch, you have your structure floating on one continuous slab. Nothing could be simpler or easier — unless some other man with an equally heavy structure to support comes to excavate a foundation alongside of yours, and the mud runs out from under you. I was once talking with a well-borer in Boston who put down wells, elevator-rams, test holes for engineers, and so on. He probably knew more about the underground condition of his town than any other citizen. "If," said he, "I were ever called on to lay siege to Boston, it would not be with guns, fire, or dynamite. I should simply sink a pit down near the Post-Office, where John Winthrop's spring still shows up, install a big pump, and begin sucking out the quicksand. In about two days every large building in town would be a wreck." And so it undoubtedly would be.

This brings us to the ancient expedient of pile-driving. Many thousands of years ago the more ingenious and weaker part of the population of central Europe maintained itself against the more warlike and less mechanically skilful part by building itself pile villages out over the lakes. And the stumps of the piles on which Caesar crossed over the Rhine are still to be found, in proof that his luminous Commen-



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PUTTING ANOTHER AIR-LOCK INTO THE TUBE UNDER THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK

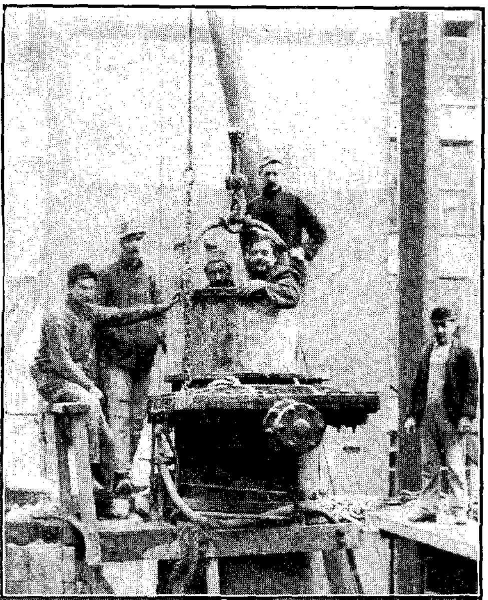
taries are not fiction; yet, even in this late day, the science is still young, and every few months bring forth an improvement in the making and driving of piles. In fact, so perverse and unexpected is the behavior of piling that I doubt if it can ever be reduced to a science. For instance, you may drive a ninety-foot pile into soft river mud so easily that it will fall of its own weight to a penetration of twenty or thirty feet, and go indefinitely two or three feet to the blow of a fairly heavy hammer; and, having driven it, you may immediately hook a line to it and pull it out again. But allow it to remain driven for an hour or so, and you may sink a forty-ton barge and break every line in your outfit trying to budge it. Similarly you may pound for an hour on the unfortunate head of a pile that penetrates quicksand. A horse or a man could not stand for a minute on the spot without sinking out of sight; yet the pile, as if being driven on a rubber buffer, will bounce stubbornly under every blow, but sink scarcely a hair's breadth. Moreover, having, in the course of a long and discouraging day, succeeded in getting two or three bents down to a minimum depth, you may return next morning to see your whole day's work floated up and out during the night and idly sunning itself on a sand-bar a few miles downstream. Yet if you were wise enough to run a long pipe down by the pile as it was being driven, and keep a stream of water forced down through it to bore away the sand, you would find, immediately on withdrawing the pipe and stopping the water, that the pile was stuck fast, there to remain forever. Nobody knows how much a pile of given length and girth will bear till he tries it; but the holding power as compared with any spread-out surface footing is enormous.

It unfortunately happens, however, that although a sound stick of timber will remain such in thoroughly wet earth for ten thousand years, it cannot be trusted to last ten years in dry soil. Furthermore, if it stand in salt sea water, that harmless-looking but very costly long white worm, the teredo,— which, although neither ugly nor venomous, wears a boring-mill on its head,— will certainly make short work of it. Ten months in temperate water is all he needs to make honeycomb of the best stick of pine that ever grew.

To prevent this destruction and decay, then, it is obviously necessary to stop all timber work underground, below the possibility of dryness; and

WORKMEN GOING INTO AN AIR-LOCK

Courtesy of Mr. T. Kennard Thomson

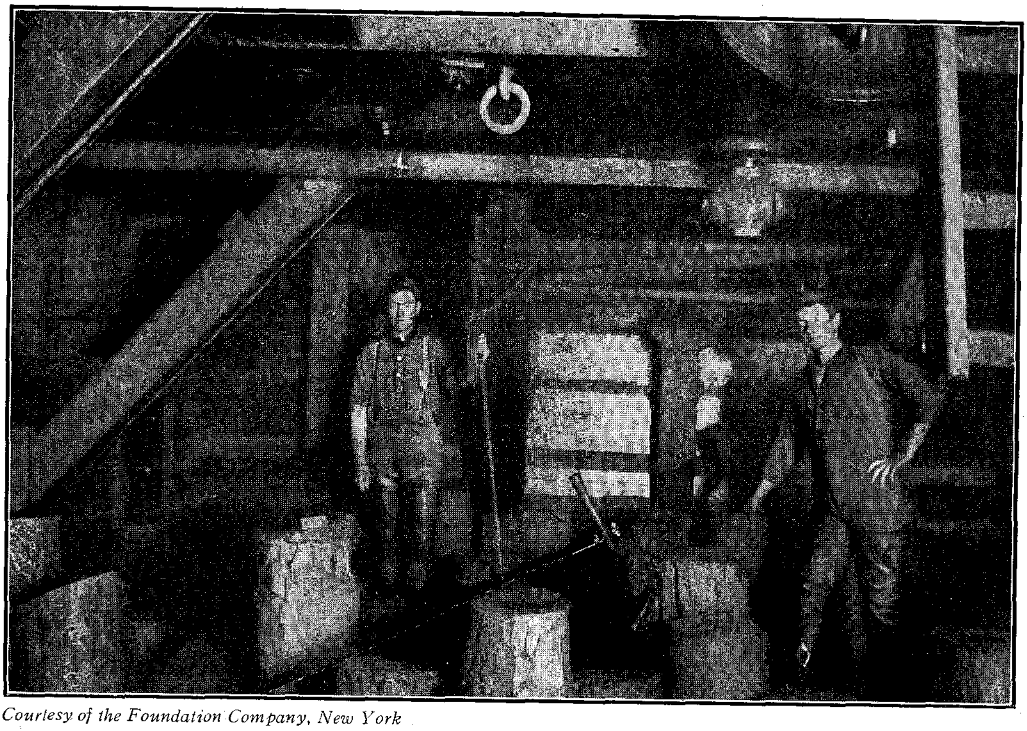


Courtesy of the Hudson & Manhattan R. R. Co.

MEN AT WORK IN A CAISSON UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER

Courtesy of the Hudson & Manhattan R. R. Co.

TRANSPORTING CAISSONS FOR THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL ON TRUCKS



Courtesy of the Foundation Company, New York

CUTTING OFF THE HEADS OF PILES BELOW WATER LEVEL

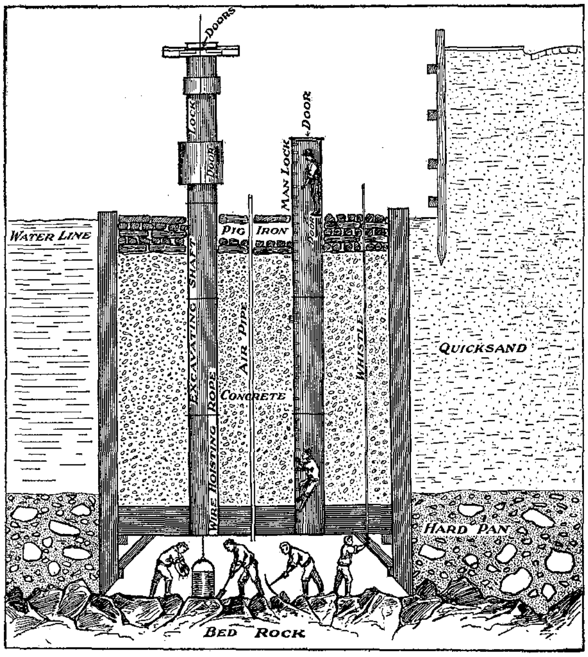
THE CAISSON SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE WAS USED AS A DIVING-BELL, IT BEING THE FIRST TIME THAT A CAISSON WAS USED IN THIS MANNER. AN UPPER COMPARTMENT WAS BUILT, AND THE WATER WAS ALLOWED TO RUN INTO IT, THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER CAUSING THE CAISSON TO SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER. THE WORK WAS THEN DONE UNDER COMPRESSED AIR

this is what takes most foundation work out of the hands of the top-soil contractor and places it in the hands of the web-foot. There is always some place in New York, and most other large cities in America, where he is to be seen making day and night and the neighboring property hideous with his smoking, pounding drivers and creaking derricks. First you see him taking great pains to build himself a water-tight dam of driven planks (he refers to them as sheet piling) or steel staves. Then come his bulky timbers as thick as a man's body, blocking the streets temporarily; and after these are placed, his ravenous bucket begins to bite out the dirt from the inclosure. Then his driver pounds down the piles that are to do the supporting of the piers, forcing them below the water, and driving them still farther with another short pile mounted temporarily upon their vanished heads. After this he has the choice of pumping out the water and sawing them off evenly, or of rigging a buzz-saw on a long, vertical, revolving shaft to cut them off under water. He has a like choice in placing his pier upon their heads. With the water pumped away, he may make a dry-land job of it; or, leaving the water standing, he may lower the concrete in specially constructed buckets that remain tight until they touch bottom and then accommodatingly dump their cargoes without allowing them to be washed away; or he may drop all the concrete down through a steel or canvas pipe moved about over the pile-heads, or deposit it sewed up in bags. New Yorkers who habitually passed the site will remember seeing these piling and capping operations going on to make foundations for the then heaviest and tallest Park Row Building.

All these processes are delightfully simple to write down, but gray hairs and insomnia lurk in their actual doing. I once developed slight symptoms of this sort over a project — the building of a line of piers through a marshland where a railway crossed a slough that promised some day to be dredged out and made navigable water. On account of the modest shell-headed worm, piles had to be cut off thirty-five feet below tide — which meant about the same distance below ground. Everything went beautifully. The sheet piling went in like a gimlet into cheese, the big buckets ate up a yard of mud a minute, and the discharge water from the pumps sluiced it out to sea. Everybody was happy. But when the excavation was forty feet deep and the pile-driving began at that level, all happiness ceased. The very first pile that went down penetrated a limitless reservoir of quicksand. In an hour the pile had become the center of a funnel-shaped crater another forty feet deep below the pit, from which spouted up tons of sand and water; and, in spite of all the pumping that could be done, the big excavation that had taken so many weeks to dig was full again. Moreover, having been undermined to the extent of what flowed into the excavation, the entire surrounding territory for a radius of a thousand feet began to sink. Down went the trestle and the track; down went the big derrick and rolled over on its side, steaming and sputtering in the mud. Down went all the sheet piling slowly into the water, till the sea rolled in over its top; but the cracking and bursting of the great struts within could still be heard as the splinters came floating to the surface. I have never seen a more disheartening wreck. It seems to me the imagination can never grasp the meaning of such a phrase, for instance, as "one hundred tons," nor grasp the immensity of the powers of earth and water, till he happens to upset their equilibrium and see them working in ponderous relentlessness against him.

But were the pier-builders in this instance discouraged? Not at all. They immediately despaired of making any money on the project, but not at all of finishing it. They diked off the sea, they set up and hosed off the derrick-car, began slowly lowering the water and replacing the broken timbers so far as they could; and then allowed the pit to flood again. Then, with the weight of sea water in the pit to counterbalance the quicksand, they dug blindly and slowly through the water. The sand held; and taking courage at this, they began again to drive piles. Everybody watched breathlessly the first pile to see if the sand would again gush forth; but the weight of the water continued to hold it. So the piles were driven as the digging had been done — patiently and blindly through water. Once the "follower" pile slipped so that the great hammer struck down on nothing and the tall driver fell in a heap of kindling-wood, and the top man was carried away to the hospital; but they rebuilt and went on. Then came the diver in his helmet and leaden shoes to go down and cut off the piles at the right level. This was the most expensive process to the builders, but the most interesting to the onlookers; for to sit on the dike and watch the long pile-heads emerge miraculously from the deep and leap like porpoises in the air was more fun than a cock-fight. Finally came the filling with concrete through the long pipe until enough solid concrete had been placed to equal the weight of water. Then the water could safely be pumped out and the worst was over.

This being merely a sample of the many difficulties of web-foot operations, it is small wonder that many schemes are afoot to make piles of concrete so that they will not have to be cut off at such low levels. A look at the advertising pages of any engineering magazine will show that much gray matter is being expended now in that direction. There are concrete piles that are driven by first driving a steel pile surrounded by a thin steel skin. The pile is pulled out again, leaving the skin to be filled with concrete. Others are made by driving a pipe with a steel point and then pulling it up. As it comes up, the steel point opens like a walnut, so that concrete can be rammed down through it to fill the hole. And there are piles that are molded in boxes above ground and driven like wooden ones, save that the water is jetted down through a pipe in the middle of them. But all these have their disadvantages. Who can say, when a pile is made underground, that it is perfect? Who can say, when a pile is driven, that it is



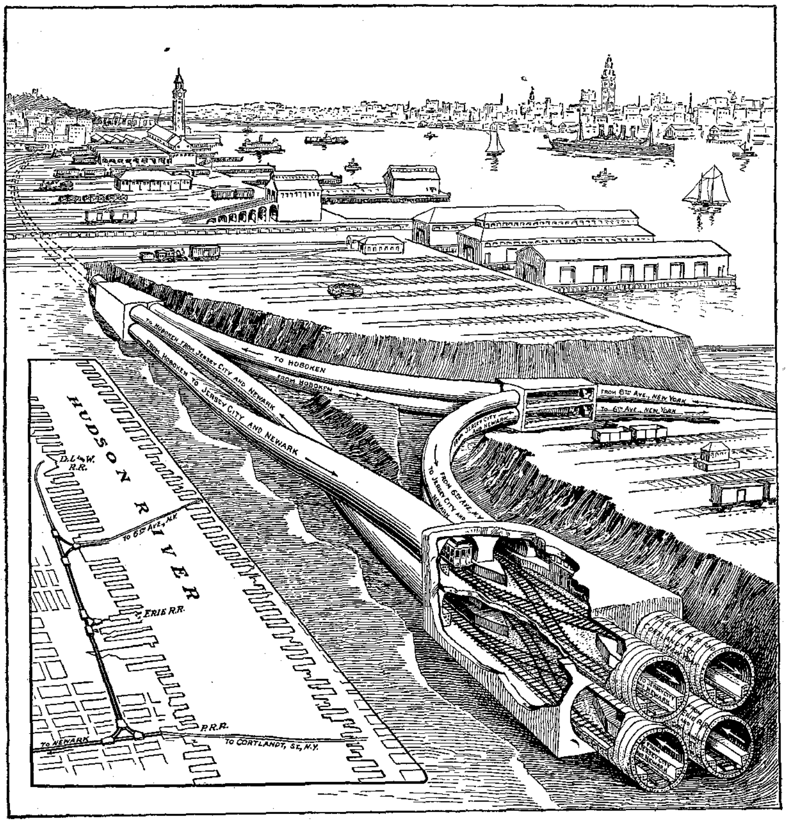
Courtesy of Mr. T. Kennard Thomson

SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING THE METHOD EMPLOYED IN CONSTRUCTING THE FOUNDATION OF A NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPER not cracked? Who can say why the famous concrete piles in Baltimore Bay are rotting at the water's surface? Concrete of the modern reinforced variety has been the cause of more bitter disappointment than any material we use. It will be difficult indeed to find a substitute for that good timber that Mr. Pinchot is so anxious for us to save, and that, when properly placed, will remain sound after steel is rusted, and concrete is crumbled, and gold itself is tarnished.

It will easily be seen that piling of any sort has its limitations. Supposing the Boston well-borer to be correct, then, if such a pit as we have described were dug in any city, obviously the whole neighborhood would fall into it were it not all based on unyielding ground.

Foreseeing this possibility and its consequences, Mr. F. H. Kimball had the commendable obstinacy to insist that the foundations of the Manhattan Life Building in New York should go down to solid rock. Notwithstanding much adverse criticism at the outset, his idea was finally accepted so completely that, during the following fifteen years, New York became the greatest deep-foundation city in the world. Nowhere else do men go dry-shod eighty-five feet below water-level without intervening barrier — as they did under the Mutual Life Building — and come back to tell about it. Nowhere else do caissons sink at the rate of two feet an hour, as they did on the sites of the North Trinity and United States Realty buildings. Nowhere else does one come upon complete portable air-compressing plants that will stand carting about a city, and when set down are capable of sucking in, compressing, and cooling a column of air a foot square at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. The New England coast has its six- and seven-masted schooners; but New York is the only known cruising-ground of the four-masted, four-boomed, electric-driven, rapid-hoisting, self-turning, portable derrick.

The colossal mistake by which New York was originally located is now of incalculable value to our engineering profession; the fact that it stands upon an island several sizes too small, surrounded and partly overlaid by sixty feet of mud, has developed more real engineers in America than all the technical colleges that we have.


TO HOBOKEN
FROM HOBOKEN
TO HOBOKEN FROM JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
FROM HOBOKEN TO JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
FROM 6th AVE., NEW YORK
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JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
FROM 6th AVE., N.Y. TO JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
TO JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
FROM JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK
HUDSON RIVER
D.L.&W. R.R.
TO 6th AVE., N.Y.
ERIE R.R.
P.R.R.
TO NEWARK
TO CORTLANDT, ST., N.Y.

Courtesy of the Scientific American

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE JUNCTION OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUBES WITH THOSE ALONG THE JERSEY SHORE

In the caisson, as elsewhere in engineering, we find the principle foolishly simple, but the exigencies by the way both dangerous and difficult. Imagine a circular steel chimney, having two air-tight dampers in the middle of it, to be stood on end in soft ground. Obviously its weight, resting on its thin edge, would force it down like a pastry-cutter through dough. If, then, a man got into its interior and began digging and passing out the dirt in buckets or sacks, he could continue to lower the earth level inside and the chimney would continue to sink; but after three or four feet the water, which he could not remove faster than it ran in, would bring him to a halt. Now, a column or a stick of water an inch square and a foot high weighs about half a pound. Therefore, if air were pumped into the chimney below the dampers until it pressed half a pound on every square inch of it, the water would subside one foot; if five pounds, ten feet; if fifty pounds, one hundred feet, and so on. The earth could be passed or hoisted out past the dampers without allowing the air to escape, just as a boat passes through a canal lock without wasting more than the lockful of water. But the unfortunate "sandhog," the crouching, sweating digger of earth inside the chimney, is seldom found who could stand fifty pounds of air on every square inch of him, inside and out, and there is the difficulty.

There are other difficulties. Suppose the air-pressure more than counterbalances the chimney — the caisson; then tons of iron or concrete must be piled on it to sink it; sometimes it is possible to use the future pier for this purpose. Suppose the air more than balances the water and blows out, causing a leak and the sudden imprisonment of Mr. Sandhog. Suppose, on the other hand, that through the breakage of a pipe or the explosion of a cylinder, it falls below normal. There again is danger. It is all danger, in a way, until the caisson is safely down on hard rock and filled with concrete. When we arrive at a habitable structure like the Metropolitan Tower, seven hundred feet high, standing ankle-deep in sixty feet of mud, with nearly four thousand tons bearing on every ankle, we see that man is "monkeying" with weights and balances so enormous that they outrun his imagination. Mathematics is his only medium for arriving at them.

More baffling still, the constitution and endurance of Mr. Sandhog himself cannot bescientifically determined. He may, at any moment, with the pressure of three additional atmospheres upon him drop with heart failure, or be struck with paralysis, or come out of his caisson, after a brief hour and a half's work, stone-deaf for the rest of his days. All miscalculations, oversights, accidents, and blunders in this business are payable in human life. No large undertaking of this sort is without its tragedy, and one has but to stop and read the familiar little tablet on Brooklyn Bridge to be set thinking of the prices we have to pay for the things we have to have.

Yet, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered by the way and the very rapid development of his art, the modern web-foot has carried on his operations so scientifically that to-day we have the astonishing but perfectly sane statement of Mr. O. F. Semsch, the designer of the Singer Building frame, that, given a lot two hundred feet square *and* the trifling sum of $60,000,000, he could erect a building or tower two thousand feet high which would stand perfectly firm against sinking or blowing over, and be well within all the building ordinances of the city.

In order to appreciate the great jump-off from ancient custom that had to be made in order to accomplish these things, we need take only the most superficial glance at the older structures. The Pyramids are securely founded on high and dry rock; therefore above reproach. Most of the Roman edifices are also on hills. The Tiber, being an intermittent stream, enabled the Romans to build a few good bridges during dry seasons; but the Forum, being on marshland, is an engineering botch, and the Cloaca Maxima so persistently apt to get stopped up that for hundreds of years the whole works were abandoned and used for a dump. Going a little further, we have the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna, not to be compared in weight to a large modern factory chimney, yet able to show us how lamentably weak the old fellows were the minute they got a bit bogged; and in Venice we see the most striking example of how an entire city, although beautifully architectured, was never properly foundationed.

The costly buildings of Chicago, standing on shallow grillage and sinking so many inches a year, serve to emphasize at what a late date builders still hesitated to venture into the unstable depths.

Considering, then, the courageous jump-off from all precedent and established custom that the web-foot engineer has had to make, it is not surprising to find that the "father of civil engineering" in modern times was himself a pioneer web-foot. John Rennie was originally a mill constructor. But when the tide washed the foundations out from under his mills at Blackfriars Bridge, he was forced into matters of a larger sort. He earned his title by draining off that part of England which the appropriately named River Ouse had made into a hopeless swamp (a job that baffled even the great Cromwell), thereby furnishing the first and best example of the web-foot's third problem, wherein, by a system of dikes and ditches, he "un-waters" the land and renders it fit for cultivation. The magnificent Waterloo Bridge across the Thames is also his work,— his monument,— and when one looks upon this and the adjoining massive structures, which better than anything else portray the true solidity and grandeur of the English people, it is hard to believe that they are all standing knee-deep in river mud.

Rennie has his engineering descendants in every large modern city — in almost every large project of any kind; but especially are they to be found in our tallest, heaviest city of all — men far more worthy to be proud of than the world's records they have broken, or the inventions they have made: Mr. J. T. O'Rourke, who proposed the first circular caisson and invented a way to remove the roof or partition immediately over Mr. Sandhog's head so as to render the concrete pier one solid piece instead of two; Mr. John W. Doty and Mr. Daniel E. Moran, who simplified it further, making the future concrete pier serve to sink itself and arranging trap doors of such lightning action that the bucket and its muddy contents make a trip every minute; Mr. T. Kennard Thomson, who designs the four-masted derricks and whom I suspect of having everything to do with the speed records made in sinking caissons; Mr. Alfred Noble and Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, under whose supervision the East River and North River tunnels were designed; Mr. Samuel Rea, who passed upon all the plans, and directed the entire work; Mr. E. W Moir, who personally supervised its execution: to say nothing of the assistants and resident engineers — Harrison, Brace, Mason, Woodward, Japp, Manton, who "slept on the job," worried over it, perspired over it, dreamed of it in whatever sleep they were fortunate enough to get. It is they whom I have respectfully termed web-foot engineers, who have transformed a small river-girt, rock-backed, swamp-covered scarcely habitable island, originally worth twenty-four dollars, into what is now, in some respects, the most livable, though in other respects the most unlivable, but at all events the most lived upon, most densely populated, richest spot under the sun.

THE PIPES O' GORDON'S MEN

BY J. SCOTT GLASGOW

HOME comes a lad with the bonnie hair,
And the kilted plaid that the hill-clans wear;
And you hear the Mother say,
"Whear ha' ye bin, my Laddie, whear ha' ye bin th' day?"
"Oh! I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;
Dinna ye hear the bag-pipes play?
And I followed the soldiers across the green,
And doon th' road ta Aberdeen.
And when I'm a man, my Mother,
And th' grenadiers parade,
I'll be marchin' there, wi' my Father's pipes,
And I'll wear th' red cockade."

Beneath the Soudan's sky ye ken the smoke,
As the clans reply when the tribesmen spoke.
Then the charge roars by!
The death-sweat clings to the kilted form that the stretcher brings,
And the iron-nerved surgeons say,
"Whear ha' ye bin, my Laddie, whear ha' ye bin th' day?"
"Oh, I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;
Dinna ye hear th' bag-pipes play?
And I piped the clans from the river-barge
Across the sands — and through the charge.
And I — skirled the — pibroch — keen — and high,
But th' pipes — bin broke — and — my — lips — bin — dry."

JOSEPHSON

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

HE was a little rat-like man with a sort of limpid fear in his face. He seemed at the same time awry and dried, a very sad rag that had been thoroughly wrung. And he was half asleep; and kept mumbling over and over, "I wonder . . . I wonder."

Now, I am not going to tell you where this happened, except so far as to say it was in a Press Club where newspaper men and dramatists and critics and the palaverers on perishable things came and gathered and went. But if you will take a compass and jab one leg of it into New York and swing the other within six hours of New York, the town will lie within your circle.

He kept on saying: "I wonder . . . I wonder about myself . . . maybe I . . . I wonder"; and he screwed up one eye at me and took me in. There was calmness about his alcoholic survey, as if he carefully sought an effect. There was also a limp garrulousness about his mouth. He seemed a sensitive man who set much store by his choice of words and confoundedly little by his choice of deeds. Of course he must have been a newspaper man of some sort, or he would not have been at this club. I had a look at him, put a dry cigar into my mouth, took "The Hound of Heaven" out of my pocket, and sat down to read.

An important waiter came with a match-box.

"I wonder . . . I wonder . . . maybe that's my fm-m-m-m——" He said something indistinctly, something that I could not quite catch.

"'E always is that way," whispered the waiter, to my eyebrows of inquiry. "Name's Josephson, sir."

"I wonder . . . probably me, too . . . maybe it'll be the same way with my fm-m-m-m," wabbled the thin, maudlin voice behind my shoulder.

I laid Thompson aside and wheeled around. "Say, tell me," I said. Then waited. "Huh?"

He screwed up his left eye again.

"Yes—me," I went on, and waited again.

His chin and hand trembled. It was one-thirty in the morning. "You want to hear?"

I nodded and called the waiter. "Give Mr. Josephson a drink."

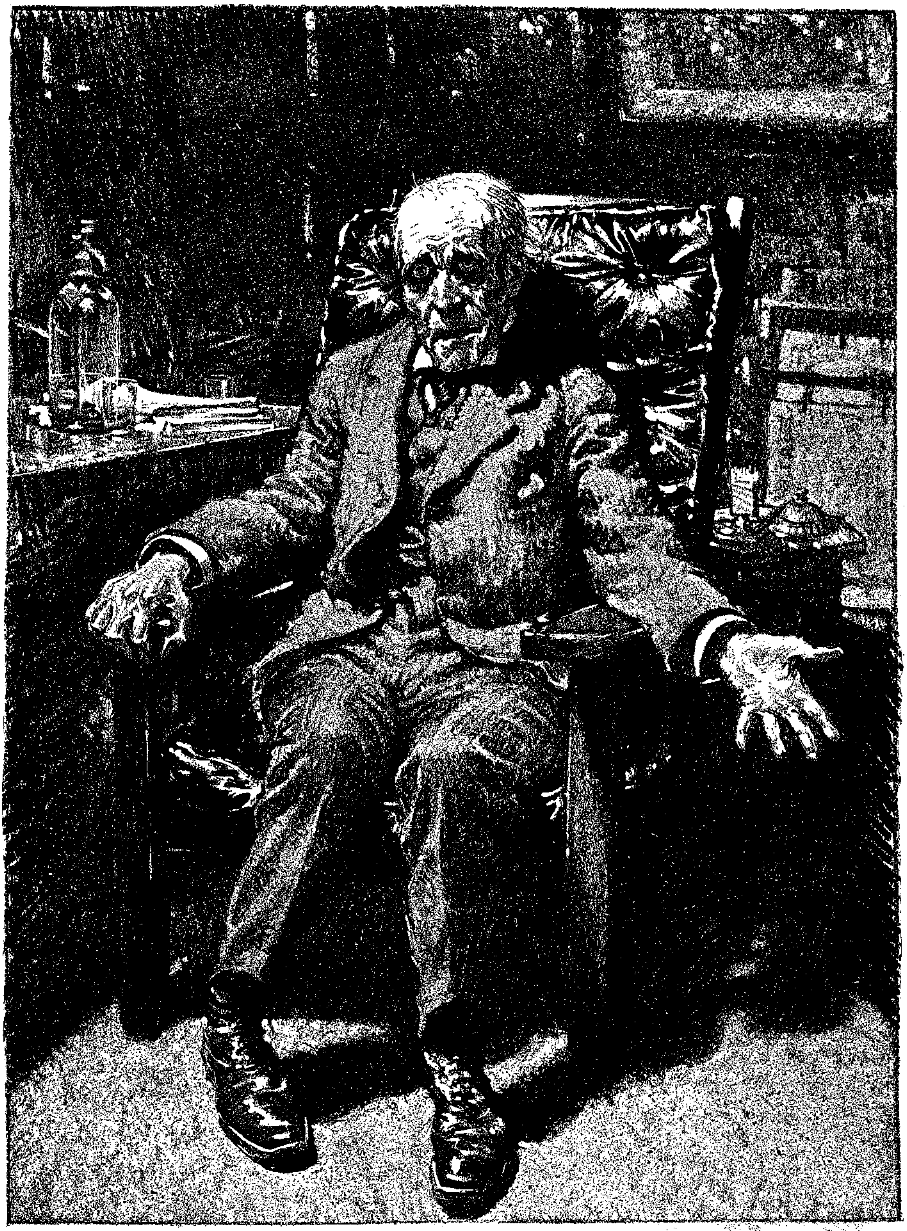
He drew himself up with an epileptic movement, as a pantomimist in a cinematograph, and poured himself a glass against which his teeth chattered.

"You have the advantage of me. I see you know my name. Maybe you know my story, too?" He ran his thin fingers to his cheekbone and licked his lips, weakly. "Most of 'em do. They come and sit here; and I, I tell it to them, over and over again."

The strong electric light in the room beat down on him hotly; the chemicals in it seemed to suck the color out of him, taking along his nerve and his muscle and his blood. He blinked, and it made me think of something in a cellar. But I waved my hand cheerily, and he went on:

"Well, you don't know me. You know my name, but you don't know where I came from. And I don't propose to tell you; and you won't find out, because a man can come from anywhere to this town. I'm a genius. I'm a newspaper genius . . . without any backbone. I guess that sounds cowardly, don't it? That sounds cowardly. Very well. That sounds cowardly. But I am not going to apologize for what I did. It's done, and what's done's done. And I may be a coward, but I admit—you heard me say I admit?"—he nodded his head emphatically—"what I did." Again he drew his thin shoulders up and gazed at me with superfluous earnestness. "No backbone—but I admit what I've done," he commented.

"Some fellows dig at a story. I've always faked. Came natural to me, anyway, and I'm a genius, . . . and so I always faked my stuff. You've heard newspaper men brag about themselves, just like actors, I suppose? Well, you won't hear it to-night. I'm drunk. And I'm through . . . almost through. I can write leads, that's all. I always could write good leads, human-interest dope . . . 'man-on-the-



"HALF-PAST ONE in the morning—and I read it in a first edition of another paper"

street' . . . anything except the facts. Look at *me!* Don't ever fake your stuff. That is, it's all right once in a while; but not week in and week out. It don't go. They get wise to you. Nothing on earth wiser than a city editor . . . is there? Is there? I guess you'd say no. But you haven't heard what I did. No. You haven't listened to *me* . . . Josephson. Pardon me." He poured himself another drink.

"There was a senator in our city — United States senator — and he was about to die. I had the hotel run. It was easy. And you know how a fellow gets when he's got a job that's easy. He . . . he takes liberties with himself. I loafed and did a lot of other things, some of which you'll hear about in a few minutes. Principally, I loafed. I loafed because I knew everybody, and when I was too 'tired'" — here he winked with effort — "or busy about something else, or wanted to sit in at a little game, I'd just pipe off the visitors in town I happened to know, fix it with 'em, and fake stuff about 'em. The city editor went home about eleven. I turned my stuff in to Ward. Remember that, will you? . . . Ward. All O. K. Lemme see — where was I? . . . Oh, yes! There was a senator in our town, and he was about to die.

"The man on the city desk was a red-headed Irishman named Flanagan. He used to have heart trouble, I 'member . . . gastritis . . . kept a box of baking-soda in his top drawer and used to eat it with a spoon. Does this bore you? Am I boring you? Tell me, friend, if I bore you. All right. Flanagan says to me, right at the beginning . . . he says: 'Josephson, stay on Bellows. Whatever you do, cover that.' . . . Bellows was the senator, y'know, that was about to kick the bucket. I said, 'Sure . . . all right.' Every few days he'd tell me, 'Don't forget the Bellows assignment, Mr. Josephson.' And I'd answer him, 'Sure.' I went on that way for about a week. We had the obituary all framed up, cut, black-rule, and all . . . just waiting. All I had to write was a couple of sticks of lead. Seems easy, don't it?" His fingers ran deftly around his glass and he lowered his eyes. "Seems a mighty little thing, don't it, when you look at it now? I'm damned if it don't . . . almost nothing. Almost nothing."

He licked his lips and waited. I waited. He sat quiet.

Finally I said, "Huh?"

". . . Ward — I told you about Ward. He was a tall, skinny guy . . . bald-head . . . near-sighted. He was about forty — over forty, I guess. He'd come on the paper when he was a kid and had been there ever since. But he just naturally wasn't a newspaper man, that's all . . . you know the kind. They let 'em handle exchanges and get up the literary page on Sunday . . . you know the kind. He wasn't wise to anything. Simple, purblind, helpless as an owl. Half the time he didn't know what the boys were talking about, because he wasn't up on their slang. He went around behind his specks like a toad in a hole. He didn't know there was another paper on earth, he'd been there so long; and he was the only man in the place that dared to call the chief 'Charlie.' Ward got forty dollars a week. He had a wife and two children; lived 'way out in the suburbs somewhere. It was a long ride from the shop out to his house, down to work and back, and he used to lose sleep; so he slept now and then in his chair at the office. . . . Now and then, did I say? Almost regular. I remember he used to sit in the city editor's chair and throw his head back and snore. When he did that his Adam's apple stuck out sort o' grotesquely, for he had an Adam's apple like a fish's back. He was a sick, nervous man; drank a food coffee."

Then something incongruously comic happened — something quite indecent. Josephson began weeping . . . sobbing with a sort of fierce pathos, as a man horribly compelled. He wiped his wavering knuckles around his eyes.

"I had no idea there was so much misery in a food coffee," I said, with a laugh.

But there was no resentment in Josephson. He looked at me pitifully and said: "You don't understand. Wait a minute." He nodded at me meaningly.

I nodded.

"You see, Flanagan got his paper pretty well made up and went home every night about eleven. Then this fellow Ward used to take the city desk until the presses started. Then *he* went home." He licked his lips, poured himself another drink, and breathed at me huskily, his eyes dilated, his nervous hand half extended toward mine. "Bellows died."

He went back over it again: "Bellows died." The excitement of a dozen years came out with the words — a subtle, fearful human excitement, stirring him like a poison. He could not keep, did not try to keep, his shocking frenzy out of his voice. His little shoulders twitched; his tongue ran lightly along his lip from corner to corner; he burned as if he had whispered a miracle.

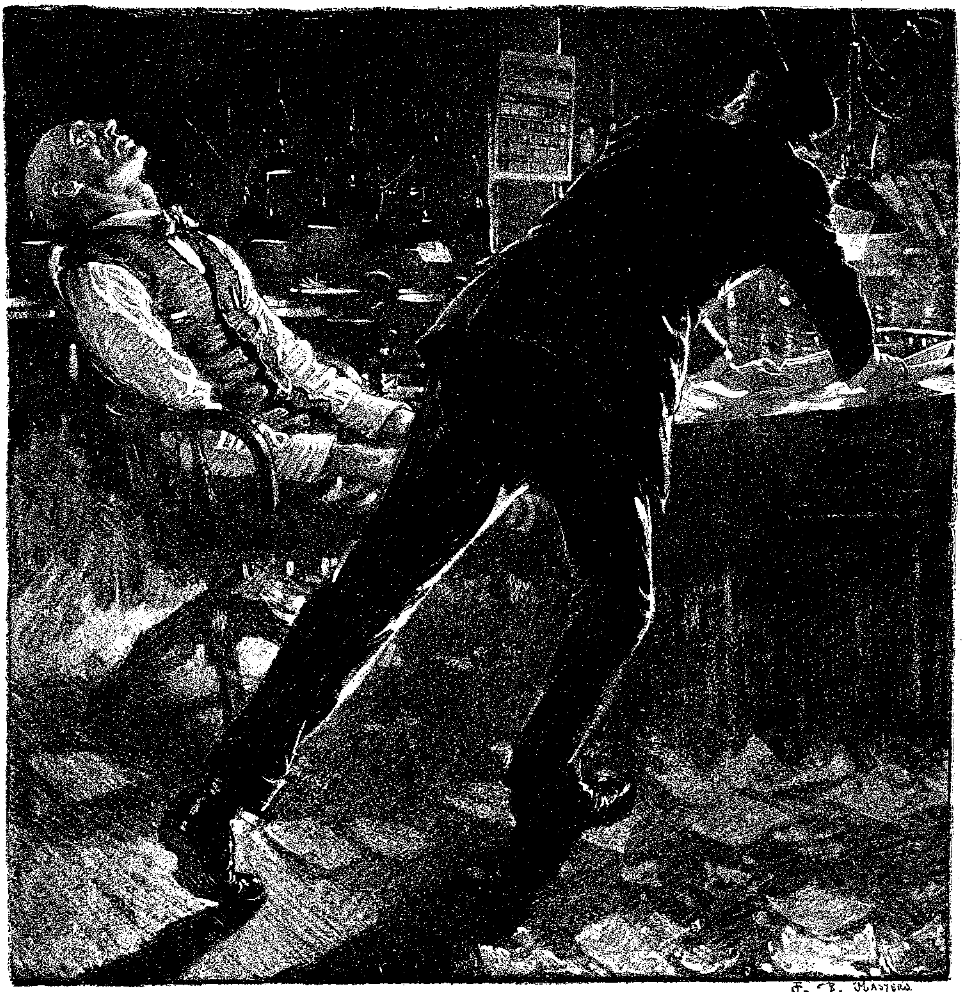
"Damn it . . . you see . . . Bellows died." Then his mouth performed a horrible smirk and he threw up his hands as a Frenchman would. He seemed to take it for granted that I understood what that meant, that abrupt, mystic shrug of his hands. He seemed to take it for granted that he and I were cronies, full of a mutual wisdom. It was some tacit secret, patent to us, utterly unintelligible to the outside world . . . Bellows had died!

I looked into his watery eyes noncommittally. The smirk seemed pasted onto Josephson's face. For a moment I thought him idiotic, out of his head, and reveling in a mild mystery. Then he screwed up his eyes and said to me out of the corner of his mouth, in a bitter, slangy fashion:

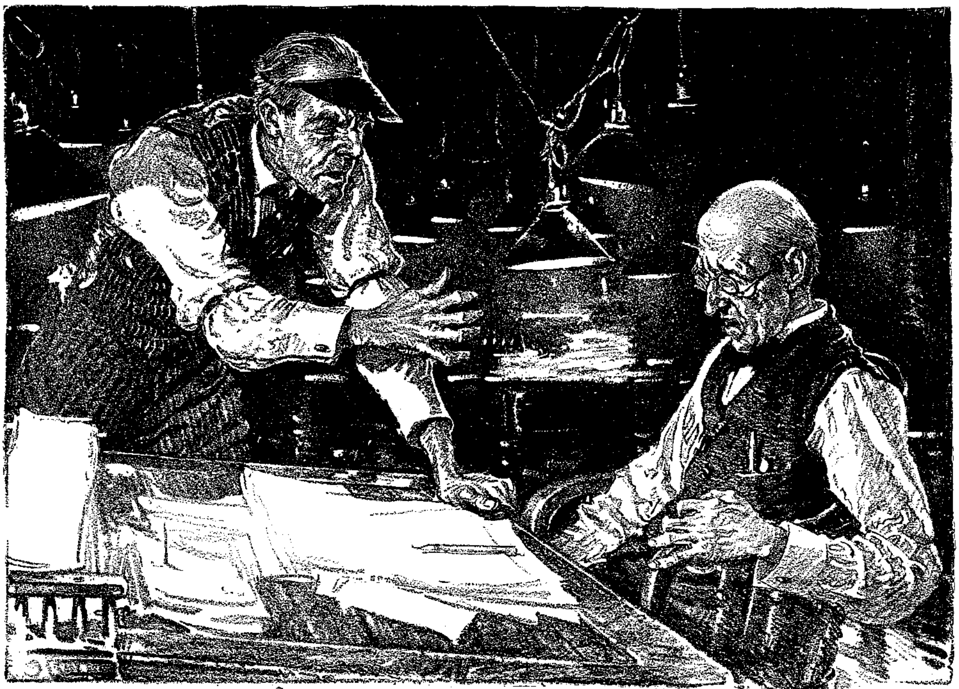
"Where do you suppose I was when I found it out? Huh, friend? On the level, where do you suppose I was when I found it out? I was standing in the side entrance of a café at half-past one in the morning — *and I read it in a first edition of another paper*." He nodded, almost proudly. "That's where I was . . . been bumming . . . some theatrical friends of mine." He nodded again. "Wasn't that abominable?" he asked, smiling with the expression of a man who has been chewing a bitter weed.

Then, all at once, his features flamed up with excitement. It seemed a new excitement, not the other, not warmed over. It seemed as if Josephson went back bodily to that former situation. His eyes glowed and his speech cleared.

"Half-past one — and in another paper. That very night Flanagan had warned me. He had left early, and Ward had gone on early. I called a cab and went lickety-split for the shop. I crept in on tiptoe, scared to death. It was dark in there. The city room was lighted by only two drop-lights. The rest were out. . . . Nobody in the place! Flanagan's desk was in a little room no bigger than a cubby-hole, right



WARD never moved —



THE CITY EDITOR would get sore and yell at him—

off the city room to the left — just before you go into the telegrapher's room. I was edging along as softly as I could on my toes, when all of a sudden I heard a slight rustle. I jumped, but my heart stood still. Then I saw. A window was open a little from the bottom, and the breeze had rustled through a few loose papers. That was all — so I sneaked up to the door and peeked in. Ward was there . . . *asleep!* Asleep as usual. Papers were all over the desk in front of him. The drop-light was on, but his face was thrown back in the shadow. I almost choked. Once I thought his eyes opened and he looked at me. But he didn't. He slept. I kept standing there, looking at him for a long, long time. I must have been fascinated. My nerves were shaking like strings, and for a minute or two — maybe three minutes — I had to stand there and just look at him. Then I tiptoed back to the far end of the room to my desk and scribbled my lead to the obituary. You couldn't hear a single, solitary sound in that whole building except my pencil scratching . . . and it was a very soft pencil, too, I remember. I jumped once more when a window-shade flapped. I couldn't have felt more frightened if I had been robbing a safe! Then I sneaked back and looked in. Ward was still asleep. I came up easy . . . easy . . . soft as a cat alongside of him, without making a noise. I moved a few pieces of copy-paper that had some writing on it. Just over in the corner, they were. What did I do? Honest to God, although I'd planned it all out as I came up the stairs, I hardly knew what I was doing! . . . I slipped my story under 'em, just the least bit. Some of it stuck out where you could see it. Ward never moved.

"I got out of the room. The sweat was rolling off me when I sprang into the hall. When I reached the outside door I ran down the steps. I felt as if I was in a nightmare. When I reached the air I ran to the nearest saloon." Josephson stopped.

Again I took it for granted that words were unnecessary between us. But this time he did not smirk. He seemed, instead, to slump off into a pensive melancholy. He looked at his long finger-nails and began doing fancy, dainty offices about them. He picked lint from his clothes with his uncertain fingers, in intense concern.

"Yes?" I said, as a bridge over the gap.

He screwed up his eye and nodded. "Living, breathing hell broke loose the next morning

. . . of course. But I stuck to my story. I didn't *say* he was asleep. I didn't need to say he was asleep . . . see? — 'I turned in my story a little before twelve.' That's all. Then they fumbled around among the papers on the desk and found it there . . . of course.

"When Ward came down he'd already seen the *Gazette* and the *Leader* — the other two papers — and he knew. And when they showed him my story on his desk . . . yes, he knew that time, too. The whole thing. What I'd done, and all. He didn't say anything, though. He just went red and closed his face. They panned him good and hard for losing the story; everybody, from the Old Man on down, roasted him. And he took it. He'd been on the paper fifteen years and never made a mistake before. One of those exact, scrupulous, 'faithful dog' old fixtures around the place. In one way he didn't know how to take it. He could have thrown it off. He could have promised. He could have kidded back at the boys. If he just hadn't closed his mouth and sat there and let it all sink in — all that bitter, miserable stuff! Couldn't he? Couldn't he? But what's the use! He wasn't that kind. He was some other kind . . . the kind of fellow that kept his scissors on that nail, and his paste-pot there, and his pile of exchanges just here, and his pen-points in this little box, and his coat-hanger on that hook . . . and so on. Hell, it seems like a little thing, don't it? Simply a — a trivial incident . . . something that any newspaper man . . . any newspaper office . . . could easily do, and get over, and forget. Worse things have certainly happened. But the way they handed it to this guy was something fierce. Everybody around the shop came around and stuck the gaff into him, and broke it off. They didn't know at the time what they were doing. They didn't know anything about this man's people, or what kind of a home he had, or this man's life outside of the office. Some of them didn't even know he had a wife and children! You see, a good many of the boys were new men. And I had to watch 'em do it. Of course. Of course, I did.

"He got to be the office joke. They found that they could aggravate him; so it got to be part of the day's fun to stroll around past his desk and throw the harpoon into him. One of the guys brought up a big poster, 'Asleep at the Switch,' and set it on his desk one morning. He began to go about his work as if he was nervous about it. See? I . . . I watched him . . . very, very closely. I used to sit and watch him. He'd make little mistakes, and they'd get past him . . . little things that in the old days would have been corrected, you know, and nothing thought of it. It wasn't that way now. He'd come up all sick and moist . . . he'd stutter and mumble apologies. His hand would shake when he took back a piece of his copy to make the corrections. He had never been a proud man. Now his humility was sickening . . . almost degrading. Sometimes it was a little thing like an initial wrong; and the city editor would get sore over it, and yell at him the office rule about the importance of correct initials.

"'I know it, Ed,' he would say.

"'Of course you do. But you're dead on your feet. What's the matter with you, anyway?'

"It went on that way for a couple of months, one thing and another, slow but sure. Out at his home he must have had trouble. He didn't look like a man who was getting pleasure out of his home. I remember every Saturday in the old days he used to bring his kids down to the office. But now he didn't any more.

"They reduced his pay to thirty a week . . . then to twenty-five. He used to rush at his stuff in a sort of frenzy; then he'd sit for an hour afterward, going over it line by line like a bookkeeper, seeing if he could find his own mistakes before anybody else caught them and called his attention to them. You know how a fellow gets, that way. He worked longer than anybody else. He got down early in the morning and stayed at it all day and half the night. . . . He didn't sleep any more. I used to sit and watch him." Josephson's little intricate mind went hunting for details like a ferret.

"Bill collectors came to the office, looking for him — a thing they'd never done before. He had always kept his accounts as straight as a pin, I imagine. One day it was the insurance collector, and he came a good many times. Finally *he* gave it up.

"What went on in his mind I don't know. I imagine it finally got so it was just a general sort of bewilderment — newspaper work all mixed up with wife and kids and bills and mistakes and his sick stomach. If he'd only been a drinking man, like me, it might have been different! But he wasn't. Instead, he'd take half-days off for long walks in the open air. When he'd ask for these, Flanagan would say: 'Oh, yes, go ahead. It don't make much difference anyway, I suppose; Josephson or Gray can do your work, if there is any.' And Ward would mumble something to himself and smile in a sort of sickly fashion.

"One day one of the boys came in and said something around the office about seeing Ward's wife 'demonstrating' a new tea in a department store. Thank God, nobody told Ward about our knowing it! I — I looked her up . . . some time afterward . . . and found her working in a laundry. Yes, at a mangle in a laundry, two years ago. Lemme see . . . where was I? Oh, yes!

"His eyes got so they used to stare and stare and stare. They weren't drowsy any more. He would sit and stare at a piece of blank copy-paper by the hour as if it was something absolutely new and . . . and abnormal. The one thing, I imagine, that kept him going about his work was a kind of sweating frenzy of . . . fear. Fear that he would make mistakes. Fear that his editors would jump onto them before he did. Fear that his nerve was broken. Fear, by God, that he himself was . . . afraid!"

Josephson poured himself a drink. His voice took on a matter-of-fact tone.

"That went on nine months. See? Nine months. One night this man Ward stepped over to Flanagan's desk and said in an ordinary way:

"'Let me have a sheet or two of paper, will you, Ed?'

"He got it and went back to his own desk and wrote something. He folded it up and put it under Flanagan's paper-weight. Then he went out to the lavatory and killed himself with a revolver.

" . . . Afterward Flanagan read the note: '*I can't stand this. One of you fellows will know why.*'"

Josephson looked at me with a certain intrepid hardness in his weak face, his one eye screwed up tight, the other searching me insistently, as if after a verdict, an opinion, an expression, an exclamation. I did not move. The hot chemical electric blaze sucked away at him avidly till he moved before my eyes, impressionistically, as a thing of paint. For one queer moment it seemed a monstrous impossibility that he was alive. Then he thrust his face closer and whispered:

"That happened ten years ago. See?" He affirmed with his head. "Ten years. Now . . . I'm getting so . . . as the years go by . . . thinking of Mrs. Ward in that laundry, and of Ward . . . and of what I did . . . and of what *he* did . . . I wonder . . . I wonder if that won't be my finish, too! Too!" He broke off, his eyes heedless of the insignificant room, ignoring me completely. His little trembling hand crept up mechanically and felt of his thin lips. He mumbled, half aloud, and all unconsciously: "I wonder . . . I wonder . . . if that won't be the way I fm-m-m-m . . ."

I sat back entranced, mesmerized, fascinated at his fate. Then I reflected, and spoke.

"Yes, it will. You're not a man — you're a baby, Josephson."

He came back to me. "I'm a baby," he repeated mechanically, pathetically. "I'm a baby. A good many of us are babies, even after we're supposed to be grown up. And what, in God's name, are you going to do with us? *For* us? Tell me."

INVITATION TO LOVE

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

NOW comes the May-time, the wild hawks' play-time,
With long blithe day-time and warm night showers:
In tangled cover each feathered lover
Sings one song over the white-thorn flowers.

Yield, maiden quire, to love's empire,
Love's scorn is dire, ruthless his quarrel.
Syrinx a reed is, Adon to bleed is,
All Daphne's speed is to fruitless laurel.

From "The Way of Perfect Love"

THE
SONG OF THE VINE

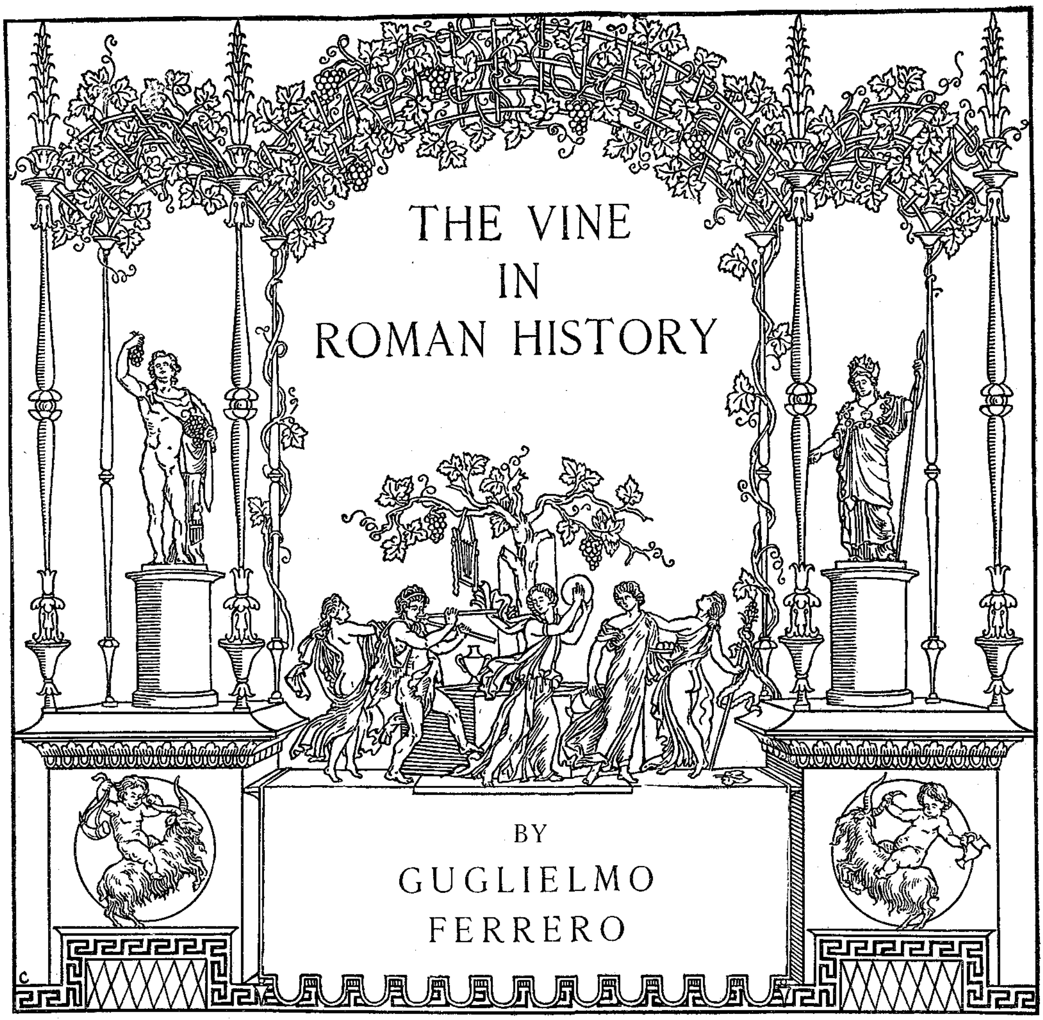
BY HERBERT TRENCH

POET: *O Vine along my garden wall,*
Could I thy northern slumber break
And thee from wintry exile disenthrall,
Where would thy spirit wake?

VINE: I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,
When rose-mists rise from the Magra's valley plains
In the fields of maize and olives around Pontremoli.
When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes:
I would wake to the dance of the sacred mountains boundlessly
Kindling their marble snows in the rite of fire,—
To them my new-born tendrils softly and soundlessly
Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a rusted slumberer,
Listless and fruitless, strewing the pathways cold;
I would seem no more in thine eyes an idle cumberer,
Profitless alien, bitter and sere and old.
In some warm, terraced dell where the Roman rioted,
And still in tiers his stony theater heaves,
Would I festoon with leaf-light his glory quieted
And shade his thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain belfries would seek and cling to me
To drink from the altar, beating the fragrant airs;
Women from olived hillsides by turns would sing to me,
Culling the olives or stooping afield in pairs;
On gala evenings the gay little carts of laborers,
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye,
And crowded with children, revelers, pipers, and taborers,
Chanting, would pass me by.



THE VINE IN ROMAN HISTORY

BY

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

FOR many centuries the Romans were water-drinkers; little wine was made in Italy and that of inferior quality; commonly not even the rich were wont to drink it daily; many used it only as medicine during illness; women were never to drink it. For a long time any woman in Rome who used wine inspired a sense of repulsion. At the time of Polybius, that is, toward the middle of the second century B.C., ladies were allowed to drink only a little *passum:* that is, sweet wine made with raisins, a kind of syrup. About the women too much given to the beverage of Dionysus, terrifying stories were told. It was said, for instance, that the wife of Ignatius Mecenius was beaten to death by her husband, because she secretly drank wine, and that Romulus had absolved the husband. It was told on the word of Fabius Pictor, who mentioned it in his annals, that a Roman lady was condemned by the family tribunal to die of hunger, because she had stolen from her husband the keys to the wine-cellar. It was said the judge Dionysius condemned to the loss of her dower a wife who, unknown to her husband, had drunk more than was good for her health,— this story is one which shows that women began to be allowed to use wine as a medicine. Finally, for a true Roman, it was for a long time a vaunt to despise fine wines. For example, the ancient historians recount that when Cato returned from his proconsulship in Spain, acclaimed *imperator* by the soldiers, he boasted of having drunk on the voyage the same wine as his rowers. It certainly was not, as we should say now, either Bordeaux or champagne.

Cato, it is true, was a queer fellow who pleased himself by throwing in the face of the young nobility and its incipient luxury a piece of almost brutal rudeness: but he exaggerated, rather than falsified, the ideas and the sentiments of Romanism. At that time, it was a thing unworthy of a Roman to be a practised admirer of fine wines, or to show too great a propensity for them. Not only was the vine then little and ill cultivated in Italy, but Italy was almost unwilling to admit its ability to make fine wines with its grapes. As wines of luxury, only the Greek were then accredited and esteemed,— and paid for, like French wines to-day. But though admiring and paying well for them, the Romans, still diffident and saving, made but a very spare use of them. Lucullus, the famous conqueror of the Pontus, told how in his father's house,— in the house, therefore, of a noble family,— Greek wine was never served more than once, even at the most elegant dinners. Moreover, this must have been a common custom, because Pliny says, speaking of the beginning of the last century of the Republic: "*Tanta vero vino graeco gratia erat ut singulae potiones in convitu darentur*"; that is, translating literally: "Greek wine was so prized that only single potions of it were given at a meal." You understand at once the significance of this phrase; Greek wine was served as to-day champagne is served on European tables, it was too expensive to give in quantity. But this condition of things began to change after Rome became a world power, went outside of Italy, interfered in the great affairs of the Mediterranean, and came into more immediate contact with Greece and the Orient.

By a strange law of correlation, as the Roman Empire spread about the Mediterranean, the vineyard spread in Italy; gradually, as the world politics of Rome triumphed in Asia and in Africa, the grape harvest grew more abundant in Italy, the consumption of wine increased, the quality was refined. The bond between the two phenomena — the progress of conquest and the progress of wine-growing — is not accidental, but organic, essential, intimate. As little by little the policy of expansion grew, wealth and culture increased in Rome; the spirit of tradition and of simplicity weakened; luxury spread, and with it the appetite for sensations, including that of the taste for intoxicating beverages. We have but to notice what happens about us in the modern world: when industry gains and wealth increases and cities grow, men drink more eagerly and riotously inebriating beverages. The same thing happened in Italy and in Rome, as gradually wars, tribute, blackmailing politics, pitiless usury, carried into the peninsula the spoils of the Mediterranean world,— riches of the most numerous and varied forms. The old-time aversion to wine diminished; men and women, city-dwellers and countrymen, learned to drink it; cities, particularly Rome, no longer confined themselves to slaking their thirst at the fountains. As the demand for and the price of wine increased, the landowners in Italy were encouraged to plant the tree of Bacchus; and as they had invested capital in vineyards, they were drawn on by the same interest to stimulate the use of wine among the multitude and to perfect the culture and increase the crop, in imitation of the Greeks. The wars and military expeditions to the Orient not only carried many Italians, peasants and proprietors, into the midst of the most celebrated vineyards of the world, but also transported slaves into Italy — numerous Greek and Asiatic peasants who could bring in the best methods of cultivating the vine, and of making wines like the Greek, just as the peasants of Piedmont, of the Veneto, and of Sicily have in the last twenty years planted the vine in Tunis and California.

Pliny, who is so rich in precious information on the agricultural and social advances in Italy, tells us about what time Italy opened its hills and plains to the triumphal entrance of the god Dionysus; it was between 130 and 120 B.C., about the time Rome entered into possession of the kingdom of Pergamus, the largest and richest part of Asia Minor. From then on for a century and a half, the progress of grape-growing continued without interruption. Every generation poured forth new capital to enlarge the inheritance of vineyards already grown and to plant new ones. As the crop increased, the effort was redoubled to widen the sale, to entice a greater number of people to drink, to put the Italian wines by the side of the Greek. In the distance of centuries these vine-growing interests do not appear even in history, but they were a most important factor in the Roman policy; one of the forces that help us explain several of the main facts in the history of Rome. For example, vineyards were one of the foundations of the imperial authority in Italy. That political form which was called with Augustus the principality, and from which was evolved the monarchy, would not have been founded if, in the last century of the Republic, all Italy had not been covered with vineyards and olive orchards. The affirmation, put just so, may seem strange and paradoxical, but the truth of it is easily proved.

The imperial authority was gradually consolidated because, beginning with Augustus, it succeeded in pacifying Italy after a century of commotion and civil wars and foreign invasions, to which the secular institutions of the Republic had been unable to oppose sufficient defense. Little by little, right or wrong, the authority of the *princeps*, as supreme magistrate, the power of the Julian-Claudian house that the supreme magistrate had organized, seemed to the Italian multitude the stable foundation of peace and order. But why, beginning with the time of Caesar, was Italy so wildly anxious for peace and order? It would be a mistake to see in this anxiety only the natural desire of a nation worn by anarchy for the conditions necessary to a common social existence. The contrast of two episodes will show you that during the age of Caesar annoyance at disorder and intolerance of it had, for special reasons, increased in Italy.

Toward the end of the third century B.C. Italy had, for about seventeen years, borne on its soil the presence of an army that went sacking and burning everywhere,— the army of Hannibal,— without losing composure, awaiting with patience the hour for the torment to cease. A century and a half later, a Thracian slave escaped from the chain-gang with some companions, overran the country,— and Italy was frightened, implored help; stretched out its arms to Rome more despairingly than it had ever done in the years of Hannibal. What made Italy so fearful? Because in the time of Hannibal it chiefly cultivated cereals and pastured cattle, while in the days of Spartacus a considerable part of its fortune was invested in vineyards and olive groves. In pastoral and grain regions the invasion of an army does relatively little damage, for the cattle can be driven in advance of the invader, and if grain-fields are burned, the harvest of a year is lost, but the capital is not destroyed. If an army cuts and burns olive orchards and vineyards, which are many years in growing, it destroys an immense accumulated capital. Spartacus was not a new Hannibal, he was something much more dangerous: he was a new species of *Phylloxera* or of *Musca oleae* in the form of brigand bands that destroyed vines and olives along his way — that is, the accumulated capital of centuries. Whence, the Emperor became gradually a tutelary deity of the vine and the olive, the fortune of Italy. It was he who stopped on the frontiers of Italy the barbarians still restless and turbulent, hardly over the borders; it was he who kept peace within the country between social orders and political parties; it was he who looked after the maintenance and guarding of the great highways of the peninsula, periodically clearing them of robbers and the evil-disposed that infested them; and the land-owners, who held their vineyards and olive groves more at heart than they did the great republican traditions, placed the image of the Emperor among those of their Lares, and venerated him as they had earlier revered the Senate.

Still more curious is the influence that this development of Italian viticulture exercised on the political life of Rome. For example, in the barbarous provinces of Europe, wine was an instrument of Romanization, the effectiveness of which has been too much disregarded. In Gaul, in Spain, in Helvetia, in the Danube provinces, Rome taught many things: law, war, construction of roads and cities, the Latin languages and literature, the literature and the art of Greece; but it also taught wine-drinking. Whoever has read the Commentaries of Caesar, will recall how, on several occasions, he says of certain more barbarous peoples of Gaul that they prohibited the importation of wine because they feared to unnerve and corrupt themselves by habituating themselves to drunkenness. Strabo tells us of a great Gaeto-Thracian empire that a Gaetic warrior, Borebistes by name, founded in the time of Augustus beyond the Danube, opposite Roman possessions. While this chieftain sought to take from Greek and Latin civilization many useful things, he had severely prohibited the importation of wine. This fact and other similar ones which might be cited, show that these barbarians, exactly like the Romans of more ancient times, feared the inebriating beverage, as in China all wise people always feared opium as a national scourge, and as so many in France would to-day prohibit the manufacture of absinthe. But this hesitation and fear disappeared among the Gauls, after Gaul was annexed to the Empire. Gradually it disappeared or was weakened among all the other peoples of the Danube and Rhine regions, and even in Germany, when they fell under Roman dominion, or as the Roman influence intensified in strength. Rome poured out everywhere the ruddy and perfumed drink of Dionysus, and drove to the wilds and the remote and poor villages the national mead — the beverage made of fermented barley similar in character to modern beer. The Italian proprietors who were enlarging their vineyards, especially those of the valley of the Po,— where already in the time of Strabo the grape crop was very abundant,— soon learned that beyond the Alps they might find numerous customers: under Augustus Arles was already a very large market for wines, both Greek and Italian; by way of Aquileia and Laibach there was in the time of Augustus a trade in Italian wine with the Danube regions. In the Roman castles built along the Rhine, among the multitudes of Italians who followed the armies, there was not wanting the wine-dealer who sought to infuse into the torpid blood of the barbarian by means of a glass of wine a ray of southern warmth. Everywhere the Roman influence conquered national traditions; wine reigned on the tables of the rich as the lordly beverage, and the more the Gauls, the Pannonians, the Dalmatians drank, the more money the Italian proprietors made from their vineyards.

Rome diffused its wine by means of its literature. This fact is a point on which I should like to dwell a moment, because it is odd and interesting for diverse reasons. We always make a mistake in judging the great literary works of the past. Two or three centuries after they were written the works of a great writer serve only to bring a certan delight to the mind: consequently we think they were written only to bring us this delight. On the contrary, almost all literary works, even the greatest, had, when they were written, quite another office: they served to spread or to oppose among the author's contemporaries certain ideas and certain sentiments. Indeed, very often the authors were admired and remunerated by their contemporaries far more for these public services rendered than for the literary beauty of their works. This is the case with the Odes of Horace. To understand all that they were meant to say to contemporaries, one must imagine the Roman society as it was then — hardly out of a century of conquests and revolutions, in disorder, unbalanced, and still crude, notwithstanding the luxuries and refinements superficially imitated from the Orient; eager to enjoy, yet still ill-educated to exercise upon itself the discipline of that good taste without which civilization and its pleasures aggravate more than restrain the innate brutality of men. In that first peace, come after such great disturbance, that poetry, so perfect in form, which analyzed and described all the most exquisite delights of sense and spirit, infused a new spirit of refinement into habits, and co-labored with laborious education, which was little by little to teach even the stern conquerors of the world to enjoy all the pleasures of civilization; alike literature and love, the luxury of the city and the restfulness of the villa, fraternal friendship and good cookery. It taught, too,— this masterly poetry of the senses,— to enjoy wine; to use drink of Dionysus, not to slake the thirst, but to color, with an intoxication now soft, now strong, the most diverse emotions: the sadness of memories, the tendernesses of friendship, the transports of love, the warmth of the quiet house when without the furious storm and the cold stiffen the universe of nature. In the poetry of Horace, therefore, wine appears as a proteiform god, which penetrates not the tissues of the body but the inmost recesses of the mind and aids it in its every contingency, sad or gay. Wine, says Horace, consoles in ill fortune; suffuses with universal oblivion; frees from anxiety and the weariness of care; fills the empty hours, and warms away the chill of winter. But the wine that has the power to infuse gently forgetfulness into the veins, has also the contrasting power of rousing the lyric fervor in the spirit, the fervor heroic, divining, mystic. Finally, wine is a source of power and heroism, as of joy and sensuous delight; a civilizing principle of progress.

I wish I could repeat here all the Dionysic verse of this old poet from Venosa, whose subjects and motives may seem common and conventional — even though expressed in the choicest forms — in our time and to us, in a world in which for centuries the custom of drinking wine daily with meals has been common and universal. But these poems had a very different significance when they were written, in that society in which many did not yet dare to drink wine commonly, considering it as a medicine, or as a beverage injurious to the health, or as a luxury dangerous to morals and the purse; in that time when an entire nation like Gaul hesitated between the invitations of the ruddy Bacchus,— crowned with clusters of the vine, come with his legions victorious,— and the desperate supplications of the national mead, pale and fleeing to the forests. In those times and among those men, Horace with his dithyrambi affected not only the spirit but the will, uniting the subtle suggestion of his verses to all the other incentives and solicitations that on every side were persuading men to drink. He corroded the ancient Italian traditions, which opposed with such repugnance and so many fears the efforts of the vintners and the vineyard laborers to sell wine at a high price. In this way Horace rendered service to Italian viticulture.

The books of Horace, while he was still living, became what we might call school text-books: that is, they were read by young students, which must have increased their influence on the mind. Imagine that to-day a great European poet should describe and extol in magnificent verses the sensuous delight of smoking opium, should deify in a mythology rich in imagery the inebriating virtues of this product; imagine that the verses of this poet were read in the schools: you may then by comparison picture to yourself the effect of the poems of Horace.

The political and military triumph of Rome in the Mediterranean world signified, therefore, the world triumph of wine. So true is this, that in Europe and America to-day the sons of Rome drink wine as the national daily and customary beverage. The Anglo-Saxons and the Germans drink it as did the Romans of the second century B.C.; on formal occasions or as a medicine.

When you see at a table of Europeans or

Americans the gold or the ruby of the fair liquor gleaming in the glasses, remember that this is another inheritance from the Roman Empire and an ultimate effect of the victories of Rome: that probably we should drink different beverages if Caesar had been overcome at Alesia or if Mithridates had been able decisively to reconquer Asia Minor from Rome. It astonishes you to see between politics and enology, between the great historical events and the lot of a humble plant, so close a bond? I can show you another aspect of this phenomenon even stranger and more philosophical. I have already said that at the beginning of the first century B.C., although Italy had already planted many vineyards and gathered generous crops, Italian wines were still little sought after, while the contrary was true of the Greek.

But in the second half of the last century of the Republic and the first half of the first century A.D. this condition of things changed: the Italian wines rose to great fame and demand, and Italy took from the Greeks the preëminence in wine they so long had held. Finally this preëminence formed one of the spoils of world-conquest, and that not one of the meagerest. Pliny, writing in the second half of the first century, says: "Among the eighty most celebrated qualities of wine made in all the world, Italy makes about two thirds: therefore in this it outdoes other peoples." The first wines that came into note seem to have been those of southern Italy, especially Falernian, and Julius Caesar seems to have done much to make it known. Pliny tells us that in the great popular banquet offered to celebrate his triumph after his return from Egypt, he gave to every group of banqueters a cask of Chios and an amphora of Falernian, and that in his third consulate he distributed to the populace wine of Lesbos, of Chios, of Falerno and the Mamertine: two Greek provinces and two Italian. It is evident that he wished officially to recognize national wines as equal to the foreign, in favor of Italian vintners; so that Julius Caesar, that universal man, has a place not only in the history of the great Italian conquests, but also in that of Italian viticulture.

The wines of the valley of the Po were not long in making place for themselves after those of southern Italy. We know that Augustus drank only Rhetian wine. We know that Livia drank Istrian wine.

I have said that Italy exported much wine to Gaul, to the Danube regions, and to Germany; to this may be added another remark, both curious and interesting. The "Periplus of the Erythraean Sea," attributed to Arrianus, a kind of practical manual of geography, compiled in the second century, tells us that in the second century A.D. Italian wine was exported as far as India: so far had its fame spread! And there is no doubt that the wealth in the first and second centuries A.D., which flowed for every section of Italy, came in part from the flourishing vineyards that were planted on its hills and plains, and that Italy, which had gone to the Orient for reasons political and financial, had above all the great fortune there to contraband Bacchus from the midst of the superb vineyards in the islands of the Aegean; and thence to transport him enchained to Italy, to prepare upon its hills a new seat, whereon the capricious god of the wine rested for two centuries, until he took again to wandering and crossed the Alps.

We may at this juncture ask ourselves if this enologic preëminence of Italy was the result of a greater skill in cultivating the vine and expressing the juice of the grape. I think not. It does not seem that Italy invented new methods of making wine; it appears, instead, that it restricted itself to imitating what the Greeks had invented. On the other hand, it is certain that at least in northern and central Italy the vine, although it grows, does so less spontaneously and prosperously than in the Aegean Islands, Greece, and Asia Minor, because those regions are relatively too cold. This great fame of the Italian wines had another cause, a political one — the world power and prestige of Rome. This psychological phenomenon is found in every age, among all peoples, and is one of the most important and essential in all history. What is beautiful and what is ugly? What is good and what is bad? What is true and what is false? In every period men must so distinguish between things, must adopt or repudiate certain ideas, practise or abandon certain habits, buy certain objects and refuse others, but one should not believe that all peoples make these discernments spontaneously, according to their natural inclination. It always happens that some nations succeed by war, or money, or culture, in persuading the lesser peoples about them that they are superior; and strong in this admiration, they impose upon them, by a kind of continuous suggestion, their own ideas as the truest, their own customs as the noblest, their own arts as the most perfect. For this reason chiefly wars have often distant and complicated repercussions on the habits, the ideas, the commerce of nations.

War, to which so many philosophers would attribute a divine spirit, so many others a diabolic, appears to the historian above all as a means — allow me the phrase, a bit frivolous but graphic — of noisy *réclame*, — advertisement for a people: because although a more civilized people may be conquered by one more barbarous, less cultured, less moral; although, also, the superiority in war may be relative and men are not on the earth only to give each other blows, but to work, to study, to know, to enjoy: yet the majority of men are easily convinced that he who has won in a war is in everything, or at least in many things, superior to him who has lost. So it happened, for example, that not only the armies organized or reorganized after 1870 imitated even the German uniform whereas they had earlier copied the French; but in politics, science, industry, even in art, everything German was more largely admired. Even the consumption of beer heavily increased in the wine countries.

The same thing occurred in regard to wine in the ancient world. Athens and Alexander the Great had given to Greek wine the widest reputation: all the people of the Mediterranean world being persuaded that that was the best of all. Then the center of power moved toward the west, toward the city built on the banks of the Tiber, and little by little, as the power of Rome grew, the reputation of its wine increased, while that of the Greek declined. Finally, with the world empire, Italy conquered preëminence in the wine market, and held it with the empire, for while Italy was lord, Italian wine seemed most excellent and was paid for accordingly.

This propensity of minor or subject peoples to imitate those dominant or more famous is the greatest prize that rewards the preëminent for the fatigue necessary to conquer that place of honor; it is the reason that more cultured and civilized nations also ought naturally to seek to preserve a certain political, economic, and military supremacy, without which their intellectual superiority would weaken or at least lose a part of its value. The human multitude in the vast world are not yet so intelligent and refined as to prize that which is beautiful and noble for its own sake, and they are readily induced to admire as excellent what is but mediocre, if behind it there is a force to be feared or to impose it. Indeed, we may observe in the modern world a phenomenon analogous to that in Italy. What in succeeding centuries have been the changes in the enologic superiority conquered by Rome? Naturally I cannot recount the whole story, although it would be interesting; but will only observe that contemporary civilization confirms the law by which the predominance in the Latin world and the preëminence of wine are indissolubly bound together in history.

Paris is the modern Rome, the metropolis of the Latin world. France continues, so far as may be done in modern times, the ancient sway of Rome, irradiating round so much of the globe, by commerce, literature, art, science, industry, dominance of political ideas, the influence of the Latin world, making tributaries to Latin culture of barbarous peoples and nations young or grown too old. And France has inherited the preëminence in wines, although it lies at the farthest confines of the vine-bearing zone, beyond which the tree of Bacchus refuses to live. Do you realize that in all the wide belt of earth where the vineyard flourishes, only the dry hills of Champagne ripen the delicious effervescent wine that refigures in modern civilization, at least for those who are fond of wine, the nectar of the gods?—while effervescent wines are made in innumerable parts of the world, and many are so good that one comes to wonder if it were not possible for them, manufactured with care, placed in sightly bottles, and sold at as high a price as the most famous French champagne, to dispute a part of the admiration that the devotees of Bacchus render to the French wine. But through those bottles passes no ray of the glory and prestige of France.

An historian fond of paradoxes might affirm, and with great likelihood, that the great brands of French champagne would not be sold so dear if the French Revolution had been suppressed by the European coalition, and if France, overcome in the terrible trial, had been enchained by the absolute monarchies of Europe like a dangerous beast. It would be possible to declare that the reputation of champagne is rooted not only in the ground where the grapes are cultivated, and preserved in the vast cellars where the valued crops are stored, but in all the historic tradition of France, in all that which has given to France worldly glory and power: the victorious wars, the distant conquests, the colonies, the literature, the art, the science, the money, and the spirit — so cosmopolitan, expansive, dynamic — of its history. It would be possible to declare that it makes and pours into all the world its precious wine by that same virtue, intimate, national, and historic, by which it created the Encyclopedia and made the Revolution, let Napoleon loose on Europe and founded the Empire, wrote so many famous books and built on the banks of the Seine the marvelous universal city, where all the forces of modern civilization are gathered together and hold each other in equilibrium: aristocracy and democracy, the cosmopolite spirit of nationality, money and science, war and fashion, art and religion. If France had not had its great history, champagne would have remained an effervescing wine of modest household use that the peasants placed every year in barrels for their own family consumption or to sell in the vicinity of the city of Rheims.

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE"

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

IX

IT was a cheerless February day, dark and slaty overhead, dusty below. In the East End streets, paper and straw, children's curls, girls' pinafores, and women's skirts were driven back and forward by a bitter wind. There was an ugly light on ugly houses, with none of that kind trickery of mist or smoke which can lend some grace on normal days even to Commercial Street, or to the network of lanes north of the Bethnal Green Road. The pitiless wind swept the streets — swept the children and the grown-ups out of them into the houses, or any available shelter; and in the dark and chilly emptiness of the side roads one might listen in fancy for the stealthy returning steps of spirits crueller than Cold, more tyrannous than Poverty, coming to seize upon their own.

In one of these side streets stood a house larger than its neighbours, in a bit of front garden, with some decrepit rust-bitten railings between it and the road. It was an old house, overtaken by the flood of tenement-houses, which spread north, south, east, and west of it. Its walls were no less grimy than its neighbours', but its windows were outlined in cheerful white paint; firelight sparkled through its unshuttered panes; and a bright green door with a brass knocker completed its pleasant air. There were always children outside the vicarage railings on winter evenings, held there by the spell of the green door and the firelight.

Inside the firelit room to the left of the front pathway, two men were standing, one of whom had just entered the house.

"My dear Penrose, how very good of you to come! I know how frightfully busy you are."

The man addressed put down his hat and stick, and hastily smoothed back some tumbling black hair which interfered with spectacled eyes already hampered by short sight. He was a tall, lank, powerful fellow; any one acquainted with the West Country would have known him for one of the swarthy, grey-eyed Cornish stock.

"I am pretty busy; but your tale, Herbert, was a startler. If I can help you — or Barnes — command me. He is coming this afternoon?"

Herbert French pointed his visitor to a chair.

"Of course. And another man, whom I met casually in Pall Mall this morning, and had half an hour's talk with,— an American naval officer, an old acquaintance of Elsie's, Captain Boyson,— will join us also. I met him at Harvard before our wedding, and liked him. He has just come over with his sister for a short holiday, and I ran across him."

"Is there any particular point in his joining us?"

Herbert French expounded. Boyson had been an old acquaintance of Mrs. Roger Barnes before her marriage. He knew a good deal about the Barnes story —"feels, so I gathered, very strongly about it, and on the man's side; and when I told him that Roger had just arrived and was coming to take counsel with you and me this afternoon, he suddenly asked if he might come too. I was rather taken aback. I told him that we were going, of course, to consider the case entirely from the English point of view. He still said, 'Let me come; I may be of use to you.' So I could only reply it must rest with Roger. They'll show him first into the dining-room."

Penrose nodded. "All right, as long as he doesn't mind his national toes being trampled on. So these are your new quarters, old fellow?"

His eyes travelled round the small book-lined room, with its shelves of poetry, history, and theology, its parish litter, its settle by the fire,— on which lay a doll and a child's picture-book,— back to the figure of the new vicar,

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who stood, pipe in hand, before the hearth, clad in a shabby serge suit, his collar alone betraying him. French's white hair showed even whiter than of old above the delicately blanched face; from his natural slenderness and smallness the East End and its life had by now stripped every superfluous ounce; yet, ethereal as his aspect was, not one element of the Meredithian trilogy—"flesh," "blood," or "spirit"—was lacking in it.

"Yes, we've settled in," he said quietly, as Penrose took stock.

"And you like it?"

"We do."

The phrase was brief; nor did it seem to be going to lead to anything more expansive. Penrose smiled.

"Well, now,"—he bent forward, with a professional change of tone,—"before he arrives, where, precisely, is this unhappy business? I gather, by the way, that Barnes has got practically all his legal advice from the other side?—though the solicitors here have been coöperating?"

French nodded. "I am still rather vague myself. Roger only arrived from New York the day before yesterday. His uncle, General Hobson, died a few weeks ago, and Roger came rushing home, as I understand, to see if he could make any ready money out of his inheritance. Money, in fact, seems to be his chief thought."

"Money? What for? Mrs. Barnes' suit was surely settled long ago?"

"Oh, yes—months ago. She got her decree and the custody of the child in July."

"Remind me of the details. Barnes refused to plead?"

"Certainly. By the advice of the lawyers on both sides, he refused, as an Englishman, to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court."

"But he did what he could to stop the thing?"

"Of course. He rushed out after his wife as soon as he could trace where she had gone; and he made the most desperate attempts to alter her purpose. His letters, as far as I could make them out, were heartrending. I very nearly went over to try and help him; but it was impossible to leave my work. Mrs. Barnes at first refused to see him. She was already at Sioux Falls, and had begun the residence necessary to bring her within the jurisdiction of the South Dakota court. Roger, however, forced one or two interviews with her,—most painful scenes!—but found her quite immovable. At the same time she was much annoyed and excited by the line he took—legally; and there was a moment when she tried to bribe him to accept the divorce and submit to the American court."

"To bribe him! With money?"

"No—with the child. Beatty at first was hidden away, and Roger could find no traces of her. But for a few weeks she was sent to stay with a Mrs. Verrier at Philadelphia, and Roger was allowed to see her, while Mrs. Barnes negotiated. It was a frightful dilemma! If he submitted, Mrs. Barnes promised that Beatty should go to him for two months every year; if not, and she obtained her decree, and the custody of the child, as she was quite confident of doing, he should never—as far as she could secure it—see Beatty again. He too foresaw that she would win her suit; he was sorely tempted, but he stood firm. Then, before he could make up his mind what to do as to the child, the suit came on, Mrs. Barnes got her decree, and the custody of the little girl."

"On the ground of 'cruelty,' I understand, and 'indignities'?"

French nodded. His thin cheek flushed. "And by the help of evidence that any liar could supply!"

"Who were her witnesses?"

"Beatty's nurse—one Agnes Farmer—and a young fellow who had been employed on the decorative work at Heston. There were relations between these two; and Roger tells me they have married lately, on a partnership bought by Mrs. Barnes. The man was accustomed, while the work was going on at Heston, to put up at an inn in a country town, and talk scandal at the bar."

"Then there was some local scandal?—on the subject of Barnes and Mrs. Fairmile?"

"Possibly—scandal *pour rire!* Not a soul believed that there was anything more in it than mischief on the woman's side, and a kind of incapacity for dealing with a woman as she deserved on the man's. Mrs. Fairmile has been an *intrigante* from her cradle—Barnes was at one time furiously in love with her; the jealous wife threw them together, by way of getting at the truth; and he shilly-shallied with the situation instead of putting a prompt end to it, as of course he ought to have done. He was honestly fond of his wife the whole time, and devoted to his home and his child."

"Well, she didn't plead, you say, anything more than 'cruelty' and 'indignities.' The scandal, such as it was, was no doubt part of the 'cruelty'?"

French assented.

"And you suspect that money played a great part in the whole transaction?"

"I don't *suspect*. The evidence goes a long way beyond that! My dear fellow, Mrs. Barnes bought the show! I am told there are a thousand ways of doing it."

Penrose smoked and pondered. "Well, then — what happened? I imagine that by this time Barnes had not much affection left for his wife?"

"I don't know —" said French, hesitating. "I believe the whole thing was a great blow to him. He was never passionately in love with her, but he was very fond of her in his own way — increasingly fond of her, up to that miserable autumn at Heston. However, after the decree, his one thought was for Beatty. His passion for that child has been a thing to see — from the first moment she was put into his arms. It has affected him in a thousand ways. Well! He first of all brought an action to recover his daughter, as an English subject. But the fact was, he had put it off too long ——"

"Of course!" said Penrose, interrupting. "The point had been immensely complicated by the decree."

"So he discovered, poor old boy! The action was, of course, obstructed and delayed in every way by the power of Mrs. Barnes' millions behind the scenes. His lawyers told him plainly from the beginning that he had precious little chance. And presently he found himself the object of a press campaign in some of the yellow papers — all of it paid for and engineered by his wife. He was held up as the brutal fortune-hunting Englishman, who had beguiled an American heiress to marry him; had carried her off to England to live upon her money; had then insulted her by scandalous flirtations with a lady to whom he had formerly been engaged; had shown her constant rudeness and unkindness; and had finally, in the course of a quarrel, knocked her down, inflicting shock and injury from which she had suffered ever since. Mrs. Barnes had happily freed herself from him; but he was now trying to bully her through the child — had, it was said, threatened to carry off the little girl by violence. Mrs. Barnes went in terror of him. But America would know how to protect both the mother and the child! You can imagine the kind of thing. Very soon Roger began to find himself a marked man in hotels — followed in the streets — persecuted by interviewers; and the stream of lies that found its way even into the respectable newspapers about him — his former life, his habits, etc.— is simply incredible. Unfortunately, he gave *some* handle ——"

French paused a moment.

"Ah!" said Penrose. "I have heard rumours ——"

French rose and began to pace the room.

"It is a matter I can hardly speak of calmly," he said at last. "The night after that first scene between them, the night of her fall, her pretended fall,— so Roger told me,— he went downstairs in his excitement and misery, and drank, one way and another, nearly a bottle of brandy — a thing he had never done in his life before. But ——"

"He has often done it since?"

French shrugged his shoulders sadly; then added with some emphasis: "Don't, however, suppose the thing worse than it is. Give him a gleam of hope and happiness, and he would soon shake it off."

"Well, what came of his action?"

"Nothing — so far. I believe he has ceased to take any interest in it. The fact is, he made an attempt to kidnap the child — about three months ago — and was foiled. He got word that she had been taken to Charlestown, and he went there with a couple of private detectives. But Mrs. Barnes was on the alert, and when he discovered the villa in which the child had been living, she had been removed. It was a bitter shock and disappointment; and when he got back to New York in November, in the middle of an epidemic, he was struck down by influenza and pneumonia. It went pretty hard with him. You will be shocked by his appearance. *Ecco!* — was there ever such a story! . . . Do you remember, Penrose!"— he paused abruptly in his walk,— "what a magnificent creature he was that year he played for Oxford, and you and I watched his innings from the pavilion?"

There was a note of emotion in the tone which implied much. Penrose assented heartily, remarking, however, that it was a magnificence which seemed to have cost him dear, if — as no doubt was the case — it had won him his wife.

"But now, with regard to money — you say he wants money. But surely at the time of the marriage something was settled on him?"

"Certainly — a good deal. But from the moment she left him, and the Heston bills were paid, he has never touched a farthing of it, and never will."

"So that the General's death was opportune? Well, it's a deplorable affair; and I wish I saw any chance of being of use."

French looked up anxiously.

"Because, you know," the speaker reluctantly continued, "there is nothing to be done. The thing's finished."

"Finished!" French's manner took fire. "And the law can do *nothing!* — society can do *nothing!* — to help that man, either to right himself, or to recover his child? Ah!"— he paused to listen —"here he is."

A cab had drawn up outside. Through the lightly curtained windows the two within saw a man descend from it, pay the driver, and walk up the flagged passage leading to the front door.

French hurried to greet the newcomer.

"Come in, Roger! Here's George Penrose — as I promised you. Sit down, old man — they'll bring us some tea presently."

Roger Barnes looked round him for a moment without replying; then murmured something unintelligible, as he shook hands with Penrose, and took the chair which French pushed forward. French stood beside him with a furrowed brow.

"Well, here we are, Roger, and if there's anything whatever in this terrible affair where an English lawyer can help you, Penrose is your man. You know, I expect, what a swell he is?— A K. C. after seven years — lucky dog! And last year he was engaged in an Anglo-American case not wholly unlike yours — Brown *v.* Brown. So I thought of him as the best person among your old friends and mine to come and give us some private informal help to-day, before you take any fresh steps — if you do take any."

"Awfully good of you both." The speaker, still wrapped in his fur coat, sat staring at the carpet, a hand on each of his knees. "Awfully good of you," he repeated vaguely.

Penrose observed the newcomer. In some ways Roger Barnes was handsomer than ever. His colour, the pink and white of his astonishing complexion, was miraculously vivid, his blue eyes infinitely more arresting than of old; and the touch of physical weakness in his aspect, left evidently by severe illness, was not only not disfiguring, but a positive embellishment. He had been too ruddy in the old days, too hearty and splendid,— a too obvious and supreme king of men,— for our fastidious modern eyes. The grief and misfortune which had shorn some of his radiance had given a more human spell to what remained. At the same time the signs of change were by no means, all of them, easy to read, or reassuring to a friend's eye. Were they indeed no more than physical and transient?

Penrose was just beginning on the questions which seemed to him important, when there was another ring at the front door. French got up nervously, with an anxious look at Barnes.

"Roger, I don't know whether you will allow it, but I met an American acquaintance of yours to-day, and subject to your permission I asked him to join our conference."

Roger raised his head, it might have been thought angrily.

"Who on earth ——?"

"Captain Boyson!"

The young man's face changed.

"I don't mind him," he said sombrely. "He's an awfully good sort. He was in Philadelphia a few months ago when I was; he knows all about me. It was he and his sister who introduced me to — my wife."

French left the room for a moment, and returned, accompanied by a sparely built man, straight-shouldered and erect. Penrose, who belonged to a military family, and had had time to remember a distinguished volume of essays in military geography by one Alfred Boyson, glanced with friendly scrutiny at the American officer to whom French introduced him.

Roger rose from his chair, to shake hands.

"How do you do, Boyson? I've told them you know all about it." He dropped back heavily into his seat.

"I thought I might possibly put in a word," said Boyson, looking from Roger to his friends. "I trust I was not impertinent? But don't let me interrupt anything that was going on."

Penrose nodded pleasantly. He resumed his questioning of Barnes; and the other two listened while the whole miserable story of the divorce unrolled, in its American aspects. At first Roger showed a certain apathy and brevity; he might have been fulfilling a task in which he took but small interest. Even the details of chicanery and corruption connected with the trial were told without heat; and he said nothing bitter of his wife; avoided naming her, indeed, as much as possible.

But when the tale was done he threw back his head with sudden animation, and looked at Boyson.

"Is that about the truth, Boyson? You know."

"Yes, I endorse it," said the American gravely. His face, thin and tanned, had reddened while Barnes was speaking.

"And you know what all those papers said of me — what *they* wished people to believe — that I wasn't fit to have charge of Beatty — that I should have done her harm?"

His eyes sparkled; he looked almost threateningly at the man whom he addressed. Boyson met his gaze quietly.

"I didn't believe it."

There was a pause. Then Roger sprang suddenly to his feet, confronting the men round him.

"Look here!" he said impatiently. "I want some money at once — and a good lot of it!" He brought his fist down heavily on the mantelpiece. "There's this place of my uncle's —

and I'm dashed if I can get a penny out of it! I went to his solicitors this morning. They drove me mad with their red-tape nonsense. It will take some time, they say, to get a mortgage on it, and meanwhile they don't seem inclined to advance me anything — or a hundred or two perhaps,— what's that? I lost my temper, and next time I go they'll turn me out, I daresay. But there's the truth. It's *money* I want!— and if you can't help me to money, it's no use talking!"

"And when you get the money what'll you do with it?" asked Penrose.

"Pay half a dozen people, who can be trusted, to help me kidnap Beatty, and smuggle her over the Canadian frontier. I bungled the thing once. I don't mean to bungle it again."

The answer was given slowly, without any bravado; but whatever energy of life there was in the speaker had gone into it.

"And there is no other way?" French's voice from the back was troubled.

"Ask him!" Roger pointed to Boyson. "Is there any legal way, Boyson, in which I can recover the custody and companionship of my child?"

Boyson turned away.

"None that I know of — and I have made every possible enquiry."

"And yet," said Barnes, with emphasis, addressing the English barrister, "by the law of England I am still Daphne's husband, and that child's legal guardian?"

"Certainly."

"And if I could once get her upon ground under the English flag, she would be mine again, and no power could take her from me?"

"Except the same private violence that you yourself propose to exercise."

"I'd take care of that!" said Roger briefly.

"How do you mean to do it?" asked French, with knit brows. To be sitting there in an English vicarage plotting violence against a woman, now an American citizen, disturbed him.

"He and I'll manage it," said the quiet voice of the American officer.

The others stared.

"*You?*" cried French. "An officer in active service? It might injure your career."

"I'll take my chance of that."

A charming smile broke on Penrose's meditative face.

"My dear French, this is much more amusing than the law! But I don't quite see where *I* come in!" He rose tentatively from his seat.

Boyson, however, did not smile. He looked from one to the other.

"My sister and I introduced Daphne Floyd to Barnes," he said steadily, "and it is my country, as I hold,— or a portion of it,— that allows these villainies. Some day we shall get a great moral reaction in the States, and then the reforms that plenty of us are clamouring for will come about. Meanwhile, as of course you know,"— he addressed French,—"New Yorkers and Bostonians suffer almost as much from the abominations that Wyoming and South Dakota call laws as Barnes has suffered. Marriage in the Eastern States is as sacred as with you — South Carolina allows no divorce at all; but, with this licence at our gates, no one is safe, and thousands of our women, in particular,— for the women bring two thirds of the actions,— are going to the deuce simply because they have the opportunity of going. And the children — it doesn't bear thinking of! Well—no good haranguing! I'm ashamed of my country in this matter,— I have been for a long time,—and I mean to help Barnes out — *coûte que coûte!* And as to the money, Barnes, — you and I'll discuss that."

Barnes lifted a face that quivered, and he and Boyson exchanged looks.

Penrose glanced at the pair. That imaginative power, combined with the power of drudgery, which was in process of making a great lawyer out of a Balliol scholar showed him something typical and dramatic in the two men,— in Boyson, on the one hand, so lithe, serviceable, and resolved,— a helpful, mercurial man, ashamed of his country in this one respect because he adored her in so many others, penitent and patriot in one; in Barnes, on the other, so heavy, inert, and bewildered, a shipwrecked suppliant, as it were, clinging to the knees of that very America which had so lightly and irresponsibly wronged him.

It was Penrose who broke the silence.

"Is there any chance of Mrs. Barnes' marrying again?" he asked.

Barnes turned to him.

"Not that I know of."

"There's no one else in the case?"

"I never heard of any one." Roger gave a short, excited laugh. "What she's done she's done because she was tired of me, not because she was in love with any one else. That was her great score in the divorce case — that there was nobody."

Biting and twisting his lip, in a trick that recalled to French the beautiful Eton lad cracking his brains in pupil-room over a bit of Latin prose, Roger glanced frowning from one to the other of these three men who felt for him; whose resentment of the wrong that had been done him, whose pity for his calamity, showed plainly enough through their reticent speech.

His sense, indeed, of their sympathy began to move him, to break down his own self-command. No doubt, also, the fatal causes that ultimately ruined his will power were already at work. At any rate, he broke out into sudden speech about his case. His complexion, now unhealthily delicate, like the complexion of a girl, had flushed deeply. As he spoke, he looked mainly at French.

"There's lots of things you don't know," he said, in a hesitating voice, as though appealing to his old friend. And rapidly he told the story of Daphne's flight from Heston. Evidently, since his return home, many details that were once obscure had become plain to him, and the three listeners could perceive how certain new pieces of information had goaded and stung him afresh. He dwelt on the letters which had reached him during his first week's absence from home after the quarrel; letters from Daphne and Miss Farmer, which were posted at intervals from Heston by their accomplice, the young architect, while the writers of them were hurrying across the Atlantic. The servants had been told that Mrs. Barnes, Miss Farmer, and the girl were going to London for a day or two, and suspected nothing. "I wrote long letters to my wife; I thought I had made everything right — not that there ever had been anything wrong, you understand — seriously. But in some ways I had behaved like a fool."

He threw himself back in his chair, pressing his hands on his eyes. The three listeners sat or stood motionless.

"Well, I might have spared my pains. The letters were returned to me from the States. Daphne had arranged it all so cleverly that I was some time in tracing her. By the time I had got to Sioux Falls, she was through a month of her necessary residence. My God!"— his voice dropped, became almost inaudible— "if I'd only carried Beatty off *then!*— then and there — the frontier wasn't far off,— without waiting for anything more. But I couldn't believe that Daphne would persist in such a monstrous thing — and, if she did, that any decent country would aid and abet her."

Boyson made a quick movement.

"I am ashamed to remind you that your case is no worse than that of scores of American citizens. We are the first to suffer from our own enormities."

"Perhaps," said Barnes absently, "perhaps."

His impulse of speech dropped. He sat, drearily staring into the fire, absorbed in recollection.

Penrose had gone. So had Boyson. Roger was sitting by the fire in the vicar's study, ministered to by Elsie French and her children. By common consent, the dismal subject of the day had been put aside. There was an attempt to cheer and distract him. The little boy of four was on his knees, declaiming "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," while Roger submissively turned the pages and pointed to the pictures of that immortal history; the little girl of two, curled up on her mother's lap close by, listened sleepily; and Elsie, applauding and prompting as a properly regulated mother should, was all the time, in spirit, hovering pitifully about her guest and his plight. There was in her, as in Boyson, a touch of patriotic remorse; and all the pieties of her own being, all the sacred memories of her own life, combined to rouse in her indignation and sympathy for Herbert's poor friend. The thought of what Daphne Barnes had done, was to her the thought of a monstrosity hardly to be named. She spoke to the young man kindly and shyly, as though she feared lest any chance word might wound him. She was the symbol, in her young motherliness, of all that Daphne had denied and forsaken. "When would America — dear, dear America! — see to it that such things were made impossible!"

Roger meanwhile was evidently cheered and braced; the thought of the interview to which Boyson had confidentially bidden him on the morrow ran warmly in his veins, and the children soothed him. The little boy especially, who was just Beatty's age, excited in him a number of practical curiosities. How about the last teeth? He actually inserted a coaxing and enquiring finger, the babe gravely suffering it. Any trouble with them? Beatty had once been very ill with hers, at Philadelphia, mostly caused, however, by some beastly indigestible food that the nurse had let her have. And they allowed her to sit up much too late. Didn't Mrs. French think seven o'clock was late enough for any child not yet four? One couldn't say that Beatty was a very robust child, but healthy — oh, yes, healthy! none of your sickly, rickety little things. . . .

The curtains had been closed; the street-children, the electric light outside, were no longer visible. Roger had begun to talk of departure, the baby had fallen fast asleep in her mother's arms, when there was another loud ring at the front door.

French, who was expecting the head master of his church schools, gathered up some papers and left the room. His wife, startled by what seemed an exclamation from him in the hall outside, raised her head a moment to listen; but the sound of voices — surely a woman's voice?— died abruptly away, and the door of the dining-room closed. Roger heard nothing; he was laughing and crooning over the boy:

> "The Pobble that lost his toes
> Had once as many as we——"

The door opened. Herbert stood on the threshold beckoning to her. She rose in terror, the child in her arms, and went out to him. In a minute she reappeared in the doorway, her face ashen white, and called to the little boy. He ran to her, and Roger rose, looking for the hat he had put down on entering.

Then French came in, and behind him a lady in black, dishevelled, bathed in tears. The vicar hung back. Roger turned in astonishment.

"Mother! — you here? Mother! — what's the matter?"

"Oh! Roger — Roger — oh! try and bear it! — Roger——"

His name died away in a wail, as she clasped his hands.

"What is it, mother?"

"It's Beatty, dearest,— it's a cable to me from that woman, Mrs. Verrier. Our darling was ill for three days — very, very ill. They did everything, but convulsions came on — and this morning — oh, Roger!" She fell against his shoulder, clasping and embracing him.

He put her roughly from him.

"Good God, mother! — go on!"

"She died early this morning. Oh, Roger! — she's at rest — it's better — it's better — my darling son!"

"Died — this morning — Beatty?"

French in silence handed him the telegram. Roger disengaged himself, and walked to the fireplace, standing motionless, with his back to them, for a minute, while they held their breaths. Then he began to grope again for his hat, without a word.

"Come home with me, Roger!" cried his mother, approaching him with outstretched hands. "We must bear it — bear it together. There's nothing to be done."

He brushed her away, as though resenting her emotion, and made for the door.

French also put out a hand.

"Roger! — dear, dear old fellow! — stay here with us, with your mother. Where are you going?"

Roger looked at his watch unsteadily.

"The office will be closed," he said to himself. "But I can put some things together."

"Where are you going, Roger?" asked Lady Barnes, pursuing him.

Roger faced her.

"It's Tuesday. There'll be a White Star boat to-morrow."

"But she's gone, Roger! My poor boy! — she's gone. And before you can get there — long before — she will be in her grave."

A spasm passed over his face, into which the colour rushed. Without another word he wrenched himself from her, opened the front door, and ran out into the night.

X

"Was there ever anything so poetic — so suggestive!" said his wife's voice. "One might make a new Turner out of it — if one just happened to be Turner! — to match 'Rain, Steam, and Speed.'"

"What would you call it — 'Mist, Light, and Spring'?"

Captain Boyson leant forward, partly to watch the wonderful landscape effect through which the train was passing, partly because his young wife's profile — her pure cheek, and soft hair — were so agreeably seen under the mingled light from outside.

They were returning from their wedding journey. Some six weeks before this date Boyson had married in Philadelphia a girl coming from one of the old Quaker stocks of that town, in whose tender steadfastness of character a man inclined both by nature and experience to expect little from life had found a happiness that amazed him. The honours of life, too, had begun to crowd on him. He was about to start for Berlin as military attaché to the Embassy there, and it was generally understood that an important post in the administration would fall to him before long.

The bride and bridegroom had been spending the last fortnight of their honeymoon in Canada, and on this May night they were journeying from Toronto, along the southern shore of Lake Ontario, to the pleasant Canadian hotel which overlooks the pageant of Niagara. They had left Toronto in bright sunshine, but as they turned the corner of the lake westward a white fog had come creeping over the land, as the sunset fell. But the daylight was still strong, the fog thin; so that it appeared rather as a veil of gold, amethyst, and opal, floating over the country, now parting altogether, now blotting out the orchards and the fields. And into the colour above melted the colour below. For the orchards that cover the Hamilton district of Ontario were in bloom, and the snow of the pear-trees, the flush of the peach-blossom, broke everywhere through the warm cloud of pearly mist; while, just as Mrs. Boyson spoke, the train had come in sight of the long flashing line of the Welland Canal, which wound its way, outlined by huge electric lamps, through the sunset and the fog, till the lights died in that northern distance where stretched the invisible shore of the great lake. The glittering waterway, speaking of the labour and commerce of men, the blossom-laden earth, the white encroaching mist, the softly falling night: — the girl bride could not tear herself from the spectacle. She sat beside the window entranced. But her husband had captured her hand, and into the overflowing beauty of nature there stole the thrill of their love.

"All very well!" said Boyson presently, "but a fog at Niagara is no joke!"

The night stole on, and the cloud through which they journeyed grew denser.

The lights of the canal faded, the orchards sank into darkness, and when the bride and bridegroom reached the station on the Canadian side the bride's pleasure had become dismay.

"Oh, Alfred, we shan't see anything!"

And indeed as their carriage made its slow progress along the road that skirts the gorge, they seemed to plunge deeper and deeper into the white darkness. Impenetrable cloud above and around them, a white abyss beneath them — and issuing from it the thunderous voice of wild waters, dim first and distant, but growing steadily in volume and terror.

"There are the lights of the bridge," cried Boyson —"and the towers of the aluminium works. But not a vestige of the falls! Gone — wiped out! I say, darling, this is going to be a disappointment."

Mrs. Boyson, however, was not so sure. The lovely "nocturne" of the evening plain had passed into a Vision or Masque of Force, that captured the mind. High above the gulf rose the towers of the great works, transformed by the surging fog and darkness into some piled and castled fortress, a fortress of Science held by Intelligence; lights were in the towers, as of genii at their work; lights glimmered here and there on the face of the farther cliff, as though to measure the vastness of the gorge, and of that resounding vacancy towards which they moved. In front the arch of the vast suspension bridge, pricked in light, crossed the gulf, from nothingness to nothingness; like that skyey bridge on which the gods marched to Walhalla. Otherwise, no shape, no landmark; earth and heaven had disappeared.

"Here we are at the hotel," said Boyson. "There, my dear," he pointed ironically, "is the American Fall — and there is the Canadian! Let me introduce you to Niagara!"

They jumped out of the carriage, and while their bags were being carried in, they ran to the parapeted edge of the cliff in front of the hotel. Niagara thundered in their ears, the spray of it beat upon their faces; but of the two great falls immediately in front of them they saw nothing whatever. The fog, now cold and clammy, enwrapped them; even the bright lights of the hotel, but a stone's throw distant, were barely visible; and the carriage still standing at the steps had vanished.

Suddenly, some common impulse, born of the moment and the scene — of its inhuman ghostliness and grandeur — drew them to each other. Boyson threw his arm round his young wife, and pressed her to him, kissing her face and hair, bedewed by the spray. She clung to him passionately, trembling a little as the roar deafened them, and the fog swept round them.

As the Boysons lingered in the central hall of the hotel, reading some letters which had been handed to them, a lady in black passed along the gallery overhead, and paused a moment to look at the new arrivals brought by the evening train.

As she perceived Captain Boyson, there was a quick, startled movement; she bent a moment over the staircase as though to make sure of his identity, and then ran along the gallery to a room at the farther end. As she opened the door a damp, cold air streamed upon her, and the thunder of the falls, with which the hotel is perpetually filled, seemed to redouble.

Three large windows opposite to her were, in fact, wide open; the room, with its lights dimmed by fog, seemed hung above the abyss.

An invalid-couch stood in front of the window, and upon it lay a pale, emaciated woman, breathing quickly and feebly. At the sound of the closing door, Madeleine Verrier turned.

"Oh, Daphne! I was afraid you had gone out! You do such wild things!"

Daphne Barnes came to the side of the couch.

"Darling — I only went to speak to your maid for a moment. Are you sure you can stand all this damp fog?"

As she spoke, Daphne took up a fur cloak lying on a chair near, and wrapped herself warmly in it.

"I can't breathe when they shut the windows. But it is too cold for you."

"Oh, I'm all right in this." Daphne drew the cloak round her.

Inwardly she said to herself, "Shall I tell her the Boysons are here? Yes, I must. She is sure to hear it in some way."

So, stooping over the couch, she said: "Do you know who's arrived this evening? The Alfred Boysons. I saw them in the hall just now."

"They're on their honeymoon?" asked the faint voice, after a just perceptible pause.

Daphne assented. "She seems a pretty little thing."

Madeleine Verrier opened her tired eyes to look at Daphne. Mrs. Floyd — as Daphne now called herself — was dressed in deep black. The costly gown revealed a figure which had recently lost its slenderness, and the face on which the electric light shone had nothing left in it of the girl, though Daphne Floyd was not yet thirty. The initial beauty of complexion was gone, so was the fleeting prettiness of youth. The eyes were as splendid as ever, but combined with the increased paleness of the cheeks, the greater prominence and determination of the mouth, and a certain austerity in the dressing of the hair,— which was now firmly drawn back from the temples, round which it used to curl, and worn high *à la Marquise,*— they expressed a personality — a formidable personality — in which self-will was no longer graceful, and power no longer magnetic. Madeleine Verrier gazed at her friend in silence. She was very grateful to Daphne, often very dependent on her, but there were moments when she shrank from her, when she would gladly never have seen her again. Daphne was still erect, self-confident, militant; whereas Madeleine knew herself vanquished — vanquished both in body and soul.

Certain inner miseries and discomforts had been set vibrating by the name of Captain Boyson.

"You won't want to see him, or come across him?" she said abruptly.

"Who? Alfred Boyson? I am not afraid of him in the least. He may say what he pleases, or think what he pleases—it doesn't matter to me."

"When did you see him last?"

Daphne hesitated a moment. "Fifteen months ago — when he came to ask me for certain things which had belonged to Beatty."

"For her father? I remember. It must have been painful."

"Yes," said Daphne, unwillingly, "it was. He was very unfriendly — he always has been, since it happened; but I bore him no malice" — the tone was firm — "and the interview was short."

"*Beatty!*" The half-inaudible word fell like a sigh from Madeleine's lips, as she closed her eyes again, to shut out the light which teased them. And presently she added, "Do you ever hear anything now — from England?"

"Just what I might expect to hear — what more than justifies all that I did."

Daphne sat rigid on her chair, her hands crossed on her lap. Mrs. Verrier did not pursue the conversation.

Outside, the fog grew thicker and darker. Even the lights on the bridge were now engulfed. Daphne began to shiver in her fur cloak. She put out a cold hand, and took one of Mrs. Verrier's.

"Dear Madeleine, indeed, indeed, you ought to let me move you from this place! Do let me! There's the house at Stockbridge all ready — and in July I could take you to Newport. I must be off next week, for I've promised to take the chair at a big meeting at Buffalo on the 29th. But I can't bear to leave you behind. We could make the journey quite easy for you. That new car of mine is very comfortable."

"I know it is. But, thank you, dear, I like this hotel; and it will be summer directly."

Daphne hesitated. A strong protest against "morbidness" was on her lips, but she did not speak it. In the mist-filled room even the bright fire, the electric lights, had grown strangely dim. Only the roar outside was real — terribly, threateningly real. Yet the sound was not so much fierce as lamentable; the voice of Nature mourning the eternal flaw and conflict at the heart of things. Daphne knew well that, mingled with this primitive cosmic voice, there was — for Madeleine Verrier — another; a plaintive, human cry, that was drawing the life out of her breast, the blood from her veins, like some baneful witchcraft of old. But she dared not speak of it; she and the doctor who attended Mrs. Verrier dared no longer name the patient's "obsession" even to each other. They had tried to combat it, to tear her from this place; with no other result, as it seemed, than to hasten the death-process which was upon her. Gently but firmly she had defied them; and they knew now that she would always defy them. For a year past, summer and winter, she had lived in this apartment facing the Falls. Her mother had paid her a couple of brief visits, and had not been encouraged to come oftener. Her little girl, a child of seven, had been brought to see her occasionally. But she was not necessary to Mrs. Verrier, whose mind — the mind of one preoccupied — seemed to have no spare energy to give her. Meanwhile her nurses found her very patient under the incurable disease which had declared itself; Daphne came to stay with her when arduous engagements allowed, and Madeleine was always grateful and affectionate. Only certain topics and certain advocacies had dropped out of their conversation — not by Daphne's will. There had been no spoken recantations; only the prophetess prophesied no more, and of late, especially when Daphne was not there, — so Mrs. Floyd had discovered,— a Roman Catholic priest had begun to visit Mrs. Verrier.

Daphne, moreover, had recently noticed a small crucifix hidden among the folds of the loose black dress which Madeleine commonly wore.

Daphne had changed her gown and dismissed her maid. Although it was May, a wood fire had been lighted in her room to counteract the chilly damp of the evening. She hung over it, loath to go back to the sitting-room, and plagued by a depression that not even her strong will could immediately shake off. She wished the Boysons had not come. She supposed that Alfred Boyson would hardly cut her; but she was tolerably certain that he would not wish his young wife to become acquainted with her. She scorned his disapproval of her; but she smarted under it. It combined with Madeleine's strange delusions to put her on the defensive; to call out all the fierceness of her pride; to make her feel herself the champion of a sound and reasonable view of life as against weakness and reaction.

Madeleine's dumb remorse was indeed the most paralysing and baffling thing! Nothing seemed to be of any avail against it, now that it had finally gained the upper hand. There had been dark times, no doubt, in the old days in Washington; times when the tragedy of her husband's death had overshadowed her. But, in the intervals, what courage and boldness!—what ardour in the declaration of that new femininist evangel to which Daphne had in her own case borne witness! Daphne remembered well with what feverish readiness Madeleine had accepted her own pleas after her flight from England; how she had defended her against hostile criticism, had supported her during the divorce-court proceedings, and triumphed in their result. "You are unhappy?—and he deceived you? Well, then, what more do you want? Free yourself, my dear,—free yourself! What right have you to bear more children to a man who is a liar and a shuffler? It is our generation that must suffer—for the liberty of those that come after!"

What had changed her? Was it simply the approach of mortal illness, the old questioning of "what dreams may come"?—superstition, in fact? As a girl she had been mystical and devout, so Daphne had heard.

Or was it the death of little Beatty, to whom she was much attached? She had seen something of Roger during that intermediate Philadelphia stage when he and Beatty were allowed to meet at her house; and she had once or twice astonished and wounded Daphne at that time by sudden expressions of pity for him. It was she who had sent the cable message announcing the child's death, wording it as gently as possible—and had wept in sending it.

"As if I hadn't suffered too!" cried Daphne's angry thought. And she turned to look at the beautiful miniature of Beatty set in pearls that stood upon her dressing-table. There was something in the thought of Madeleine's sensibility with regard to the child, her compassion for the father's suffering, that offended Daphne. It seemed a reflection upon herself, Beatty's mother, as lacking in softness and natural feeling.

On the contrary, she had suffered terribly; but she had thought it her duty to bear it with courage, not to let it interfere with the development of her life. And as for Roger—was it her fault that he had made it impossible for her to keep her promise?—that she had been forced to separate Beatty from him? And if, as she understood now from various English correspondents, it was true that Roger was dropping more and more out of decent society, did it not simply prove that she had guessed his character aright, and had only saved herself just in time?

It was as though the sudden presence of Captain Boyson under the same roof had raised up a shadowy adversary and accuser, with whom she must go on arguing, and hotly defending herself, in a growing excitement. Not that she would ever stoop to argue with Alfred Boyson face to face. How could he ever understand the ideals to which she had devoted her powers and her money, since the break-up of her married life? He could merely estimate what she had done in the commonest, vulgarest way. Yet who could truthfully charge her with having obtained her divorce in order thereby to claim any fresh licence for herself? She looked back now with a cool amazement on that sudden rush of passion which had swept her into marriage, no less than on the jealousy which had led her to break with Roger. She was still capable of many kinds of violence; but not, probably, of the violence of love. The influence of sex and sense upon her had weakened; the influence of ambition had increased. As in many women of Southern race, the period of hot blood had passed into a period of intrigue and domination. Her wealth gave her power, and for that power she lived.

Yes, she was personally desolate, but she stood firm; and her reward lay in the fact that she had gathered round her an army of dependents and followers—women especially—to whom her money and her brains were indispensable. There on the table lay the plans for a new women's college, on the broadest and modernest lines, to which she was soon to devote a large sum of money. The walls should have been up by now but for a quarrel with her secretary, who had become much too independent, and had had to be peremptorily dismissed at a moment's notice. But the plan was a noble one, approved by the highest authorities; and Daphne, looking to posterity, anticipated the recognition that she herself might never live to see. For the rest, she had given herself—with reason and moderation — to the femininist movement. She did not herself preach the suffrage, though in time that might come. But she was ready to finance and protect those who did. And the knowledge that whatever cause she took up her money made her of importance to it was sweet to her. Everywhere she stood for justice! — justice for women as against the primeval tyranny of men; justice, of course, to the workman, and justice to the rich. No foolish Socialism, and no encroaching Trusts. A lucid common sense, so it seemed to her, had been her cradle-gift.

And with regard to art, how much she had been able to do! She had generously helped the public collections; and her own small gallery, at the house in Newport, was famous throughout England and America. That, in the course of the preceding year, she had found among the signatures extracted from visitors by the *custode* in charge, the name of Chloe Fairmile, had given her a peculiar satisfaction.

She walked proudly across the room, her head thrown back, every nerve tense. Let the ignorant and stupid blame her if they chose. She stood absolved.

Outside, the fog seemed to be lifting a little. There was a silvery light in the southeast, a gleam and radiance over the gorge. If the moon struggled through, it would be worth while slipping out after dinner to watch its play upon the great spectacle. She was careful to cherish in herself an openness to noble impressions, and to the high poetry of nature and life. And she must not allow herself to be led by the casual neighbourhood of the Boysons into weak or unprofitable thought.

The Boysons dined at a table gay with lights and flowers, that should have commanded the Falls but for the curtain of fog. Niagara, however, might flout them if it pleased; they could do without Niagara. They were delighted that the hotel — apparently — contained no one they knew; all they wanted was to be together — and alone. But the bride was tired by a long day in the train, her smiles began presently to flag, and by nine o'clock her husband had insisted on sending her to rest.

After escorting her upstairs, Captain Boyson returned to the verandah, which was brightly lit up, in order to read some letters that were still unopened in his pocket. But before he began upon them he was seized once more by the wizardry of the scene. Was that indistinct glimmer in the far distance — that intenser white on white — the eternal cloud of spray that hangs over the Canadian Fall? If so, the fog was indeed yielding, and the full moon behind it would triumph before long. On the other hand, he could no longer see the lights of the bridge at all; the rolling vapour choked the gorge; and the pessimistic waiter who brought him his coffee saw no reason to hope for any speedy change.

He fell back upon his letters, well pleased to see that one among them came from Herbert French, with whom the American officer had maintained a warm friendship since the day of a certain consultation in French's East End library. The letter was primarily one of congratulation, written with all French's charm and sympathy; but over the last pages of it Boyson's face darkened, for they contained a deplorable account of the man whom he and French had tried to save.

The concluding passage of the letter was as follows:

"You will scarcely wonder, after all this, that we see him very seldom, and that he no longer gives us his confidence. Yet both Elsie and I feel that he cares for us as much as ever. And indeed, poor fellow, he himself remains strangely lovable, in spite of what one must — alas! — believe as to his ways of life and the people with whom he associates. There is in him, always, something of what Myers called 'the imperishable child.' That a man who might have been so easily led to good has been so fatally thrust into evil, is one of the abiding sorrows of my life. How can I reproach him for his behaviour? As the law stands, he can never marry; he can never have legitimate children. Under the wrong he has suffered, and, no doubt, in consequence of that illness in New York, when he was badly nursed and cared for,— from which, in fact, he has never quite recovered,— his will power and nerve, never very strong, have given way; he broods upon the past perpetually, and on the loss of his child. Our poor Apollo, Boyson, will soon have lost himself wholly, and there is no one to help.

"Do you ever see or hear anything of that woman? Do you know what has become of her? I see you are to have a conference on your divorce laws. For heaven's sake, do something! An American correspondent of mine — a lady — repeats to me what you once said — that it is the women who bring the majority of the actions. She tells me also that when a woman has got rid of her husband, it is only in a minority of cases that she marries some one else. It is not passion, she declares, that dictates the majority of these actions, but rather a kind of restlessness — a hateful levity. The facilities are there, and the men and women are tempted by them. 'The women, especially, who do these things,' she writes me, 'are moral anarchists! One can appeal to nothing; they acknowledge nothing. Transformations infinitely far-reaching and profound are going on among us.'"

Boyson raised his eyes. As he did so he saw dimly through the mist the figure of a lady, veiled, and wrapped in a fur cloak, crossing the farther end of the verandah. He rose from his seat with an exclamation. She ran down the steps leading to the road, and disappeared in the fog.

Boyson stood looking after her, his mind in a whirl.

The manager of the hotel came hurriedly out of the same door by which Daphne Floyd had emerged, and spoke to a waiter on the verandah, pointing in the direction she had taken.

Boyson heard what was said, and came up. A short conversation passed between him and the manager. There was a moment's pause on Boyson's part; he still held French's letter in his hand. At last, thrusting it into his pocket, he hurried to the steps whereby Daphne had left the hotel, and pursued her into the cloud outside.

The fog was now rolling back from the gorge upon the Falls; blotting out the transient gleams which had seemed to promise a lifting of the veil; leaving nothing around or beneath but the white and thunderous abyss.

TO BE CONCLUDED

TULLYMURRY TOWN

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

IT takes your eye as suddenly
  As when a sun-rift splits the frown
Of God and finds a sail at sea:
  That's little Tullymurry town.

May God forget the day — 'twas singing —
  I left it, blithe as any fool;
Though now my evening thoughts go winging
  Back like the swallows to their pool.

The reddening pool beside the willow —
  Far, far the sunset fancies led;
I took the whole world for my pillow:
  'Tis only there I'd rest my head.

It smiles up at you suddenly,
  Tucked in a fold of windy down —
A kindness to the eyes to see:
  That's little Tullymurry town.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE MESSINA DISASTER

BY

A TUSCAN LADY LIVING IN SICILY

I HAD gone to Messina on the 26th, to visit my friends, the Levis. I spent the day of the 27th with them, visiting the city, a most beautiful one. Toward evening a heavy thunder-storm came up, and we went home, where Madame Gina Levi was seized with sudden illness. The doctor was called in. We spent the first part of the night around her bed, tending her, trying to quiet her in her nervous paroxysms. Finally we went to bed.

I, lying on a cot near her, had no more than a few minutes' unconsciousness at a time; I would doze, wake up, toss, cry out; I would speak to her, in the effort to soothe her. At last, after a terrifying dream, which I do not remember, I started up, broad awake. The others were all up, standing about my sick friend's bed. Impelled by some mysterious force I jumped out of bed; I seized a dress and hurriedly put it on. Madame Levi said to me, "Put on your shoes and stockings." I sat on the edge of the bed and put them on. Who would have believed that in that moment, by that act, I was saving my life?

We could already hear the tinkling, out in the street, of the goat-bells. The servant-girl opened the window; she bought milk. At that instant I was seized with a strange dizziness and violent nausea. The servant-girl offered me a cup of coffee. I went into the room where Gina was lying, and took the coffee. At the last swallow, I felt myself lifted from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling dipped, the bed rose, and the horrible shaking began. We were tossed up and down for several seconds; then the earthquake changed its motion, hurled the sick woman from her bed, clove the walls, and the downfall began.

I heard a sound as if of countless paper tearing, stuff burning with crackling and explosions, and a deafening roar, a terrific crashing. They were balconies falling, steeples, chimneys, towers crumbling. I remember clearly that I was clutching my coffee-cup, trying to set it safely on the washstand, demented already, but calm. I thought, "I will open the balcony door." I could not do it; the ceiling gaped above my head.

I made a spring for the windows. Impossible to get them open. I was suffocating. The air was charged with thick dust which stopped respiration. I found the door. Behind me came the Levis, with a little girl, Melina, who habitually spent the day and sometimes the night at their house. On the right there had been, in its time, a balcony. The stairway, the house, were in ruins; the other wing of the house, too, was in ruins.

We all jumped from the balcony. We were on the second story; the heaped débris diminished the height of our jump. I fell. It was dark; it was white all around; beyond that, nothing. Ruins and the cries of the dying. Cries, cries, shrieks. Who was shrieking? We could not see. Had the heavens fallen? What had happened? My lips were tight shut in a spasm of agony. I ran. Where was I running? Perhaps it was not I running, but the earth running under my feet.

Then everything stood still, and for a moment there was silence. Then what was it? The cries began anew, the shrieking, the mad attempts at flight. I said over the names of all those I love; I cried them out aloud to the heavens, choking with the bloody froth that ran from my mouth and nostrils. I said them all over, the names of those, living and dead, whom I love; and my wits came back, and I did not lose them again until the moment when I found myself on the train for Catania.

I thought, "Now I am going to escape from this!" But I did not know the way.

I found a man and said to him, "Where are we?"

"In Piazza Spirito Santo," he answered.

"Can we escape?"

"Stay where you are. We are blocked. We are safe here as long as God pleases."

And the earthquake began again. The houses finished crumbling; they showered forth furniture, mirrors, wounded men, dead bodies. Yells and infernal panic. All suddenly caved in. We dropped face downward, and lay awaiting death. But before long we got up again, and in the dense dust found one another. Melina was trembling in the Professor's arms. What joy, in all that anguish, to ascertain that we were all there — what joy! And joy over what? There were two hundred of us, injured and whole, in that small space. At our right was a convent, the walls of which had dropped in, but whose front, still standing, was a menace to us. At our left was a house, burst open fanwise, ready to fall at the next shock. Behind us the church of the Spirito Santo, tilting forward, with a great triangular crack down its façade. Before us the houses of the Porta Imperiale, in fragments; broken and torn bodies dumped into the square among gravel, blood, and wreckage. "Let us stay where we are," we said, "all close clasped together, let us wait." For what? For death?

A light broke above us, beyond the ruins which we could dimly distinguish, because an occasional street-lamp, impossible as it seems, had remained alight. "The dawn! The dawn!" we shouted. No; it was Messina burning.

Then we were seized with desperate madness to flee. But whither? Oh, to the sea, to be drowned in it, to be buried in the depths of the sea! But fire, to die by fire? Oh, God, what anguish! I dumbly gazed at the heavens. I had never seen them of so deep a purple-blue; and how many stars were falling! A shower of stars, thick and shining. A benediction upon the ruins? Behind a house, whose front wall alone was standing, the sky opened, somewhat suddenly, and there poured down light, cold and pallid, like moonlight. Daybreak! Daybreak! "*Adduma! Adduma!*" they cried, mad with the desire for light.

And never was the sun so worshiped, so prayed to, so invoked, as in that tragic hour. Day broke, but, alas! what a scene of sorrow it brought into view!

We looked at one another, to make sure it was ourselves, to make sure we were alive. We were white with mortar; we looked like ghosts, with hugely dilated eyes staring like madmen's. Oh, the dreadful ruin on every hand, the desolation, the horror! I believed that Catania too had been destroyed. I supposed that the disaster came to us from Ætna, and I prayed that Bruno, my husband, who was there, might have died at once, without knowing, without seeing. I made the reflection that possibly Erminia, my maid, had been able to escape; she slept in a small chamber which I imagined was safe.

And there passed before my eyes all the beloved faces "that I shall never see again, never again!" I said.

How, from what profound abysms of the soul, was faith born again in me? I felt that some one had worked that miracle for my sake, and I knelt down before the church, which no longer was there, but whose door stood sealed and intact, still guarding its mystery. What did I say? For whom did I pray? For myself, for Bruno, for my dear ones far away? I do not remember; I know that while I was praying two priests passed by. One had an august, aged face, haggard with grief. He looked at me; I told him everything in a look. He spoke over me the blessing for those about to die. He went about among the dying — how many of them! He blessed them, and went his way through the wreckage with his companion, who was weeping, to bless other dead, calmly, without haste, walking under the toppling walls, and we saw him no more.

When I rose to my feet I felt light, rested, strong, well, ready for everything. We began to work for the injured. What endless numbers of them! What slaughter, what mutilations, what horrors! A woman was delivered of twins there in the square: one was dead, one alive; she died later, of hemorrhage.

A father, almost completely naked, tore his face with his nails, desperate at having left his children behind among the ruins.

Meanwhile the miracles of life-saving had begun. Two children slid down a table, placed slantwise, between a stump of house and a heap of rubbish; then came the mother, then the father last. When he had reached the bottom, he saw that two were still missing. What weeping, what shrieks! Oh, God, and who could comfort them? There were some standing by who had no one, no one left. Little children, totally naked, or with nothing on but a little shirt, all blood, all mud; girls and women, gone quite mad, calling out strange pet names and terms of endearment: "*Catù! Vita!* [My breath! My life!] *Catuzza e mamma bedda!*" Meant for whom? Alas! for sons, husbands, scattered, dismembered, or perhaps still alive beneath huge mountains of masonry.

I saw a father searching among the wreckage for his children. He pulled out one of them, dead. One of them, whose head only projected from the horrible rubbish-heap, cried, "*Papà, papà, sete aio, sete aio!*" [I am thirsty! I am thirsty!] And there was no water. The father bent over the dying child and gave him his saliva and all his soul in a kiss. The son closed his eyes and died.

The earthquake continued. The walls continued falling, mountains on top of mountains of stone and plaster. Precipices gaped and engulfed the surviving, who had hoped perhaps to reach safety. All that had been left standing after the first horrible, unending shock now went to pieces.

The instinct of life, however, love of that miserable gift which misfortune had left us, sprang up again within us, and we bethought us, poor wretches! that night would be coming on; we bethought us of the morrow. We rummaged among the ruins in search of food; we tested the earth, and trusted it, poor fools, to uphold the tables which were to shelter us during the night that was closing down — last, immeasurable calamity. We made a hut. And suddenly, as if a malign breath of insanity had overturned their reasons,— whilst, all equally unhappy, all equally poor, naked, wounded, weeping, we were awaiting death,— a small band of men, for a loaf of bread found among the broken masonry, wrenched bars from an iron gate and began whirling them among the crowd, to kill. Where could we flee?

Two or three dropped down, felled; they afterward died. That horrible danger passed, too. Some went searching among the ruins for bread, food, clothing, all that could keep off death — death which we notwithstanding were calling upon to come quickly, and which came not. Ah, the savage scenes over a chunk of bread, over a sup of putrid water, gathered as it dripped from the ruins, yellow, fetid, which was drunken after the dying had refused to taste it. What struggles for a nut, for a chocolate-drop (a ruined sweet-shop had been found, which saved us by a few bottles, a few pots of preserve), for a bone gnawed by dogs, picked out of the refuse, for a mouthful of anything that could keep us from starvation! I saw what the human brute is like when, all restraint removed, all shame cast off, every law forgotten, he stands forth without disguise. Horrible! Horrible! All the most bestial instincts, swarming up from the dregs of the soul, all the unbridled appetites, every baseness, every cowardice! But I saw likewise what treasures of self-renunciation, sacrifice, human brotherliness, generosity, what heroism, are in the depths of the human soul.

A young man, whom I shall never forget, a cripple, with only one leg, clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people. Untiringly he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find; he took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to put into the mouths, forever open, of the crying children.

A marvel, in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a crate of apples? He hid them, he defended them from the violence of the greedy; and through the night he went among the huts, distributing quarters of apple to each one of us in his turn, with calculating parsimony, with implacable justice. I shall remember him as long as I live, that fragment of a man among the fragments of a city. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a way of escape, to open a road for us. We could see him hanging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested, unless it were to make a pillow of himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood, and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stellario. What became of him when the anguished fight for the preservation of life had ceased, and we saw the fire close at hand, after a night spent under the rain, dreadful scourge, amid continual earthquakes, the horrors of darkness, cold, fear, the ever fainter moaning of the hurt? They told me he sought safety in the direction of the railway. Perhaps I shall see him again.

There is another whom I remember for unparalleled self-control and equanimity — Nicola Sclepis, who could impose quiet by a gesture, who wore a look of fatalism, yet had words of encouragement, of hope. Cold, apparently unfeeling, he could stop a frenzied mob by a shout; he could smile while others were inquiring breathlessly, "When, where, how are we doomed to die?" Oh, how well I remember him! I supposed him a skeptic; I thought him heartless. Later, I saw him clasp his friends to his breast; I saw tears filling his eyes while I told him my last will and testament of love for those who would come to look for me. Shall I ever forget him? He was saved, I know. He could not die; I felt that, and for that reason intrusted my last messages to him. He listened to me, serious, kind. He bade me not to move, when I wanted to go and try to find some way out of that horrible inclosure; he prevented me by a look. Men like Nicola Sclepis are rare indeed. One possessed of such moral strength and courage is worthy, truly, of the name of hero.

Evening came on again; it grew dark early: the light shrank away from the horrors of the catastrophe.

I had eaten a handful of oats, found I do not remember where. I had an egg which a lady had refused. As I was eating it, a woman came running, crying that she had no more milk for her baby. I put out the egg which I had so nearly swallowed; she caught it in her hands and fed it to her infant. Water had been found; it was yellow, thick; it tasted, alas! of decay, of death, of putrefaction: but I drank it. I was mad with thirst, with hunger. I had in my hands a jar of marmalade, but succeeded in no more than touching my lips with it. I distributed it among the injured, feeding them with a hollow cane, split in two. And so came the evening, and the rain fell, and for hours and hours earthquake and rain and weeping; sighs of the dying, howls of desperate grief. Oh, that tragic night! How we wept and how we prayed! Some were seen barbarously beating themselves, to punish themselves for being alive while their beloved were dead; and we wept in chorus, and sang in chorus.

I remember those lamentable chants: the passion of Jesus sung in Sicilian dialect, the sorrows of Mary, the praises of the Child Jesus, — all the Christian legends, all the songs of infancy. And it rained, it rained, and the earth continued to shake, implacably, and the day was slow in coming.

Oh, what eternal, what cruel waiting! When we were worn out with praying, there was deathly silence; but every little while a groan would bring us back to dreadful consciousness, and we would start up and begin rushing about. But to what purpose, for whose sake? The injured would ask for a mattress, a pillow, and water, water, water! And we had nothing to give them but a few nuts, an apple, a morsel of bread. And those who had fractured jaws, teeth which they spat out with bloody foam, or injuries to their throats, they merely must die of hunger!

We heard a whistle or two in the distance. We supposed it must be some steamer coming to help us; but no one came. The thought crossed my mind that a dirigible balloon might have gotten cognizance of the condition of Messina, but that hope, too, was vain. We spent another night in the mud; at daybreak the rain stopped. As soon as the first light appeared in the sky, there reawakened in all the mad desire to flee. Whither, in what direction, with what hope?

On this side the conflagration, on that, mountains of masonry. The sea had withdrawn. The steamers would take on no more; people had killed one another to get aboard. Where could we go? But go we must.

I had in a little hand-bag, saved I know not how, my provisions for the days that must pass before help came, or death. Two walnuts, a few filberts, a nibbled bit of nougat, and a chocolate watch, such as we buy for children, which was presented to me by a little boy whom I do not remember. He handed it to me unasked, and ran away. I had with me my railway-book. I placed it in the bosom of my dress, thinking that perhaps by means of it I might be identified when they found my body. That was my great preoccupation — to be found, to be identified, to shorten the anxiety of my husband, who was perhaps already looking for me, desperate, among the ruins.

Nicola Sclepis told me to follow him and his caravan, headed for the mountains; he offered me his house, all he had,— at Santa Lucia, I think it was. There I would certainly have been out of danger, but I would have had to wait to send news.

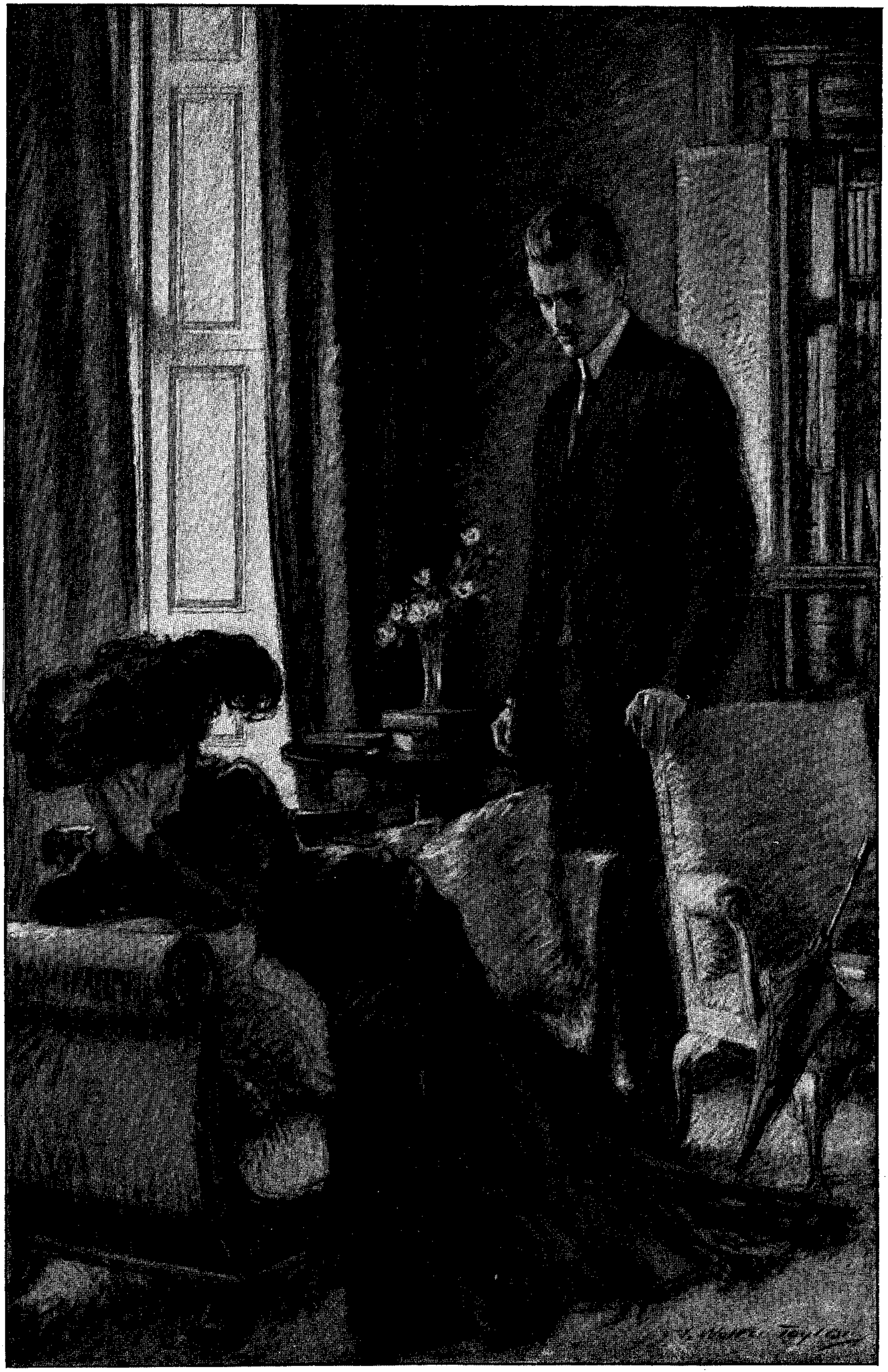
I hesitated for an instant. Then I reflected that by way of the sea I would soonest reach Catania. Death was perhaps lying in wait for me in that direction; but go I must, and I went. My companions followed me a short way, then we separated.

I lost my reason again, and I do not know where I went. I was quite alone, alone among the ruins, the dead, the fallen houses. Where was I? Near the cemetery, they told me. Some told me near the sea, others near the railroad; they did not understand what I said. Some who were crazy, some who were dazed, some who were wicked, misdirected me, sent me vainly wandering among the ruins, alone, forsaken, desperate.

I reached a place where the ruins had caught fire; I was forced to turn back. That had been a street, the handsomest in Messina; now the houses had fallen in, and the dead lay under them. Walking was easy there; but I could not bear to step on the wreckage; I knew of the human flesh throbbing beneath it; I caught glimpses of clothing, scraps of black. Oh, the horror of it!

I ran, I fell, I picked myself up; it began to rain again, but there were no more earthquakes. I came to an open place. Perhaps there had once been a church. I shall never know.

In the middle, a bronze Christ, maimed, wept, with his head bowed toward the right. In front of him a taper was burning. There were before me three roads. I took the one toward which the Christ was looking. Some one told me that was the right road. But what a road! How many crumbled houses, what destruction! I reached a place that was all like a marsh. I walked into it nearly to my knees. When I came out I could no longer walk: my clothes clung to me. I thought of taking them off, then I went down on my hands and knees, and crawled along like an animal. . . .


F. Walter Taylor

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"SHE HAD FALLEN UPON A SOFA; HER FACE WAS IN HER HANDS"

See page 221